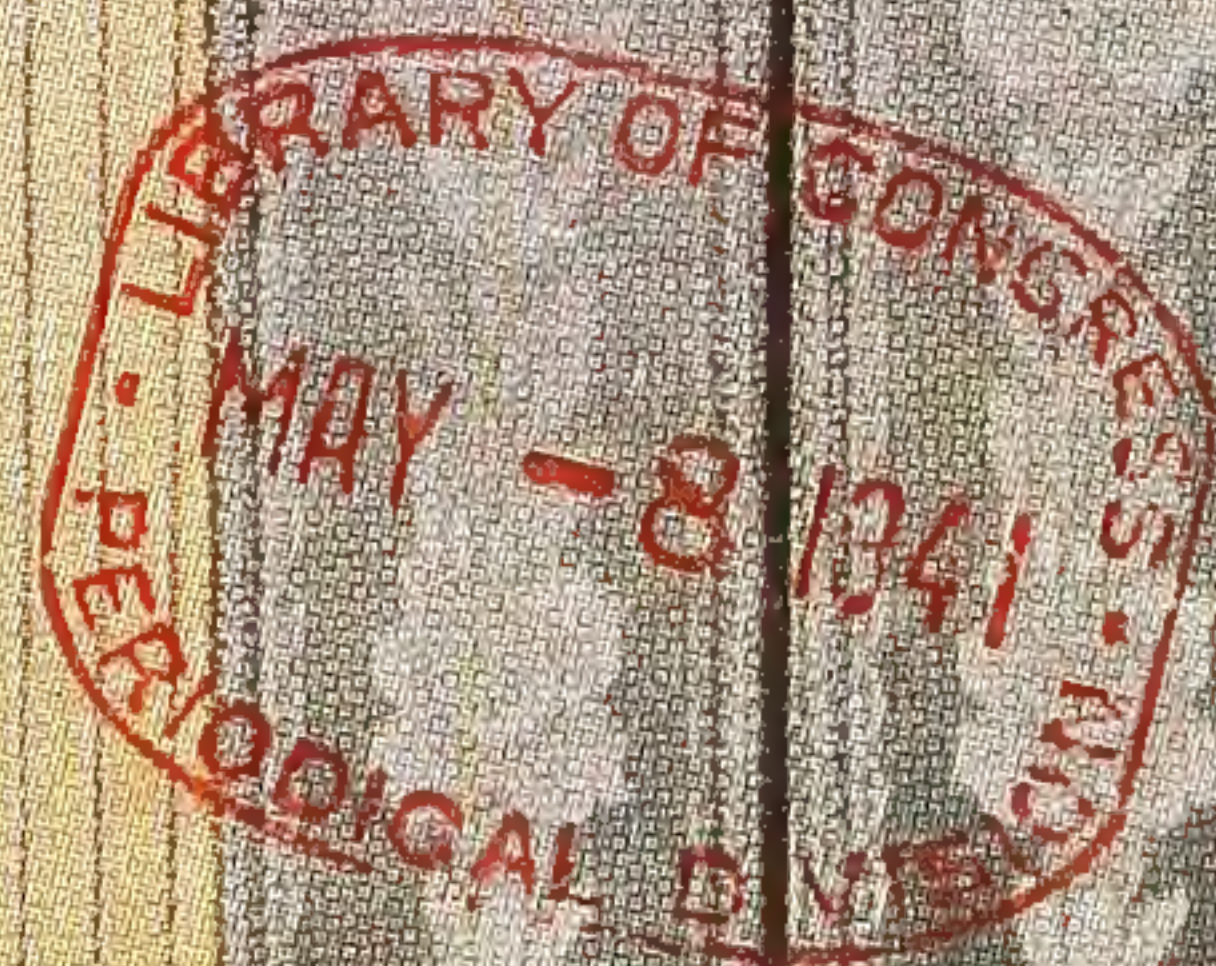


MODERN SCREEN

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JUNE
0
ENTS



JUDY GARLAND

SCOOP!

**CONFIDENTIAL REPORT
ON ANN SHERIDAN**

**THE TRUTH BEHIND THE
CARY GRANT-BARBARA HUTTON
ROMANCE**



Love Dawns

WHEN YOU'RE
APPLE BLOSSOM SWEET
and SOFT ALL OVER

You feel like a wood nymph greeting the dawn when you shower your whole body with exquisite Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. Its fragrance is pure ecstasy . . . like a cascade of orchard blossoms. It's cool as a breeze at daybreak . . . and it lends your skin a satin smoothness that's utterly thrilling! You slip on your clothes and start the day . . . feeling so gay, so fresh, so glamorous! What man can resist you? How can you help winning love! You'll adore Spicy Apple Blossom Cologne, too . . . that dash of spice teases . . . tempts . . . stirs hearts. All Lander's Talcs are superb in quality . . . divinely alluring in fragrance. An amazing value—large can only 10c at your 10c store.

★ ★ ★ ★ 4-Star Value at Your 10¢ Store

LANDER'S TALCS

10¢
EACH





Every busy morning —
Every dancing night



guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!



Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it isn't left in the car or bus on your hurried way to the office? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn't wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—*underarm odor* can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of *underarm odor* to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm . . . and you're through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won't irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor*. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts all evening. Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. *Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose, too.*



MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

In with the Mayflowers comes a truly original and distinguished motion picture. M-G-M presents the year's outstanding dramatic offering—"A Woman's Face".

Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt will long be remembered for their performances in this screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul.



Produced by Victor Saville, it has been directed by none other than George (Philadelphia Story) Cukor.

"A Woman's Face" is your good fortune.

The role of Anna Holm fits Joan like a cellophane glove.

Following "A Woman's Face" will come in Maytime succession three more outstanding roars from the lion's den.

They are—in this order—

"Blossoms In The Dust" (Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon).

"Love Crazy" (William Powell-Myrna Loy).

"Billy The Kid" in Technicolor (Robert Taylor).

If you wish to run the gamut of emotions, this is your month. May Goes Metro.

But then so will all the other months go that way. Have you seen "Men of Boys Town"? Have you seen "The Ziegfeld Girl"?

Those of you who like mementoes and pretty wall decorations might wish to take advantage of a special offer.

We will be glad to send you a complete set of four beautiful full color reproductions of oil paintings by famous American Illustrators of their conception of "The Ziegfeld Girl of 1941."



Individual paintings by McClelland Barclay, John La Gatta, Neysa McMein, Gilbert Bundy. Size 9" by 12", full color prints on heavy mat paper. Write Leo, 1540 Broadway, New York, Box 120, and enclose ten cents to cover mailing costs.

Some day I'll show
you my etchings.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

MODERN SCREEN

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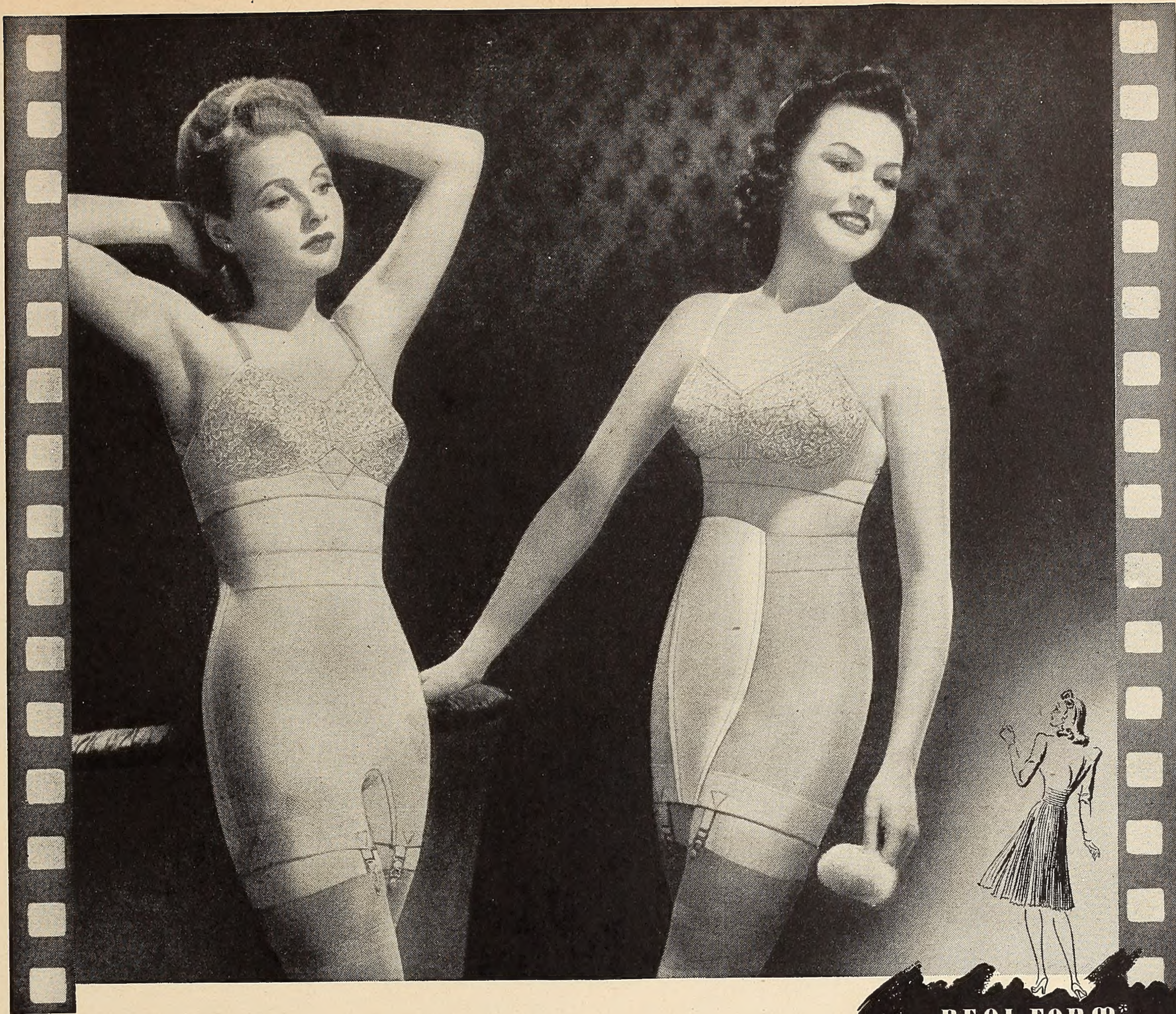
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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

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THAT CAMERA-PROOF FIGURE YOU ENVY COULD BE YOURS...



You'll see and feel the difference the moment a Real-Form snugles around your curves. They're made in America—for active Young America. They fit, they control like nobody's business, they give perfect freedom of action. They're Raschel-knitted in two-way stretch of rayon and "Lastex" yarns, on special machines, with top and bottom fashioning to prevent rolling and hiking. They launder like hankies, they're pre-shrunk and they're guaranteed non-run by their makers. You'll find many different styles in all-in-ones, girdles and pantie-girdles, small, medium and large, with

some styles for larger women, with or without rayon satin panels, also matching brassieres. Girdles and pantie-girdles with or without removable garters, the latter with or without removable crotches. Illustrated, left, Pantie-Girdle No. 0238; right, Girdle No. 264, at \$2 each. Many other Real-Forms at \$1 to \$5. If your favorite store can't supply you, write to Real-Form Girdle Co., 358 Fifth Ave., New York City, giving name of store. And remember that it's the stretch of "Lastex" yarn that makes possible these miracles of lighter and finer corsetry.

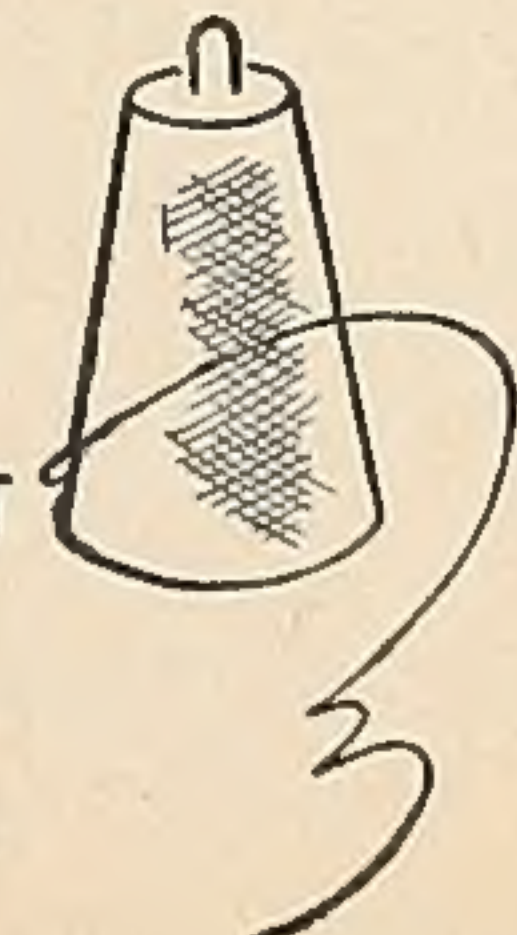


Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company,
makers of "Laton" yarn, Rockefeller Center, New York City

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO.



THE ZIEGFELD GIRLS



Willinger snaps his choice, West Virginian Gayle Mellott, amid luxurious satin props.

Outstanding American beauties, chosen for the movie from nearly a thousand svelte applicants—and glorified by M-G-M clicksters as they imagined the Great Ziegfeld would have done it!



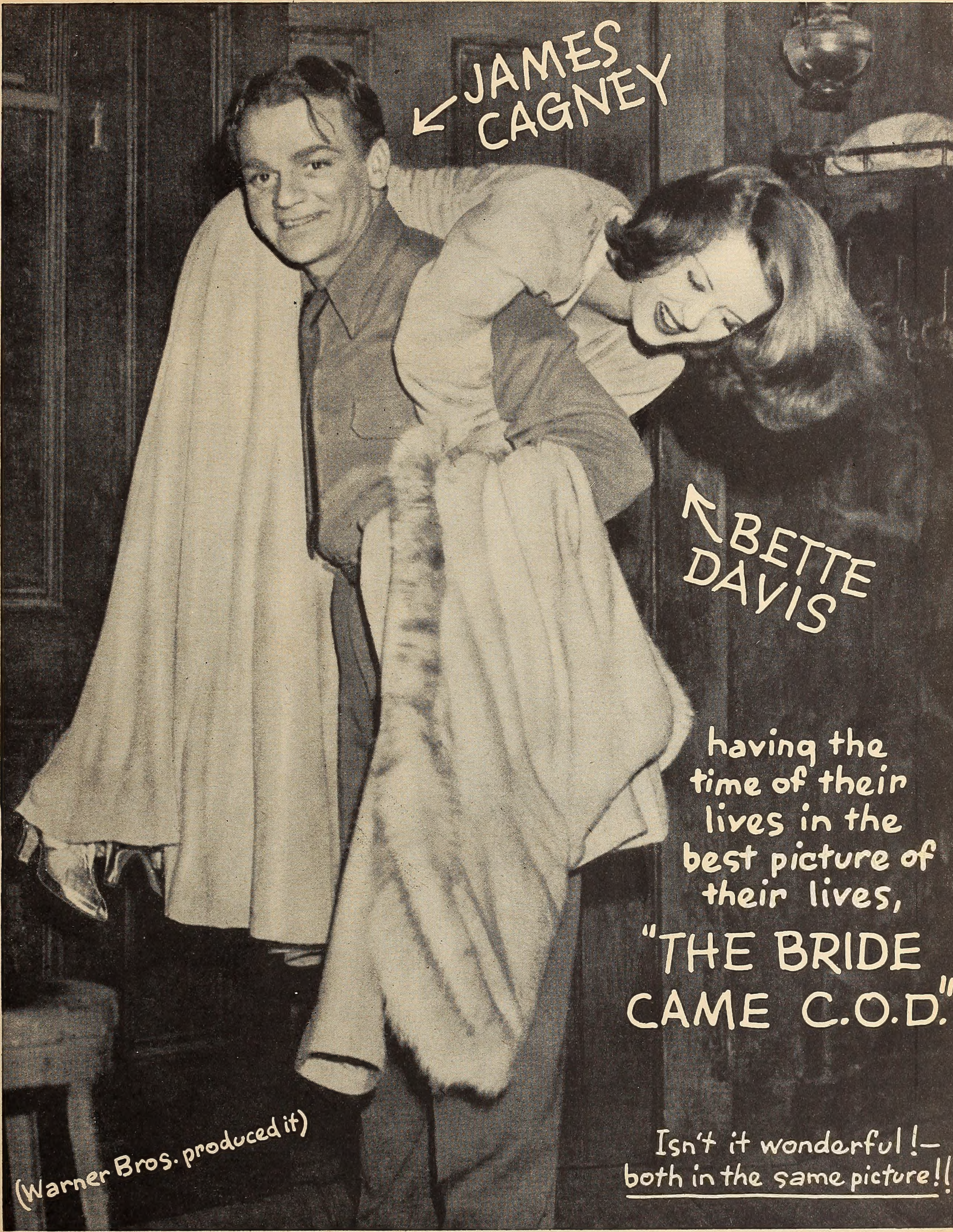
One of Eric Carpenter's decorative subjects was Brooklyn-born John Powers' model, Irma Wilson. To him she glories amid gay Bohemian background of a Paris studio.



Virgil Apgar nabs New York model and showgirl, Anya Taranda, bundles her up in fur, loosens her hair and complements her beauty with two snowy Russian wolfhounds.



Photographers had a heyday picking their two ideal Ziegfeld girls from the show! Carpenter lost no time planting 'Friscan Ginny Cruzon before his lens à la Mexico.



← JAMES
CAGNEY

↑ BETTE
DAVIS

having the
time of their
lives in the
best picture of
their lives,
"THE BRIDE
CAME C.O.D."

(Warner Bros. produced it)

Isn't it wonderful!—
both in the same picture!!

FORWARD MARCH

with a

BIG PICTURE

ATTENTION, AMERICA! . . . A REGIMENT of LAUGHS and MELODY is headed YOUR way in REPUBLIC'S TIMELY comedy-AND-music hit ABOUT the boys IN the Army Camps AND their girls! IT'S called "ROOKIES ON PARADE" . . . And ITS grand cast of FUN-MAKERS is CROWDED with stars, INCLUDING popular BOB CROSBY, lovely RUTH TERRY, sultry-singing GERTRUDE NIESEN, funny EDDIE FOY, Jr., cute MARIE WILSON, and that master of THE art of double-talk, TONGUE-twisting CLIFF NAZARRO . . . With a CAST like that—with song hits GALORE—with two grand YOUTHFUL romances—and with



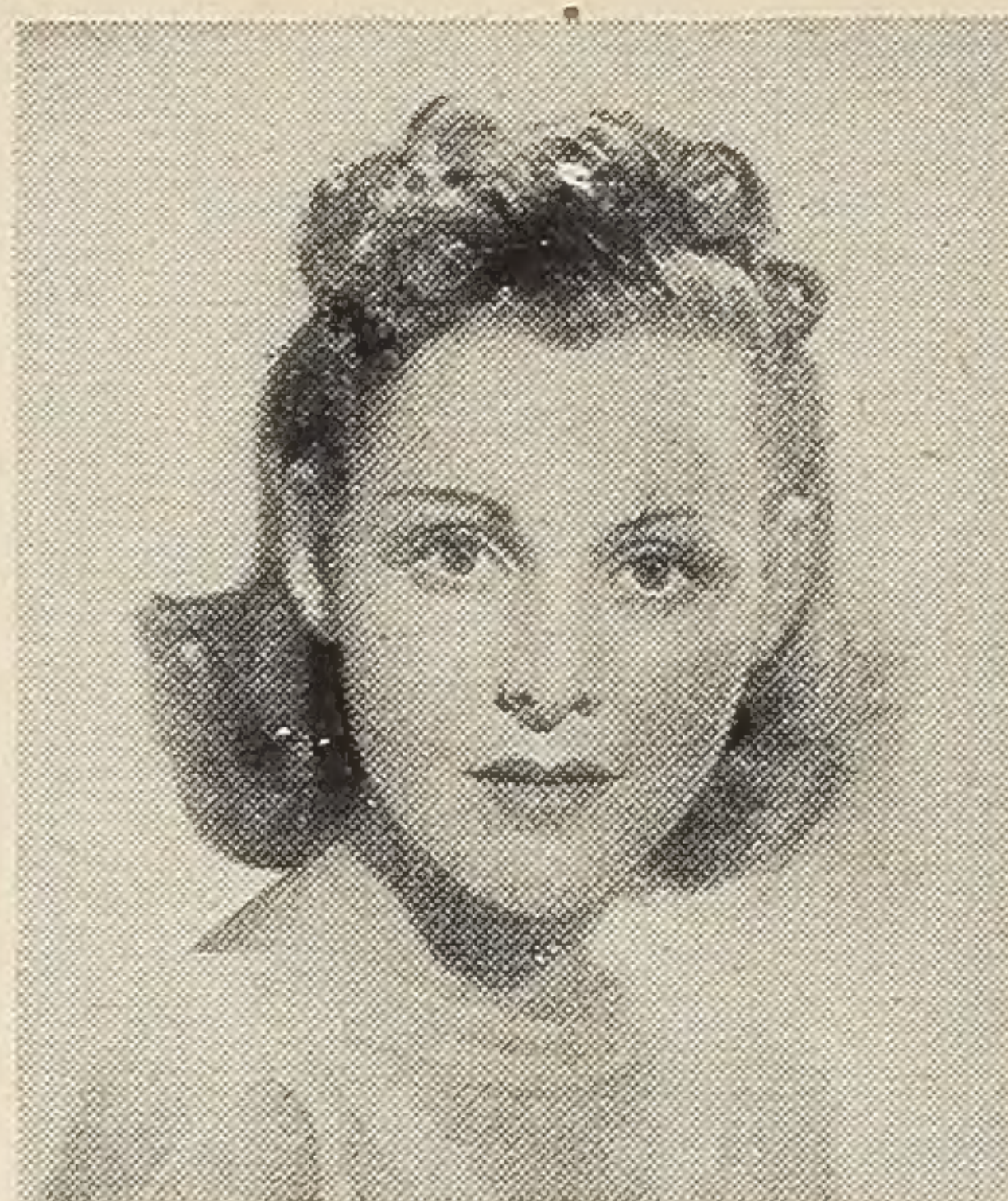
ELABORATE settings and SPECTACLE—"ROOKIES ON PARADE" is a blitzkrieg of ENTERTAINMENT! So join the PARADE! Get the beat of its SONG hits! Get hep to its DANCE steps! And forward MARCH—to fun! . . . with "ROOKIES ON PARADE" . . . It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SCREEN ALMANAC

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH)

The makings of a four-star scrapbook! Pictures, vital statistics and dozens of intimate "little things" about Hollywood's 400

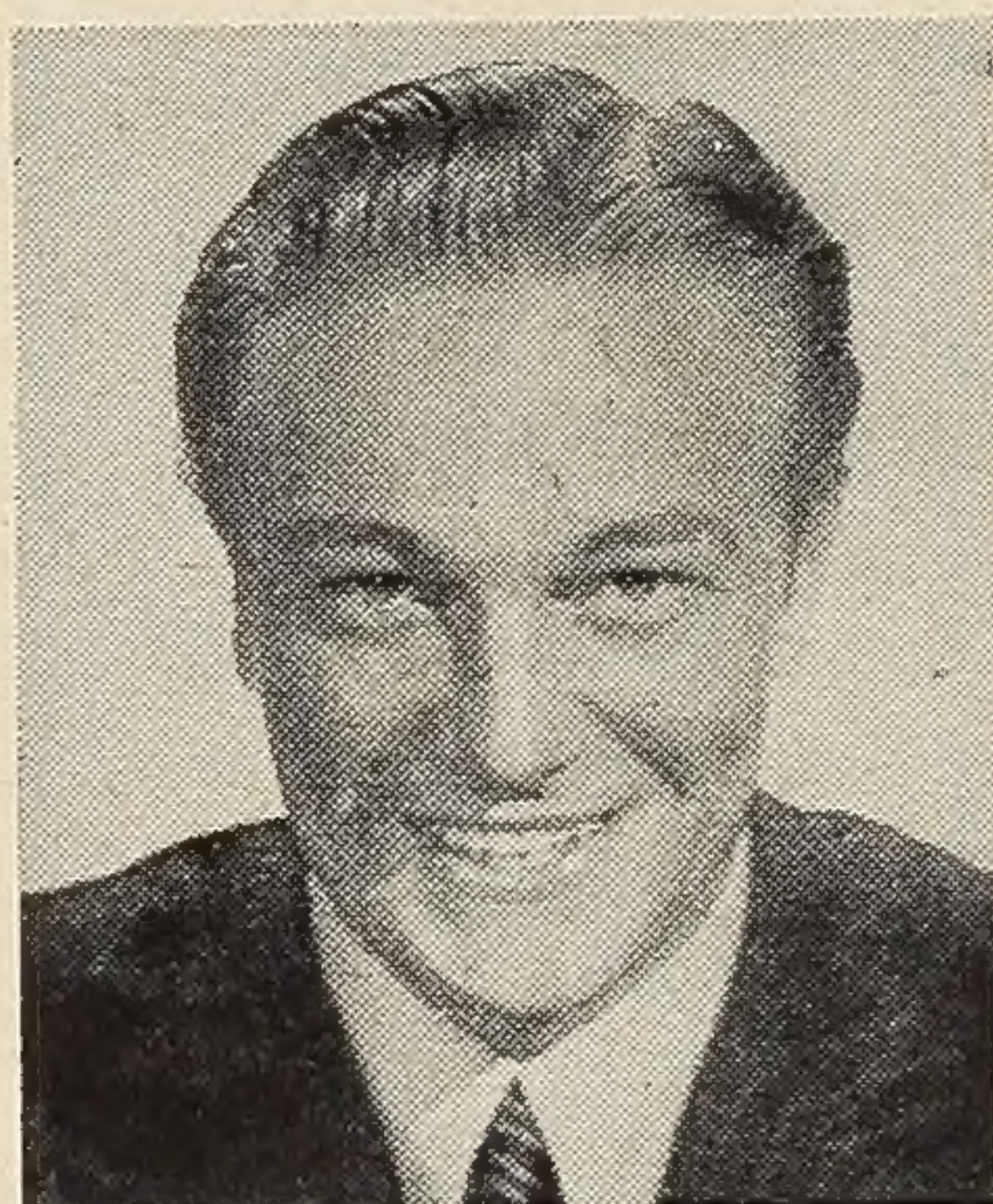
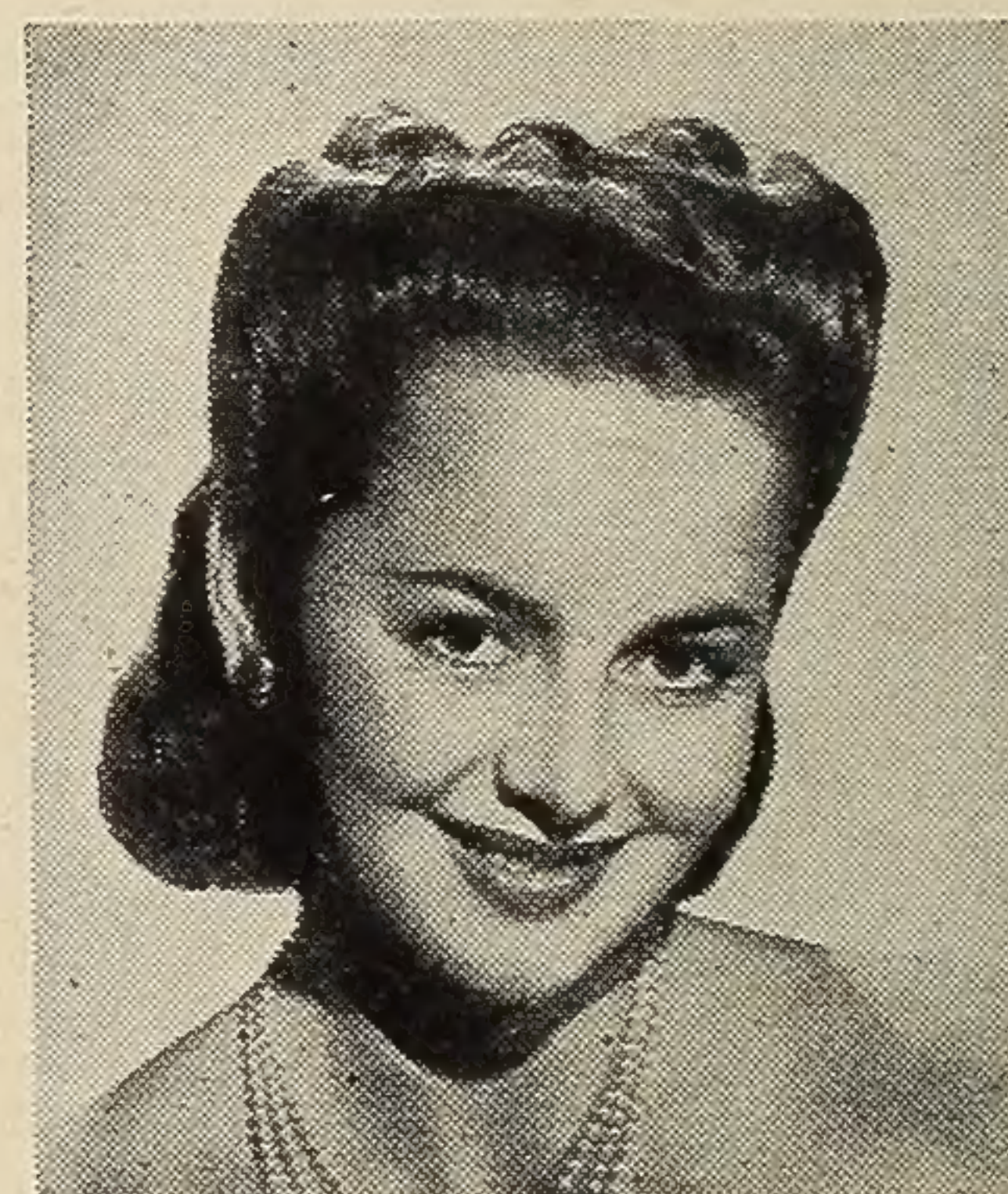


Frances Dee

Born Frances Dee, Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 26, 1907. Back seat driver . . . sits in car with two small sons and reckless hubby . . . terrible temper, throws furniture . . . tries to control herself, no luck . . . eats four apples a day . . . spent a year furnishing home . . . bought broken-down car with first C-note she earned in films.

Born Olivia de Havilland, Tokyo, Japan, July 1, 1916. Claims she's a Victorian; likes to play "Old Maid." Tries to write romantic poetry. Paints water colors between scenes. Can't cook, doesn't care to learn. Locks bureau so sister won't poach undies. Can bark like a dog, and will. Hates pars-nips and early breakfasts.

Olivia de Havilland



Richard Denning

Born Richard Denning, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 27, 1916. Joined dramatic club to overcome timidity caused by 230 pounds and nickname "Fatty." Outcome was fiery ambition to become actor. Plays accordion. Likes bowling, swimming, badminton, tennis and horseback riding. Hates airplanes and trains and always travels in his car. Unmarried but plenty in demand. Enjoys card games (but never never gambles).

Born Andrew Devine, Flagstaff, Ariz., Oct. 7, 1905. Got that wonderful "gravel" voice quite by accident: He tripped while holding a stick in his mouth and jammed it against his vocal chords—thus preventing his voice from changing. Discovered walking down street in his football jersey by talent scout on lookout for "Spirit of Notre Dame" talent. Has Hollywood's best disposition and is as funny off-screen as he is on.

Andy Devine



Gloria Dickson

Born Thais Dickerson, August 13, 1917, Pocatello, Idaho. Can't resist any kind of a gooey sundae . . . has a huge collection of costume jewelry which she never wears . . . occasionally indulges in wood carving and clay modeling . . . reads all the best-sellers . . . hates bridge . . . won't go near a prize fight . . . favorite color is blue . . . always has bunches of violets in her room.



Marlene Dietrich

Born Marie Van Losch, Berlin, Germany, Dec. 27, 1904. Strong as an ox, but faints on set because she diets violently. Wears one thread stockings, orders 'em by the dozen. Bakes cakes, and sends white flowers to friends when she leaves town. Studies American history. Gives expensive presents to co-workers, fancies herself Lady Bountiful.



Robert Donat

Born Robert Donat, Manchester, England, Apr. 18, 1905. Conquered a million bogies . . . had asthma, stuttered violently, was scared of the dark . . . owns scores of phonograph records . . . loves to hear wife play piano . . . has bottomless thirst for tea and apple cider . . . rides horseback like mad . . . bets wildly on racehorses.



Brian Donlevy

Born Brian Donlevy, Portadown, Eire, Feb. 9, 1905. From hero of flying corps to collar ad model . . . once posed for photo of Cleopatra when model failed to appear . . . writes poetry, says it's lousy . . . loves gold mining and owns some fat diggings . . . raises dachshunds . . . collects pipes . . . hates his middle name, don't tell, but it's Waldo!
(Continued on page 70)



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

**"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely
—and the mildness of Camay helped!"**

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

**Lovely women welcome Camay's
greater mildness—even many
with dry and delicate skin.**

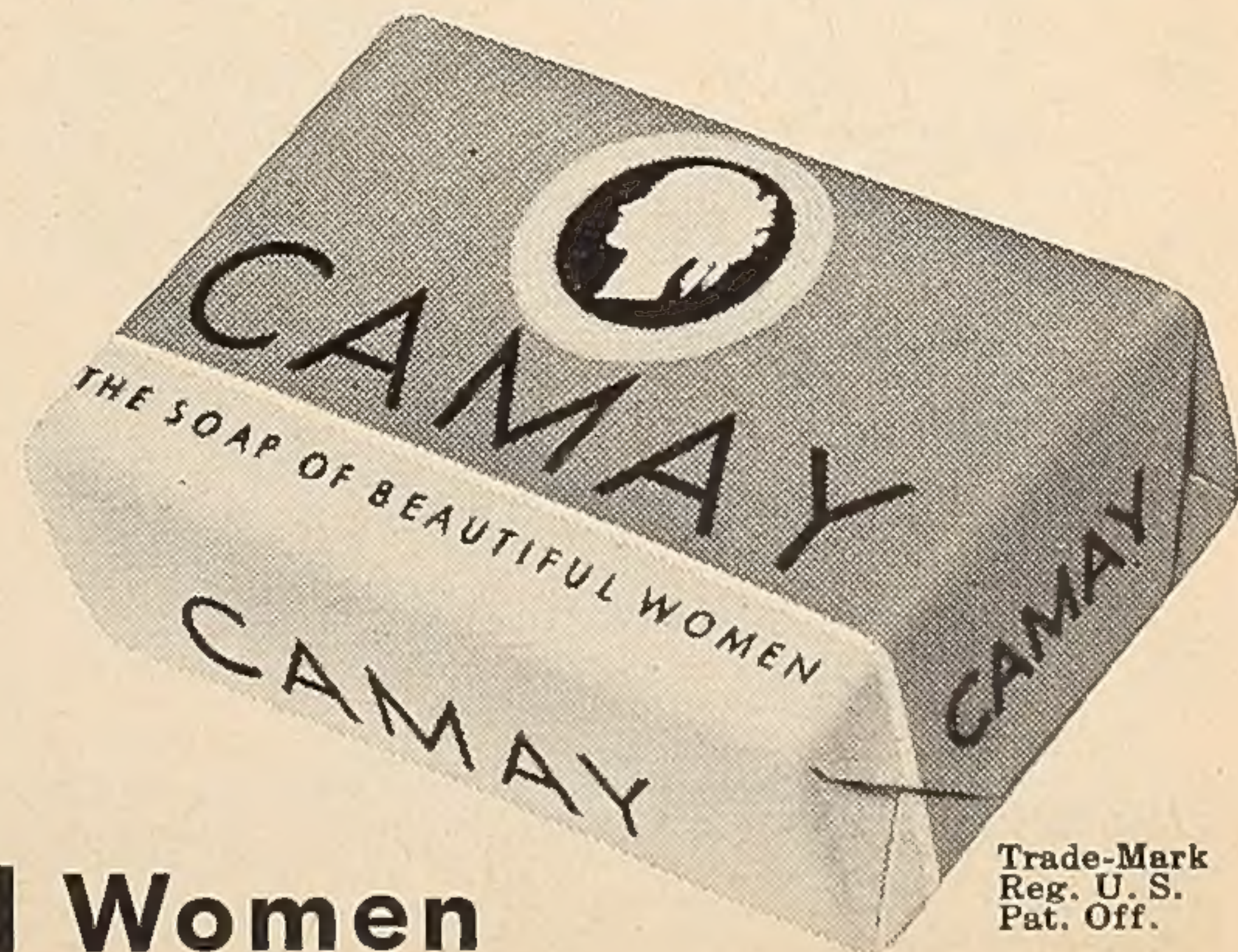
MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous

beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder . . . milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Advance Reports on a BIG PICTURE

EVERYBODY in **HOLLYWOOD** IS talking about **JUDY CANOVA** in **"SIS HOPKINS"**! It's **REPUBLIC'S** big **COMEDY** with **MUSIC** for **1941**—and it **TAKES** rank with **THE** biggest you've **EVER** thrilled to! **WHAT** melody — **BOB CROSBY** and his band **WITH** the Bobcats beat out **THOSE** song hits plenty hot! **WHAT** laughs! Judy romps **THROUGH** one rib-tickler **AFTER** another with **CHARLEY BUTTERWORTH** and **JERRY COLONNA**...and what a **SUPPORTING** cast! It's

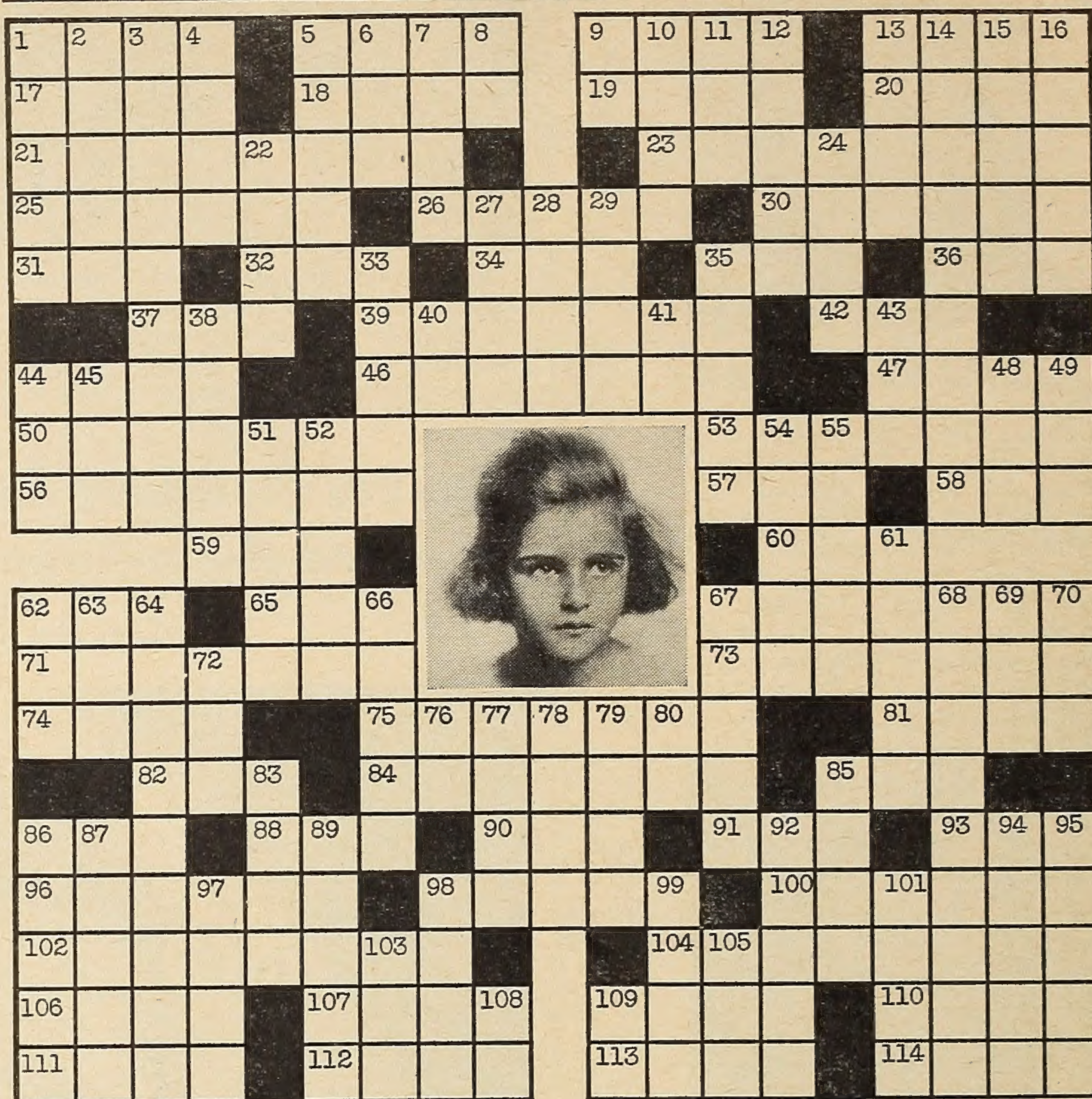


LED by lovely **SUSAN HAYWARD**...charming **KATHARINE ALEXANDER**! And **WHAT** stunning girls! **HOLLYWOOD'S** most glamorous **BEAUTIES**! All this—set **AMIDST** a panorama of **DAZZLING** scenes of **SPLENDOR** such as **THE** screen has **SELDOM** known! **YOU'VE** a **TREAT** **IN** store **WHEN JUDY CANOVA** in **"SIS HOPKINS"** reaches your **LOCAL** theatre! Watch **FOR** it! It's ...



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 99

ACROSS

1. The star who'll play "Sergeant York"
5. Horror man in "You'll Find Out"
9. Secretary in "A Girl, A Guy, And A Gob"
13. Immense
17. Drug plant
18. Length of film
19. A medley
20. Princely Italian family
21. She's in "Model Wife"
23. Dusky comic in "Topper Returns"
25. Diminish
26. Secretary in "That Uncertain Feeling"
30. Last Mrs. John Barrymore
31. G --- Markey
32. Luzon savage
34. Actor in "Billy The Kid"
35. --- on Welles
36. A film's action center
37. Erich --- Stroheim
39. Bonita's mother in "Gallant Sons"
42. Perform
44. Priscilla Lane's ex-husband
46. Comedian named Lionel
47. Male lead in "Kit Carson"
50. Discharge
53. One to whom property is transferred
56. Retreats
57. --- Cedric Hardwicke
58. Pedal digit
59. "Dr. Kildare"
60. --- North
62. Serpent
65. A bill
67. Threatens
71. Heroine of "Meet John Doe"
73. Raise
74. Mohammedan official
75. Whose picture appears above?
81. --- Lebedeff
82. Habitual drunkard
84. Dander in "Lady Be Good"
85. Noted Italian actress
86. Pouches
88. Possesses
90. Small island
91. Hawaiian birds
93. Doctor of Law: abbr.
96. Man's name
98. Popular leading man
100. Three fates
102. Alleviating
104. Consumes too much
106. "The Saint in --- Springs"
107. The principal "Ziegfeld Girl"
109. First name of 75 across
110. Mine entrance
111. Break sharply
112. Cut
113. Social insects
114. Unaspirated consonant

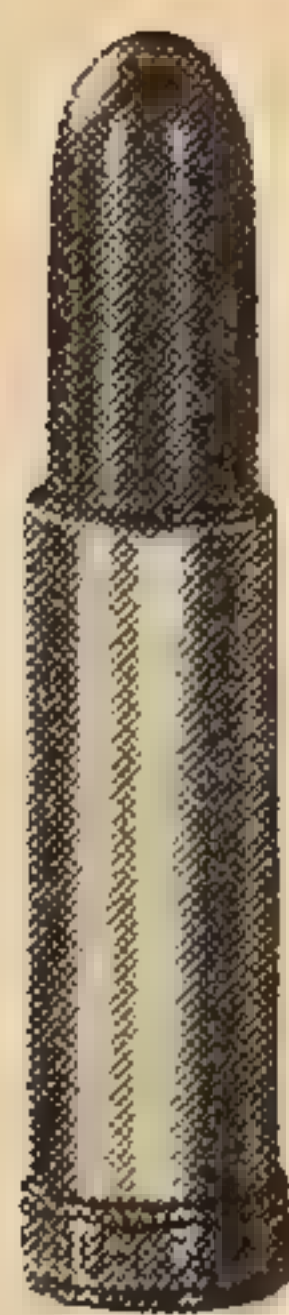
DOWN

1. He's in "Comrade X"
2. Benny's foe in "Love Thy Neighbor"
3. Producer of "Pot O' Gold"
4. Japanese coins
5. Bette's hubby in "The Great Lie"
6. Slippery fish
7. Mother of star of "Kitty Foyle"
8. W --- ter Wanger
9. Humphrey --- gart
10. Inspector in "Footsteps In The Dark"
11. Charles Chap ---
12. Male lead of "Scotland Yard"
13. Girl's name
14. Vaughn Paul is --- producer
15. Judge in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
16. Doctrine
22. He's in "Western Union"
24. Society star
27. "The Strawberry Blonde"
28. Mend
29. Glenda's Oklahoma birthplace
33. Recesses in a church
35. Soup herbs
38. Villainess in "Shining Victory"
40. By
41. Constan --- Bennett
43. " --- ers for Miss Juvenile"
44. Juvenile in "30 Days Hath September"
45. Female ruff
48. --- Gorcey
49. She's in "Footsteps In The Dark"
51. Amphitheater
52. Mender
54. Murderer in "Trial of Mary Dugan"
55. Femme in "Mr. Dynamite"
61. Star of "The Bride Came C. O. D."
62. Famed hero played by R. Massey
63. A famous director
64. With Ronald Reagan in "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America"
66. " --- In Arms"
67. --- Goldwyn-Mayer
68. "Hollywood ---"
69. Greek letter
70. Chinese actor
72. What Frank is to Ralph Morgan: abbr.
76. --- Brendel
77. Close by
78. Spike
79. Heraldry: grafted
80. Proposition
83. Pronoun
85. River in Europe
86. Cleansers
87. He's in "Hard Boiled Canary"
89. Seed coverings
92. Reveals
94. "Blondie Goes ---"
95. Viennese star
97. Theda Bara was the original
98. Vedic god of fire
99. Midday
101. Genuine
103. Girl's name
105. Large tub
108. News service: abbr.
109. With Rt. Cummings in "Devil and Miss Jones": init.

If your skin looks dull, lacks color...

TRY THIS HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER

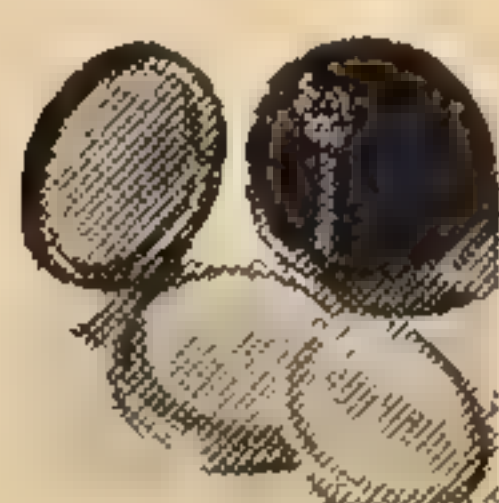
TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



... Originated by Max Factor Hollywood, this remarkable lipstick has 4 amazing features...
1. lifelike red of your lips... 2. non-drying, but indelible... 3. safe for sensitive lips... 4. eliminates lipstick line. Color harmony shades for your type... \$1.00

ROUGE...

Created in original color harmony shades for each type, Max Factor Hollywood Rouge always appears lifelike. Creamy-smooth, it blends evenly, easily... 50¢



WOULD'N'T YOU like to find a powder that would give a lovely, youthful-looking color tone to your complexion? Then try this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood... and you'll make a discovery in make-up.

First, you'll find an original color harmony shade that will harmonize with your type. Second, you'll discover a powder that really clings, creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today... see if your skin doesn't look lovelier... \$1.00

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Make-Up"..... FREE. 24-6-66

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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry... <input type="checkbox"/> Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

Movie Reviews

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Gary Cooper, the meek, self-deprecatory hobo who evolves into the hero of "Meet John Doe," holds more fascination than just good story material for newspaper reporter Barbara Stanwyck.

MEET JOHN DOE ★ ★ ★ ★

Marshalling tremendous dramatic forces behind his theme of potency and pathos of the common man, Capra has turned out a documentary film that succeeds in making good picturegoing. A compelling movie revolt against injustice and oppression, it has a good deal of the same flavor which made "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Deeds" so strong. It's one of those magnificent marriages of screen creation in which the writing, acting and directing are perfectly blended.

Gary Cooper is a meek, unaffected ex-baseball player who is having a tough time getting enough to eat when chance throws him into the position of a standard bearer for a country-wide "good neighbor" movement. Because of a newspaper yarn, and as a stunt, he becomes the personification of John Doe, is astounded to find himself overnight a world figure, a hero. What happens when he realizes that the moneyed lads who maneuvered him into a position of leadership want to further maneuver him into betraying his fellow John Does is the story of the movie. And because it's played throughout with the human equation uppermost, with speeches that seem to come straight from the heart, it necessarily touches and moves you. The only negative note in the entire story is a conclusion that's weak and none too honest.

It's difficult to discuss the acting, since all of it is topnotch. Aside from the best from Cooper and Stanwyck, there's an inspired job by James Gleason as the tough city editor which should move him back to the very top acting ranks again. Edward Arnold adds to his string of believable character portrayals with a thought-provoking impersonation of a newspaper tycoon. Walter Brennan plays one of his typical vagabond philosopher parts. Spring Byington, Gene Lockhart and Harry Holman are other topnotchers. And don't forget the writer's name, Robert Riskin; he's tops. Directed by Frank Capra.—Warner Brothers.



When carnival players Bob Hope and Bing Crosby got together with Dotty Lamour on the mid-African set of "Road to Zanzibar," ad-libbing flew so fast Paramount hired an extra script girl.

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR ★ ★ ★ ★

It's not very often that a zany comedy belongs at the very top of the column, but this is surely such a case. "Road to Zanzibar" is without reason and has mighty little rhyme; but it's full of fun—rip-roaring, eloquent, constant fun.

Clicking even more pleasantly than in "Road to Singapore," Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are teamed as a couple of American carnival performers stranded in the heart of Africa. While working a series of showmen's rackets to earn enough coin to get back to the good old U.S.A., they bump into Dorothy Lamour and Una Merkel, an American vaudeville team likewise stranded among the natives. The boys go on the make for the girls and the girls go on the take for the boys.

They start on a wild and woolly safari through the jungles; there are slave auctions at which Lamour is one of the articles offered for sale; there are battles with wild animals; there is a war with wild natives (Crosby and Hope double-handedly winning over thousands of armed Africans) and there are a number of songs and dances. And, by the way, there's a healthy strain of sharp satire on critics to make the visiting intellectuals happy.

There's no sense telling you who is better than who in the cast. Everyone seems to have chucked his tongue well into his cheek and gone to town. Dotty Lamour, in an interview, told us that she was scared to death to go on the set half the time, when Crosby and Hope were in fine fettle. But they aren't the only ones deserving praise. Taking an important share in the rumpus-raising are Una Merkel, Eric Blore, Joan Marsh and Luis Alberni. And the picture shows results. Everyone was having a swell time making it, and the audience will have a better time seeing it. There are six songs, and all of them are very okay. A special hand for the magnificent direction by Victor Schertzinger.—Paramount.

★★★½ The Sea Wolf

This version is a bit different in story content from any of the other five screenings of Jack London's sea tale, but not enough so to annoy anyone. It is a big spectacle full of thrilling movie footage in the best tradition, and with a very exciting cast of star talent. Some of you tender-hearted girls are liable to feel the film is too rough and tumble—but if you like your action raw and your spine a-tingle, then this is your meat.

Eddie Robinson adds a strong character portrayal to his list in the role of Wolf Larsen, captain of the Ghost. He is as interesting a psychopathic meanie as the movies have bothered with, treating his men and all life with constant, unrelenting cruelty. He reads books, the classics, he knows the better things of life—and hates them, just as he hates everything and everybody and is despised in turn.

John Garfield and Ida Lupino are two bits of human flotsam who drift aboard his boat. They're both escaped jail-birds, which makes them perfect prey for Robinson's twisted mind. Alexander Knox, practically a movie newcomer, is the fourth member of the top player quartet, giving neat emphasis to his role as a writer who is shanghaied by Robinson and turned into a sailor. He is pleasant to look upon and has a good deal of talent, giving the three stars tough competition throughout.

There are quite a few notable bit players, best among them being Barry Fitzgerald as Cooky, one of Robinson's chief scoundrels.

While the acting is of A-1 caliber and the story exciting, it is the physical production that counts. Director Curtiz has managed to imbue all the sets and action with a surprising amount of verity. The

Ghost itself is a boat that you are sure is sailing the seven seas. Throughout you get the feeling that this is not mere movie hocus-pocus but the real McCoy. The technical director, art director and photographer deserve to share the bow with Curtiz and the actors.—Warner Bros.

★★★½ That Hamilton Woman

This is a lavish and colorful production with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the leading roles; that should ensure it a lot of attention. It can be recommended warmly, but with reservations. Unless you're fairly keen on historical costume movies, you won't go for this one.

Alexander Korda has given the picture a good deal of loving devotion, and it shows it. It is in extremely good taste and carried out in infinite detail. That is one of the things that is wrong with it; it is so full of detail that it is slow and seems never to get going. Yet in the end one feels the story told is incomplete.

One wishes that there were a bit more explanation of Lady Hamilton's early life and a good deal more explanation of what happened to her after Nelson died.

Vivien is unbelievably good as Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson's inamorata; she makes the character live and breathe. Olivier is stern and cold as Nelson, a very brutal rendering, but one which will merit a lot of attention. It is a rather easy interpretation of history that Korda has chosen, and the two famous lovers stage a highly interesting battle for the privilege of loving each other in a world which insists on condemning both of them.

Alan Mowbray has the third most im-

portant role, as Sir Hamilton, and it is a performance which should send his stock soaring. After going along for years thinking of him as a clown, now he turns out to be a fully versed and subtle dramatic actor. Henry Wilcoxon, Gladys Cooper and Sara Allgood are very fine in support roles.

The physical production is lavish and worth mentioning. Directed by the producer, Alexander Korda.—United Artists.

★★★½ A Girl, a Guy and a Gob

This is the first Harold Lloyd production in which he does not appear, and it's a grand comedy. Lloyd proves emphatically that, aside from being a great comedian himself, he has the rare understanding and ability to pull the wires from the sidelines. The picture is a rollicking bit of merriment with many flashes reminiscent of the clean-cut slapstick which brought Harold fame.

It's a light-hearted comedy, hard to explain. It has a lot of the qualities of "You Can't Take It With You," but also a lot of something else which can only be labeled as high-speed fun. Both George Murphy and Lucille Ball are better than they have ever been.

Lucille is the daughter of a screwball family whom you automatically laugh at and love. Her boy friend is George Murphy, a gob who is labeled "Coffee Cup." Her boss is Edmond O'Brien, rather a stuffed shirt who becomes so human under the ministrations of George and Lucille that he winds up winning Lucille away from George. Not that George cares too much. He's a sailor. There's a girl in every port. But don't get the idea that George is a heel; he is, (Continued on page 16)



Listen in!

(The girls are talking about Tampons)

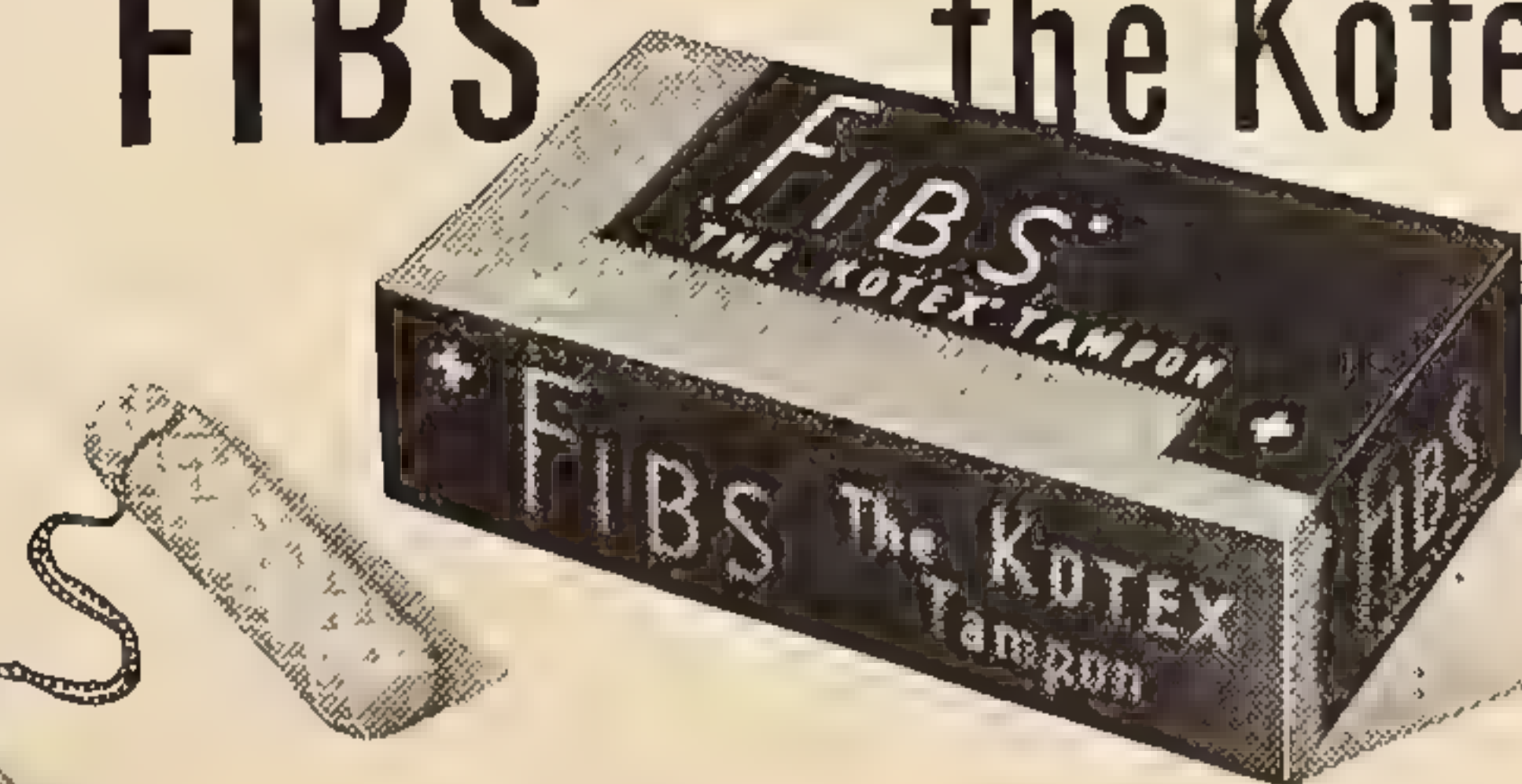
The Blonde: *It's invisible* sanitary protection, thank heavens... 'cause Fibs are worn internally... keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I'd be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: *Whatta pal*... why didn't you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs?... aren't all tampons alike?

The Blonde: *I'll say they're not!* For one thing... Fibs are easy to use... no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me—Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon...

The Brunette: *That's the answer!* Fibs are a *Kotex* product... so it's Fibs for me! Now I remember... Fibs are the tampons that are "Quilted" for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20c.

FIBS* the Kotex* Tampon



Not 8—not 10
but
12 FOR 20¢

DROP IN FOR DESSERT

with HELEN PARRISH

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Here's Helen herself—quite the cutest cook who ever fussed with a frosting. She calls the one she's making "Ideal"—and no wonder!



With her mother superintending the job Helen gives the final touches to a cake that's sure to be a star attraction wherever it's served.



And here it is! A divine Angel Food which she proudly holds aloft for all to admire—and also gives you, here, her recipe to try.

HERE'S A GRAND IDEA FOR A NEW KIND OF PARTY!

Among her friends Helen Parrish is famous for the gay and original parties which—with her family's enthusiastic cooperation—she "throws" on the slightest pretext. An evening of bowling, a morning's canter, a holiday, birthday or engagement, all such events provide the only excuse she needs for staging a gay get-together of her crowd. This includes such bright young luminaries as Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Bob Stack, Charley Lang, Judy Garland, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.

The very latest thing in Parrish Parties is the "Drop in for Dessert" variety—which means just that in the way of food, plus a lot more in the line of fun and frolic afterwards. Because Helen and her friends often work late at the studios, she devised this new scheme to give everyone more time to dress, grab a quick bite and turn up in time for the sweet course. Imagine what a boon it is to the hostess not to have to worry about late arrivals, not to have to plan on a dinner of several courses, nor on serving refreshments later on in the evening just when everything is in full swing!

Naturally, for such a party a choice of beverages as well as several sweets should be provided. At the Parrishes (in a dining room done in shades of yellow and orange, with yellow daisies and candles on the table) you would find both regular and decaffeinated coffee and, on warm evenings, a cold fruit punch as well. Everything, including the homemade ice cream and several cakes, is served buffet style. We feel particularly fortunate to have secured Mrs. Parrish's very own cake recipes for you. You'll find them pictured here and, in recipe form, on the opposite page. Since Mrs. Parrish is an electric mixer enthusiast the directions she gave us are keyed to the use of one of these fine cooking aids. Of course the same proportions can be followed when you make your cakes "by hand," making due allowance for the fact that you cannot beat as fast or as steadily. We'll be glad to give you her Devil's Food Cake recipe, too, if you just send in a stamped self-addressed envelope. It's as good as all those that appear here, and we know when you've tried these you'll agree that's saying a lot. With such inspiration you'll surely want to give one of these novel parties, too, for your friends, who will then declare you to be "a star hostess" in your own right!



With the table all set for the party, Helen Parrish smiles happily—knowing the young friends who accepted her invitation to "Drop in for Dessert" will all *simply* adore the refreshments she helped to prepare.

PARRISH ANGEL FOOD

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- 1½ cups egg whites
- 1¼ teaspoons cream of tartar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour, measure. Add ½ cup of the sugar to flour, sift together 3 times. Beat whites with flat wire whisk until frothy. Add cream of tartar and salt and continue beating until they stand up in stiff peaks—glossy and fine-grained, but not dry. Sift remaining cup of sugar and gradually beat into egg whites. Add flavoring. Fold in sifted flour-sugar mixture gradually. Bake in deep 9 or 10-inch tube pan (un-greased) in slow oven (325°F.) 60-65 minutes. Invert in pan until cold. Cover with Chocolate or Ideal Icing.

GOLD CAKE

- ½ cup egg yolks
- ½ cup softened shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks in small bowl 4 minutes at high speed. Cream shortening in large bowl 2 minutes at high speed. Add sugar gradually, blend thoroughly. Add beaten yolks, continue beating 2 minutes longer at high speed. Stop machine, scrape bowl. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add to butter mixture alternately with combined milk and vanilla, at high speed. Scrape bowl, beat a few seconds by hand, working quickly. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 35-40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE LOG WITH BROWN BARK FROSTING

- 5 eggs, separated
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

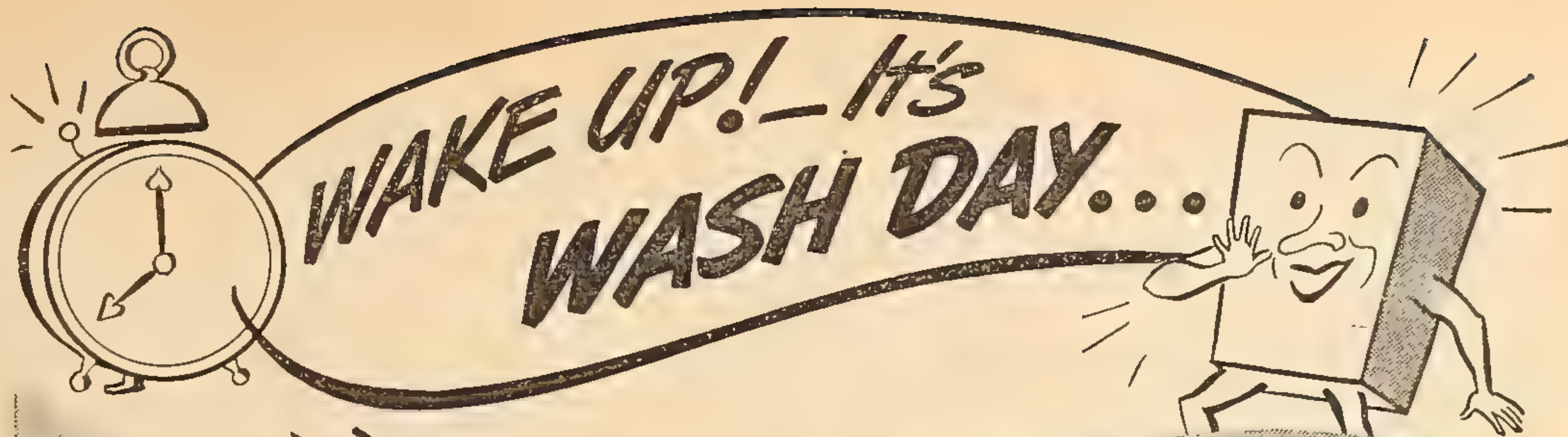
Beat together yolks and sugar until very light—about 10 minutes. Add cocoa, flour and vanilla, beat until blended. Fold into stiffly beaten whites. Spread thinly in shallow oblong pan (approximately 10" x 15") lined on the bottom only with waxed paper and well greased with unsalted shortening. Bake 6-8 minutes in hot oven (425°F.) Turn out on lightly floured cloth and, while still hot, roll up as for jelly roll. When cool unroll, spread with ½ pint sweetened whipped cream or with Ideal Icing. Roll up. Cover with:

BROWN BARK FROSTING: Cream 3 tablespoons butter with 1 cup confectioners' sugar. Stir in 2 squares melted chocolate and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add more confectioners' sugar alternately with a little hot milk, until right consistency to spread. Cover log with frosting and scratch through frosting with fork to simulate bark. Helen Parrish also makes "knot holes" in "bark" with the back of a spoon.

HELEN'S IDEAL ICING

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 2 egg whites, unbeaten
- ½ teaspoon flavoring

Place first 5 ingredients in top of double boiler. Beat until blended, then place over rapidly boiling water. Cook—beating constantly—until frosting will stand in peaks (approximately 5 minutes with electric beater at high speed, 7 minutes using hand beater). Remove from heat, add flavoring. Beat until right consistency to spread.



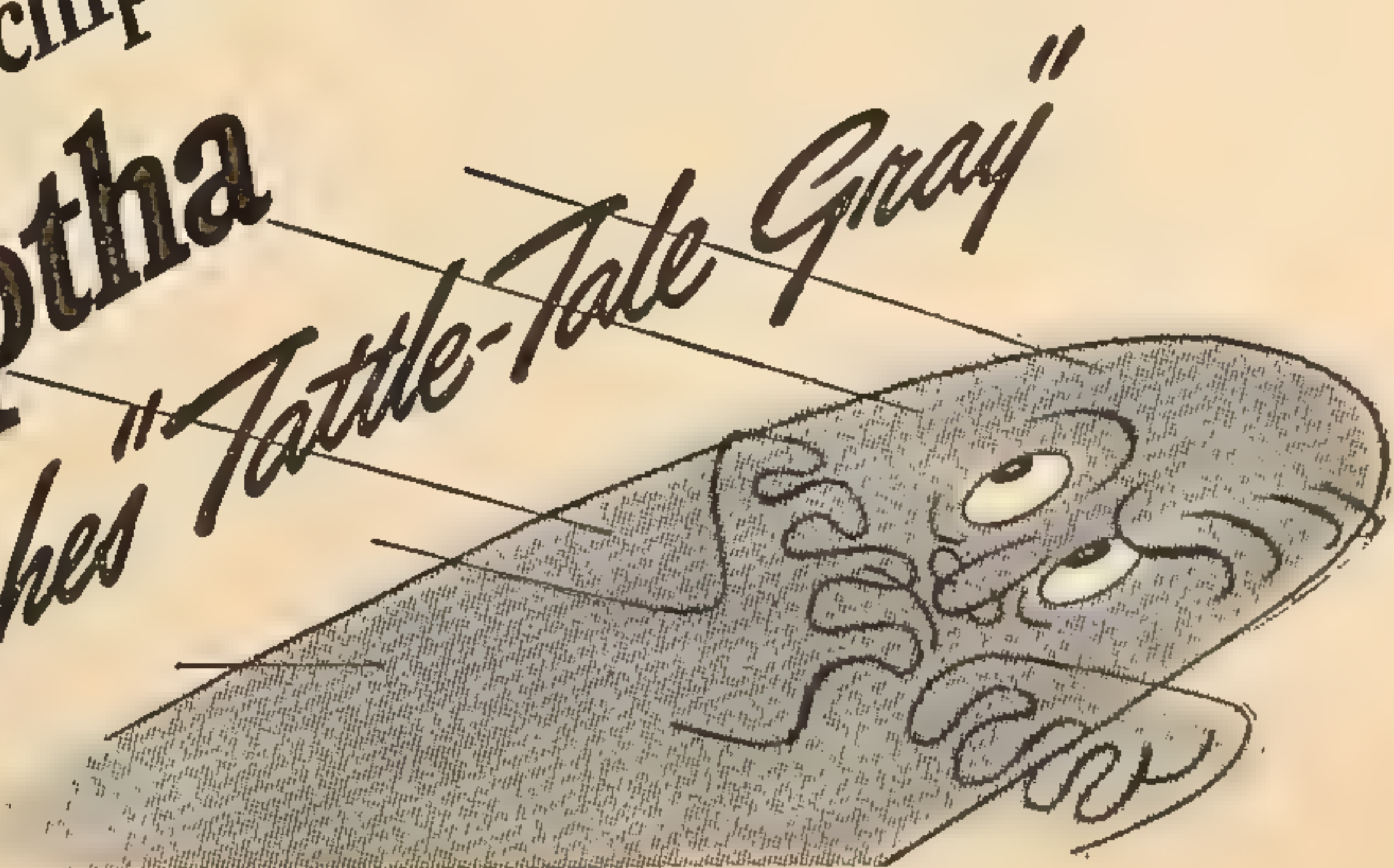
Does it get you down... when you have to get up on washday?... It's no fun to face a big family wash with only a 'half-way' laundry soap to help. When you think of the endless rubbing you'll have to do—to get all the dirt out—no wonder you're weary before you start...



Those back-breaking chores won't worry you when you wake up to a Fels-Naptha washday. Fels-Naptha Soap gives you two tireless helpers—active naptha and richer, golden soap. Together, they pitch in and do the job in jig time—dislodge the stubbornest grime—whisk it away quickly, gently, thoroughly. Your clothes come out of the wash tub whiter, brighter, sweeter. You finish washday just the way you started—with a smile!



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



IRRESISTIBLE Romance



YOURS WITH Irresistible PINK ROSE MATCHED MAKE-UP

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's enchanting new lipstick... for "Pink Rose" is a rich, rosy red... the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Text, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites... the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red... or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
STAYS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!

New! The bonnie bonnet box with Irresistible's gay bewitching perfume! A tribute to Mother's youthful spirit... a compliment to her charm.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

(Continued from page 13)

rather, a light-hearted, sweet, young gent who doesn't worry too much about life and stuff. A good guy. You'll probably be sorry that he doesn't get the girl for the fadeout.

All the performances are extra special, with Murphy probably the standout. Edmond O'Brien has a very tough assignment, and the gradual transformation he has to undergo is done beautifully. Lloyd Corrigan garners a lot of laughs as Lucille's brother. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★★ 1/2 The Devil and Miss Jones

Charles Coburn is the front part of the title and Jean Arthur is the Jones part, and that is the way they rate, too—which is the big surprise news. After all these years of expert trouping, Coburn is really on top. This picture ought to establish him as a socko star—well, it will, so why worry?

Aside from the talk that will be caused by Coburn's performance, the story will cause a lot of chatter because of its theme. It is based on the problems of labor in a big city—and it treats these problems rather intelligently although in high comedy fashion.

It seems that Coburn is the richest man in the world and has no idea how the plain people in the world live until he wakes up one morning to find out that he is a stinker. He makes this discovery via agitation on the part of the employees in a department store he didn't even know he owned. They want a living wage and better working conditions. Because he thinks all working people are dolts, he doesn't even trust his detectives to do a decent job, so he goes to the store as a private investigator intending to rout out the "trouble-makers." He becomes so won over by the just cause of the workers that he winds up leading the pickets in a strike on his own store.

Silly? Sure, but you can't imagine how funny it all is, and there's a bitter nub of solid truth under the chocolate-coated comedy antics. The ending is thoroughly pleasant and unconvincing, but it should leave you thinking about what the ending to such a problem should or could be.

Besides the remarkable Coburn job, the cast is replete with good actors. Jean Arthur is as fine as always in the femme lead, a shoe clerk in the big store. Robert Cummings is not as strong as he should be in the role of her boy friend, largely because it is a difficult part, written honestly and with integrity. He is the leader of the workers, the so-called trouble-maker.

Spring Byington, as a sweet clerk in the store who romances Coburn (not realizing who he is), is also exceptionally good and will win a great many new admirers. Edmund Gwenn is best among the many others who keep the picture moving merrily and excitingly throughout all but the last few minutes. Director Sam Wood has added a great many human interest touches which make the picture sound authentic throughout and keep the pace at a high pitch.—*RKO-Radio*.

★★★ Topper Returns

The newest in the Topper series is a bit of a fooler, because it doesn't concentrate as much on photographic high jinks as the previous Topper pictures, but goes in for more story content via a mystery routine. It's good, spine-tingling fun. Joan Blondell has the invisible femme role created by Connie Bennett, but you won't mind the substitution.

Roland Young and Billie Burke are back in their old niches, with all the other characters newcomers.

Introduction of a couple of murders, plus the full assortment of trick panels, sliding doors, secret passages, subterranean tunnels and what have you, add considerably to the fun, while the camera is still doing nutty things by making Young, H. B. Warner and Joan Blondell appear and disappear at will.

The idea is that Carole Landis is Joan's pal and an heiress. Somebody tries to knock off Carole but stabs Joan by mistake. Joan now joins up with Topper (Roland Young) to solve the mystery.

Superb performances are turned in by Young, Warner, Miss Blondell and Miss Burke, with Rochester (Jack Benny's man Friday) not far behind. Donald MacBride and Patsy Kelly get a lot of laughs in similar roles, while Miss Landis and Dennis O'Keefe are satisfactory as the romantic element. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.—*Roach-United Artists*.

★★★ The Round-Up

Richard Dix, Pat Morison and Preston Foster are starred in this virile western which moves out a bit ahead of the cow-drama brand. Considerable rewriting has been done on this old stage play mostly by way of modern dialogue and situation, but basically it is still a yarn of the old Western days with two men battling for the love of the same gal. A better title would have helped; the picture deserves it.

Foster shows up just as Patricia is about to marry Richard. He used to be her boy friend before he went roaming, and he does his best to break up the romance, even after she goes through with the marriage. All this is highlighted by a background of danger—renegade Indians, rapsallion whites, etc. Nothing especially new in the set-up, but nicely handled and made human by intelligent characterization.

The three stars are topnotch, each fitting a well-defined role neatly, but the acting surprise is a fat boy named Don Wilson. You may remember him as the radio announcer on Jack Benny's program. Well, here he is as an actor, in the role of Sheriff Slim Hoover, and terrific. The boy's going places in movies in a big way, or we are no prophet.

Little Betty Brewer, who has been noted previously, is moving up, too. She's a clever sprite and should be about ready for her break. Ruth Donnelly and Jerome Cowan are best among the other players. Directed by Leslie Selander.—*Paramount*.

★★★ The Penalty

This picture is what we experts call a sleeper. Behind the hackneyed title lies a tender and moving little yarn sure to please most movie customers. To be sure, the basic story is pretty routine (it's really a modern-day variation of the David Copperfield theme) but there is heart-tug and genuine emotion.

Edward Arnold is a cold and arrogant murderer, and it is pleasant to see him, for a change, as a real toughie, rather than as a polished meanie. His son, Gene Reynolds, worships him, and the old man deliberately trains the kid to grow up into a life of crime. The cops catch Gene, send him to reform school and eventually parole him to Lionel Barrymore, a kindly farmer. When Arnold, in hiding, shows up to take the kid away (the cops having figured on just such a move; using the boy, really, as bait to catch the father) there has been a regenera-

tion. The kid refuses to leave Barrymore, and Arnold, making his getaway, is killed by the police.

Young Reynolds is easily the cast standout in a very tough assignment; this boy has the makings of a very important emotional star. Arnold and Barrymore are both topnotch in contrasting roles. Marsha Hunt and Veda Ann Borg are fine in very short bits, but women don't get much to do in the picture. The writing is exceptionally good, making the characters all sound like real human beings. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ The Man Betrayed

This is a fooler, a picture much better than may appear on the surface yet not as good as it might be. It is a thrilling yarn of crime and corruption, handled in expert fashion with absolutely A-1 acting and directing. It is the writing that is off, telling in a lackadaisical manner of a number of rather hackneyed themes. But John Wayne and Frances Dee in the top roles are really superb.

Wayne is a backwoods lawyer who investigates the death of a friend killed in a big city fight. The death is called suicide, and Wayne, while unwinding the mystery, discovers a whole heap of municipal corruption. Edward Ellis is fine as the big city boss, and Miss Dee makes an excellent romantic foil, which means a triumvirate of excellent performances that can't help but interest you. Both Ellis and Miss Dee ought to be having more movie work of importance than they have been getting. Ward Bond and Alexander Granach help the supporting cast considerably.

The direction by John Auer is above average and worthy of a more important product.—Republic.

★★★ Rage in Heaven

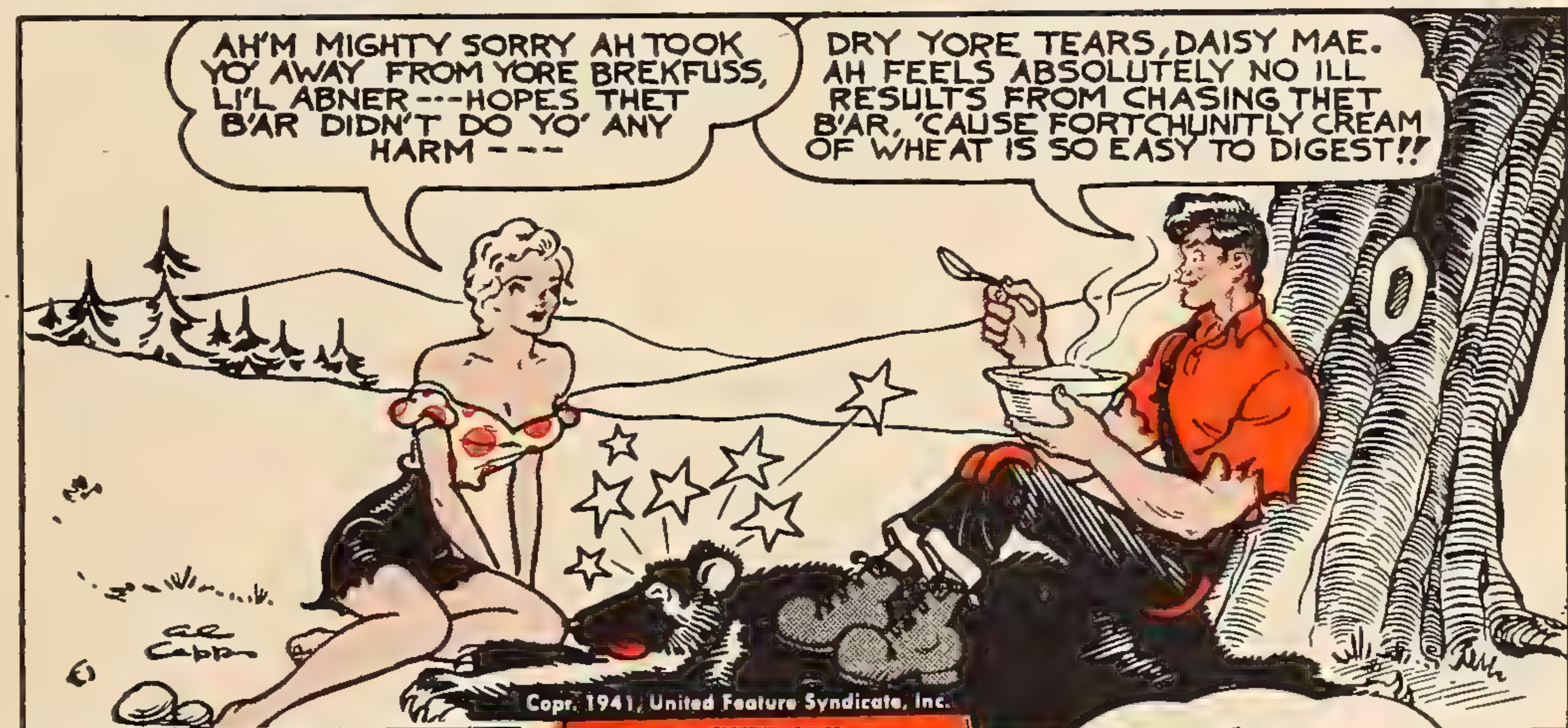
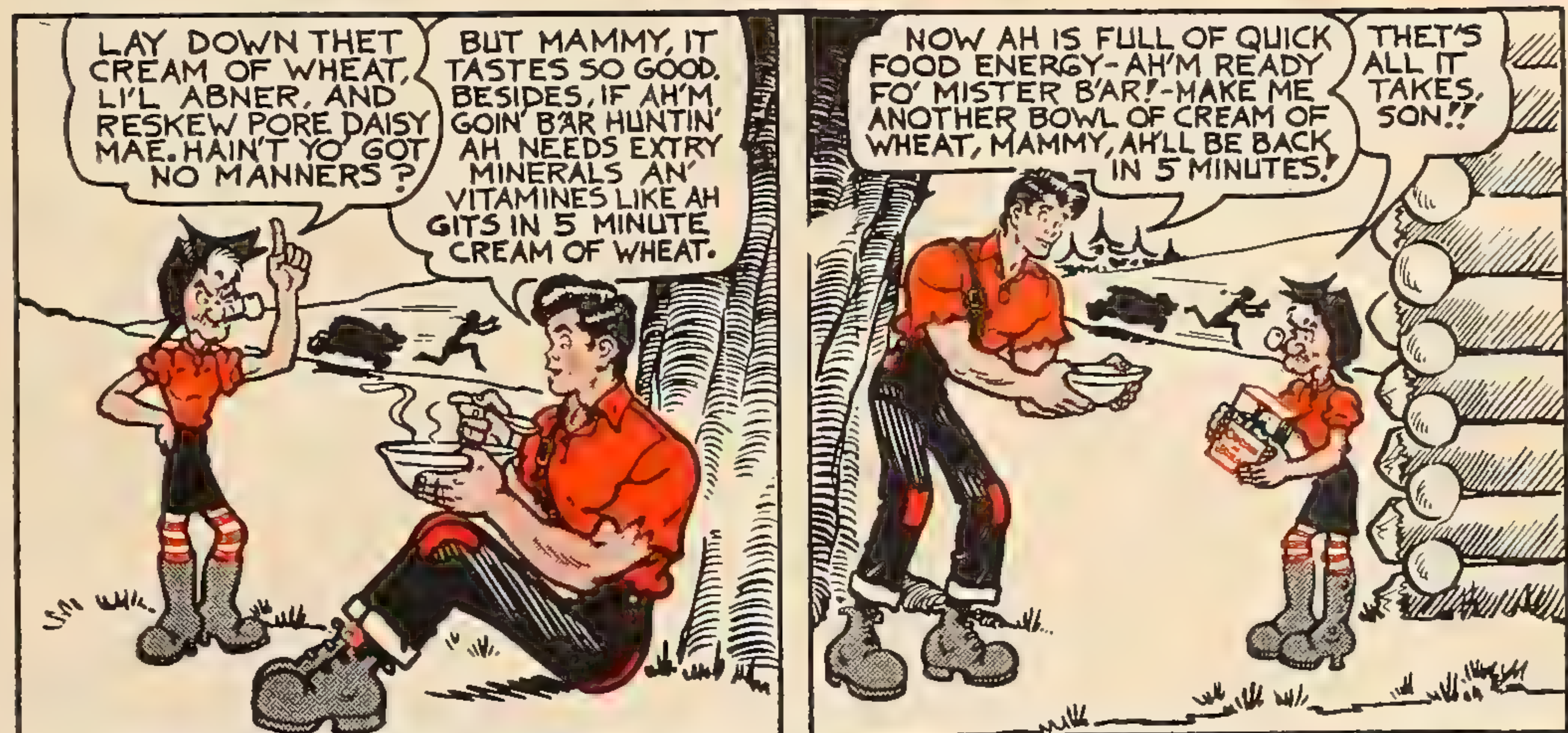
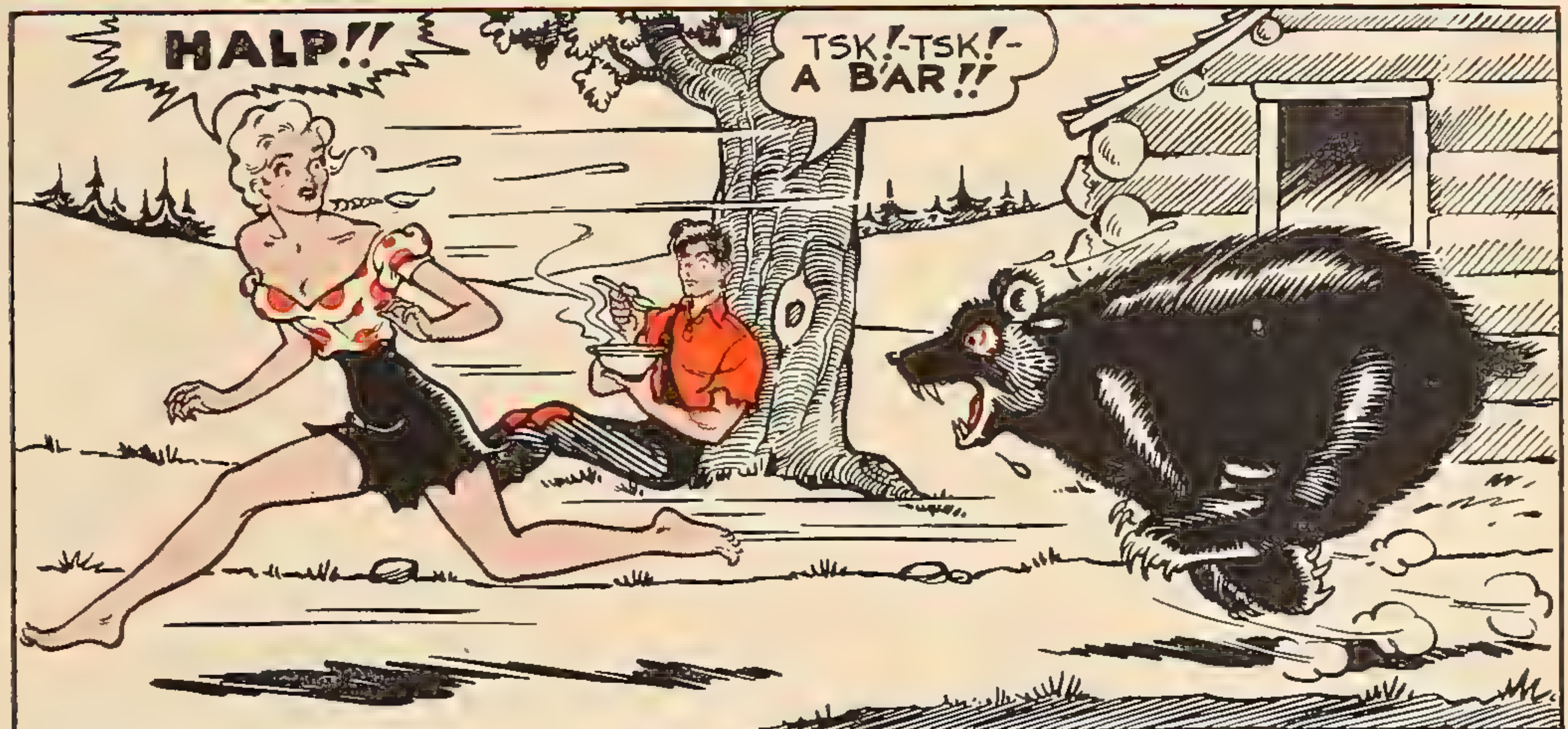
One of the saddest things imaginable is for an actor to get stuck on himself in a certain type of characterization. Robert Montgomery is a good movie actor, with a lot to offer, but he has become so enamored of his work as a psychopath that he insists on repeating it. Okay, a lot of people liked him in "Night Must Fall," and some people liked him in "Earl of Chicago." But enough is enough. In "Rage of Heaven" he appears again as a pleasant-seeming young man who is obsessed by a yen to commit murder.

Let us hasten to admit that a good deal of it is worthwhile. The story isn't quite as phony as the title. It tells of a young man (Montgomery) who is pleasant and sweet enough, but who has a twisted mind which drives him and everyone around him nuts. Married to Ingrid Bergman, he is constantly jealous and attaches his demoniac designs mostly on George Sanders, although professing to be his friend and admirer. It all winds up in tragedy, of course. While it is well done throughout, two of the great faults are that it is slow and there is practically no suspense. Everybody in the audience knows pretty much from the first second what the finish must be.

Besides Montgomery, who is good despite being typed, the cast is in the extra special class. Miss Bergman adds another piquant portrayal to her collection and moves a step closer to recognition as being really important. Sanders is cast against type; that is to say, he is a nice guy for once. It's smart casting, and he comes through with flying colors. Oscar Homolka turns in his best American performance to date as a cranky doctor. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, II.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 82)

LI'L ABNER By AL CAPP



"Cream of Wheat" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE *All-American* BREAKFAST FOOD

★ THE GREATNESS OF THE SCREEN...THE MAGIC OF RADIO...
★ COMBINED IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL OF THEM ALL!

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FAYE
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THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

... From the
studio that gave
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with **CESAR ROMERO**
Mary Beth Hughes • James Newill
Nicholas Brothers • Wiere Brothers
The Four Ink Spots
Directed by Archie Mayo
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Don Ettlinger and
Edwin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New HIT SONGS

by Mack Gordon
and Harry Warren!
"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
"I TAKE TO YOU"
"I'VE GOT A BONE TO
PICK WITH YOU"
"THE GREAT AMERICAN
BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"

Dances staged by
Hermes Pan

Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrikes" • "Chapman's Cheerful Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wavo"



WILLINGER

MYRNA LOY

Freckle-faced, carrot-topped, genuinely shy and strictly adhering to her father's simple slogan: "Work hard, mind your own business, stick up for your rights and everything will come out all right," Myrna Williams Loy comes natural by her housewifely roles. In private life, she found she couldn't get along without husband Arthur Hornblow and is happiest in the domestic niche buying groceries, puttering around the garden, playing the piano off-key, cooking up new Mexican dishes. He calls her Minnie and showers her with hankies and perfume (she won't have jewelry). Dubbed the girl with the perfect disposition, she rarely talks, but is the world's best listener. Even though she often stays abed all day and gorges ice cream, she preserves her 5' 5", 125-pound figure with exercise and work, i.e., she's a talented sculptress and dancer and is currently emoting for M-G-M's "Love Crazy."

DON AMECHE

Little did Kenosha, Wis., think Don Ameche would turn out to be the local boy who made good. Son of a righteous saloon-keeper (he never let anyone get drunk), Don licked and was licked by more local boys than any other single inhabitant, stuffed mattresses in a factory, rounded the hitherto square street corners with a construction gang, drove his family wild by nonchalantly enjoying the campus life of four different universities and finally gave up education to join a stock company. You probably heard him on the radio in "Betty and Bob" or "First Nighter" a couple of years ago before Hollywood nabbed him. Married to his childhood sweetheart, Honore, he has four boys, Ron, Don, Tom and Lon, vies with them for the biggest piece of apple pie at dinner and is fast giving them a first-hand appreciation of amusement parks! You'll be seeing him soon in 20th Century-Fox's "Miami."





MARTHA SCOTT

It all happened in a Kansas City classroom when Martha Scott discovered she was sitting at a desk once occupied (consequently sanctified) by Bill Powell, and thereupon vowed by all the gods that some day she would go to Hollywood to see him. In the meantime, a favorite teacher had financed her education and she had taught long enough to realize that she wasn't cut out for the classroom. Running off to Chicago for a lick at the drama, she lent her talents to selling in a candy store and playing Shakespearean roles every hour on the hour at the World's Fair. Several stock parts and "Our Town" on Broadway and she was on her way to meet Mr. Powell! Wed to Carleton Alsop, she lives on a ranch, originally bought to house a horse she won in a bet. Her one and only hobby's the theatre, and her sole sport's batting a shuttlecock around. Watch for her in Columbia's "They Dare Not Love."



BOB STACK

Some guys have all the luck. On top of inheriting a cool two million on his 21st birthday and giving Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss, Bobby Stack was pronounced the "film find of the year" just a few months after he was graduated from dramatic school. Just like that! Born in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1919, he lived abroad from the age of 5 to 11 and forgot the English language to such an extent that his family had to hire an interpreter so everybody could understand one another. In college he played the saxophone and clarinet and sang with the dance band. Lists his first real job as laborer in a Lake Tahoe logging camp. He's champion skeet shooter (has over 50 guns) and no laggard in his racing auto. He adores polo, but has broken his wrist so many times his studio says nay to the game. These past few months he's been romancing with Deanna again in Universal's "Nice Girl?"

ANN SOTHERN

Ann's the most adaptable creature alive! She likes being a motion picture star, enjoys being interviewed and photographed, remains loyal to her friends who knew her *when*, doesn't mind dieting (no bread, potatoes or pastries), is the life of every party, has something in common with most everyone she meets—speaks both French and Scandinavian, collects old China, enjoys backgammon, adores dogs, and is an ardent reader of Russian history. And it's no wonder! Born in North Dakota between stops on her mother's concert tour, she was shoved around from pillar to post all during her childhood. Inheriting her mother's musical bent, she took up piano, violin and voice and was such an apt composer she copped all the prizes in high school. She first nibbled a musical career torch singing in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" on Broadway. Right now she's warbling in M-G-M's "Lady Be Good."





FRANK POWOLNY

GENE TIERNEY

Everybody at Gene Tierney's select Connecticut début knew something was brewing when she made her bow in an exact copy of one of Bette Davis' "Jezebel" gowns. To socially minded Mr. and Mrs. Tierney it was just one more bad omen that their daughter was hell-bent for a theatrical career. Her dad bargained with her. If she'd give the social whirl a three months' trial and still wanted to act after that, he'd help her make the rounds of theatrical producers. Well, Gene stuck to her guns and not only landed a bit part, but soon was playing a lead in "The Male Animal" and accepting an invitation to Hollywood. Though this 20th Century-Fox star is only 20, she possesses the aplomb of a sophisticated 28 and has such notables as Rudy Vallee, Bob Sterling and Mickey Rooney at her feet. She sniffs all the fresh paint and gasoline she can find, loves to ride and would rather dance than eat.

BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"...
and he's singing his new theme
song right from the heart!



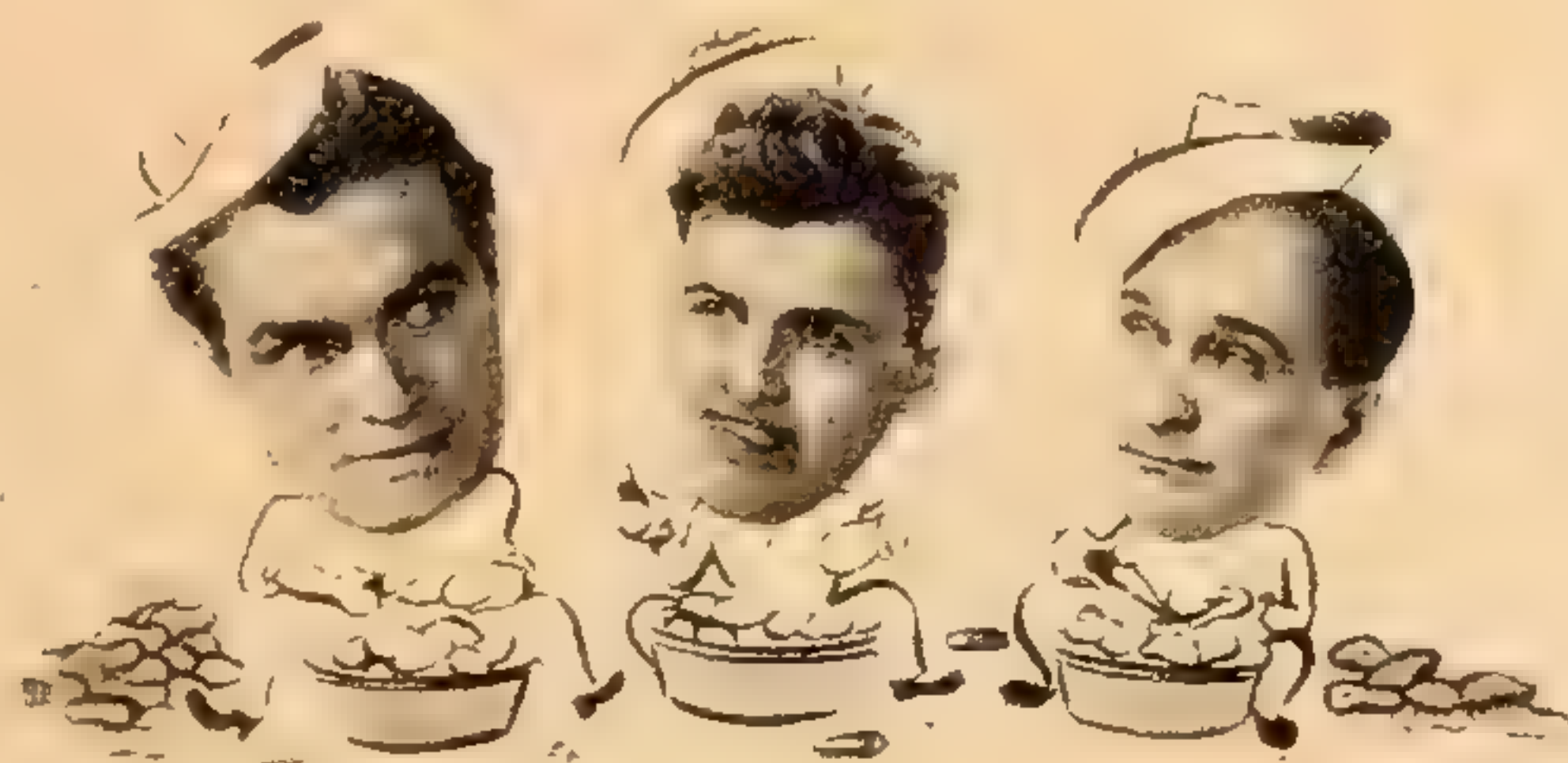
TANKS for the memory
 Of that physical exam
 Staged by Uncle Sam

An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
 How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)



TANKS for the memory
 Of hours carving spuds.

The "Sarg" and us are buds.
 We'd like to meet that bozo when we're out of Army duds...
 How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)



We've even got blisters from sittin'
 For many's the TANK that we've ridden
 And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
 Just nice clean play at a buck a day!



And TANKS for the memory
 Of meeting up with Dot
 A little gal who's got

What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
 TANK YOU SO MUCH!



Paramount Presents

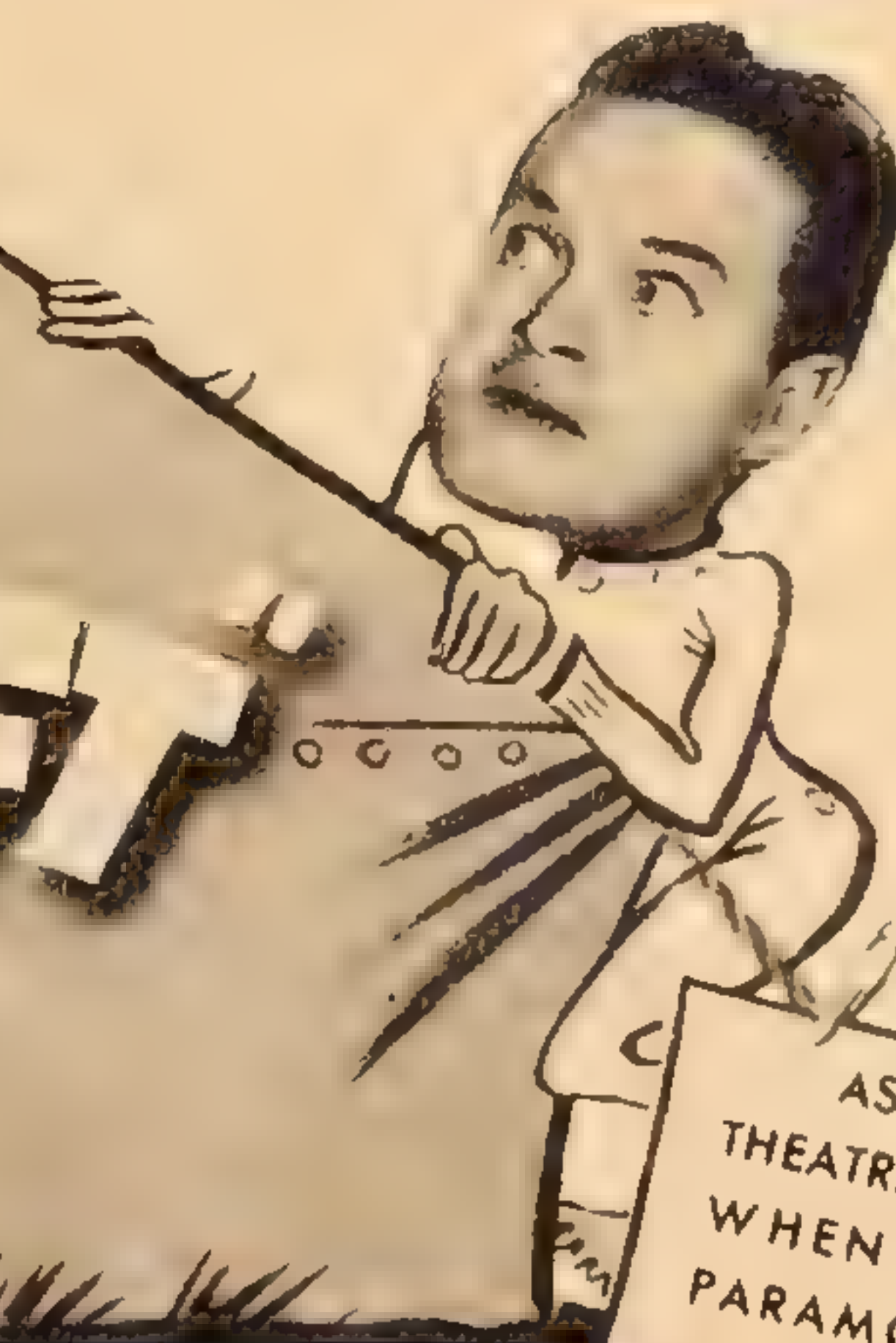
BOB HOPE
DOROTHY LAMOUR

in

CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

with **LYNNE OVERMAN • EDDIE BRACKEN**

Produced by **B. G. DESYLVA**



ASK YOUR
 THEATRE MANAGER
 WHEN THIS BIG
 PARAMOUNT HIT
 IS COMING

Directed by **DAVID BUTLER** • Original Story and Screen Play by **HARRY TUGEND** • Additional Dialogue by **WILKIE C. MAHONEY**

HEART-APPEAL

BY IDA ZEITLIN

To get an accurate picture of Cesar Romero, you've first got to toss the caricature overboard. Tall, dark and Cuban, he looks like the popular conception of a lady killer, a smooth operator, a professional bender-from-the-waist—a conception nailed by the sheiks and gigolos he's played. He can't help his looks or his parts, but they belie him. He's well-bred, but doesn't work at it. "What's he got that other men haven't?" someone asked Ann Sheridan when she used to go out with him in the pre-Brent days.

"Manners," she said dryly. "He doesn't make passes."

Legend paints him as a glittering man-about-town, stepping out nightly with a fresh cutie on his arm. Actually for every evening at Ciro's, he spends two dozen at home with his family or friends. He's been publicized as a fabulous spender. There's nothing fabulous about him but his good humor, and the one thing likeliest to explode it is the above-mentioned brand of publicity. He says stories tagged "This Girl Can Have Me" or "Cesar Romero Hunts for a Wife" burn him up because they're untrue, unfair to him and the people he's seen with, and make him out a dope. He thinks reader reaction to such stories is, "Who does that ham think he is!" and if it's not, it should be. He accepts his share of responsibility for the false buildup. During his first three years in Hollywood, having been told that contacts were im-



At 34, Cesar's getting distinguishedly grey at the temples. Adores showing visitors all the local hot spots. This is Mrs. Julian Chaqueneau, a fellow New Yorker.

Watch for him in "The Great American Broadcast."



"BUTCH" LOOKS LIKE A SUAVE HELLER, BUT (HE'LL KILL US FOR TELLING YOU) THE GUY'S AN ANGEL!

portant, he accepted all the invitations he could handle. That's long been a phase of the past. Almost all the girls he used to date are now wives. "It was practically marriage insurance," he says, "to go out with me." He had too many responsibilities at the time to afford taking on more.

His sense of responsibility has been sharpened by two factors—devotion to his family and sudden changes in fortune. He knows what it is to have fancied security and lost it. When he was fourteen, his father's prosperous exporting business failed. His mother, accustomed to luxury, cheerfully turned chief cook and bottle washer. They insisted that Maria, a year older than Cesar, should finish her course at Barnard, after which she taught French and Spanish in an Asbury Park high school. Between them, she and Cesar kept the family pot simmering, with Maria doing the lion's share, since her brother's income from show business was often non-existent. Which is why he revels in looking after them now.

They live in an attractive apartment. Cesar's father, a semi-invalid, leads a quiet life. His mother is cheerful and active as ever, though no longer with housework. Her wide circle of friends includes the mothers of Ty Power and Virginia Bruce. Cesar hates to write letters, so Maria takes that job off his hands. Young Edward will be graduated from USC this year and plans to join the navy. Grace, the

second sister, went back east to be married and six months ago presented Cesar with a nephew, named Bob Hope after his father—no connection with the Paramount or Pepsodent Hope.

After years of apartment living, Cesar moved into his own home eight months ago. He'd long wanted to build but kept putting it off till next year, because how did he know how long he'd last? Time passed, he continued to work and he found a site in Brentwood, practically surrounded by friends. He liked the idea of moving in among them and decided to do it then instead of waiting forever till next year.

So the two-storied Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse of white-painted fieldstone and wood went up, with its shingled roof and nine rooms, mostly pine-paneled. He loves the bright informality of early American furnishings, and the place is gay with rag rugs, copper round the fireplace, burnished cherry and maple. Kay Salkow, wife of the writer, who helped him decorate, discovered an old lady who all her life had been collecting the kind of stuff Cesar craved. Her kitchen table, scraped and refinished, now graces his living room. Her clock keeps time in his hall, and he all but dragged her beautiful old four-poster from under her. Lengthened seven inches to accommodate his length, it's his treasure of treasures.

William, who used to work. (Continued on page 90)



Cesar (with Alice Faye) radiates sophistication in his tux and Cisco Kid coiffure—but paradoxically he prefers milk to highballs and cover-up dresses to snaky ones.



The gigantic and jolly Romero, who, incredibly, can knit, sew and cook, approves of director Lewis Milestone's wife, Kendall, because she can rumba. It's his favorite dance.

BLONDES PREFERRED . . .

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

It is a pretty safe bet (three to two, according to Hollywood bookmakers) that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton will take the plunge this year. There are those dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalists who mention a June wedding. But the more conservative name a later month, if only out of respect for Cary's contempt for the trite and the traditional. You can bet your hope chest that the wedding will not be reeled off in any Little Church Around the Corner. It will be secretly performed and sudden-like.

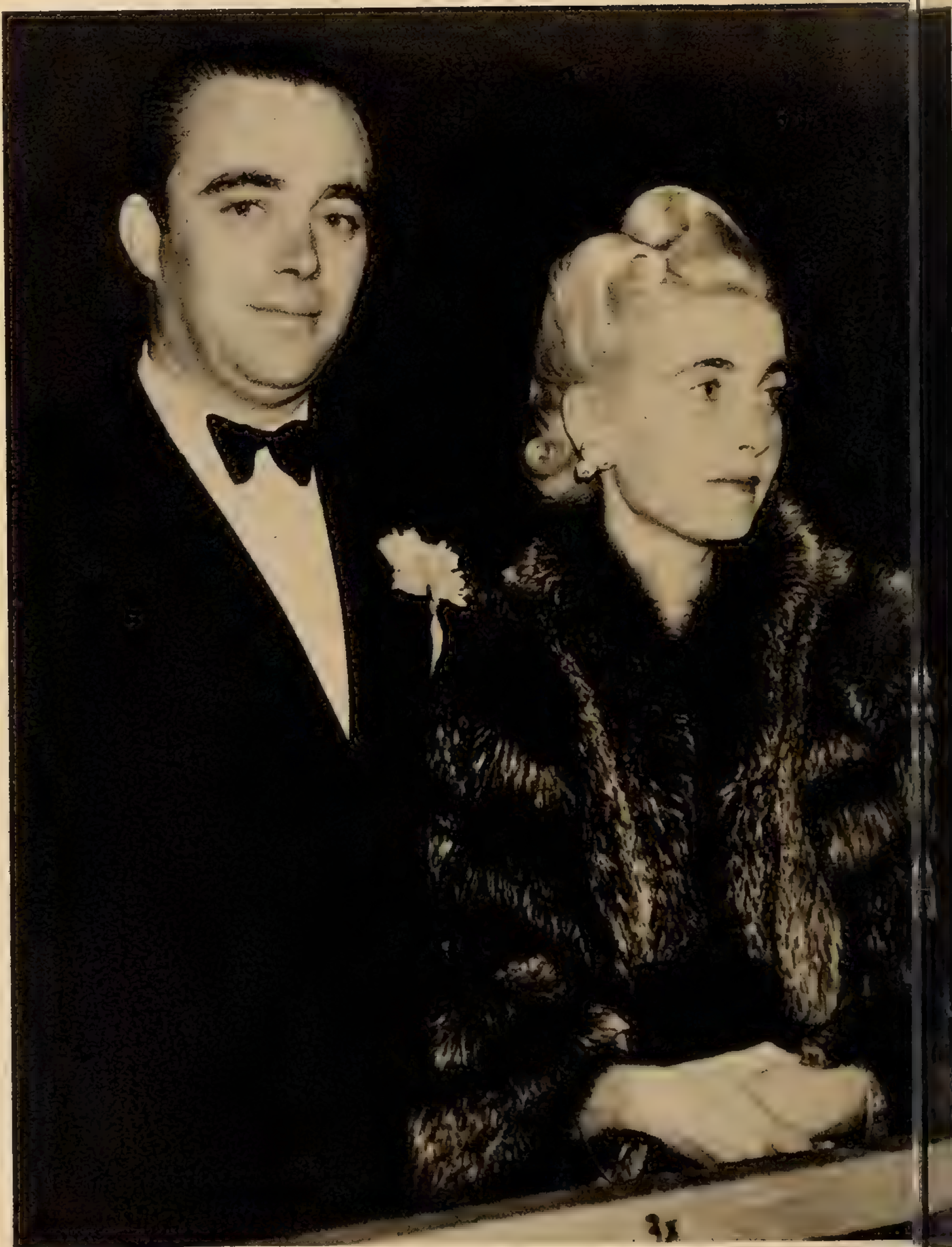
What makes all this Mendelssohn music seem so probable are the following facts: For one thing, our Cary is devoting virtually all of his conscious hours not claimed by RKO-Radio's exciting new drama, "Before the Fact," to dancing attendance on the ravishing Miss Hutton. To put it plainly, they're going steady, as the saying goes.

Secondly, Miss Hutton, contrary to her original plans, has decided to linger in Hollywood instead of fleeing these parts directly her lease expires—April 1st. At this writing, ensconced in the magnificent Buster Keaton villa, she is shopping around for another house. Miss Hutton is not to be vegetating in Hollywood when a more exotic world beckons immediately beyond the use of her gleaming white yacht that's anchored in the bay, if you get what we mean.

Thirdly, the whole shebang of Cary's friends have suddenly become allergic to the mere mention of her name. You no sooner do when they burst into windy discussions of the Academy Awards and wind up by asking you whether you'd like to change places with Jimmy Stewart, who was tagged by Uncle Sam not so long ago.

Anybody but Cary and you'd get a little mad at all the labor involved in keeping posted. You see, with Cary it's like this: He loves privacy and he loves publicity—but he never mixes the two. He'll let himself be interviewed by the right people ("right" meaning anyone who doesn't pry into his romantic life); he'll do fancy mugging on the set for the studio cameraman; and he'll pump the hands of the few visiting firemen that are lucky enough to crash a Grant set. But let a studio photographer try to snap him on the Santa Monica surf hard by his modest little fourteen-room house, and he'll pitch man and camera into the salty brine without a single qualm. That's how it is with Cary.

Miss Hutton makes Cary look like Errol Flynn on one of those Warner junkets in which Flynn gets photographed at least five hundred times. Mortally afraid of a camera, she has been snapped only on those occasions when she couldn't help herself. She has never been photographed (Continued on page 95)



Babs Hutton (with Woolworth Donahue) is said to have paid \$2,000,000 for her divorce from Count Reventlow. It's rumored he'll gain custody of their son if she remarries before '42.

EXCLUSIVE! A PEEK AT THE MOST GLAMOROUS



Cary and Virginia Cherrill were married in London in 1934 and took a 14,000-mile wedding trip. They honeymooned in a Hollywood cottage for a year; decided to divorce in 1935. Insiders say Virginia's interference in Cary's money matters caused the rift.



Cary, who'll soon be seen in Columbia's "Penny Serenade," and Phyllis Brooks were engaged for two years. Called it off amicably but definitely in January 1940, for reasons never made public. Dated Fay Wray and Roz Russell occasionally before devoting himself exclusively to Babs.

ROMANCE TO HIT HOLLYWOOD IN YEARS AND YEARS—THE CARY GRANT-BABS HUTTON BONFIRE

PRELUDE TO A HONEYMOON

DREAM MAN, DREAM HOUSE—AND A BREATH-

TAKER OF A TROUSSEAU! LOOKS LIKE ILONA

MASSEY'S MARRIAGE WAS MADE IN HEAVEN



Closets of towels came with the house, but Ilona invested in a dozen shaggy ones, which Alan adores!

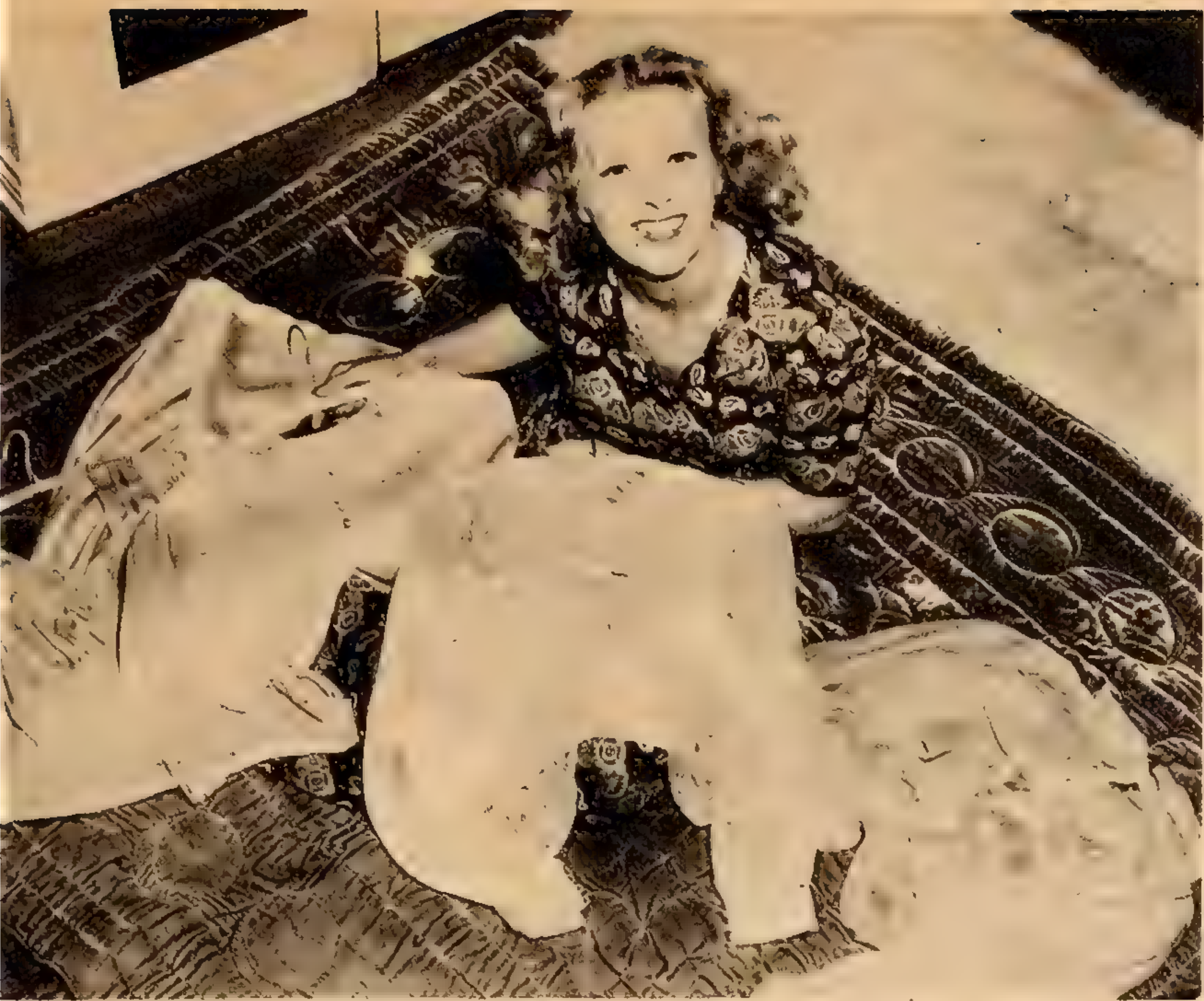
There were no spinster or bachelor dinners, and no showers preceding the Curtis-Massey merger. . . . Few people attended the ceremony. Alan's brother and sister-in-law came out from the Middle West to be best man and matron of honor. . . . They're deferring their honeymoon until July; will then proceed by boat to Rio de Janeiro, where Ilona has a four-week engagement at a night club. The boat trip will take 12 days. . . . Since she'll need a different gown for every evening of her night club appearance, she'll take only 10 or 15 of her own gowns with her, and rent the rest from a costuming



This is her white satin bridal nightgown. The day before the ceremony, she dropped over to the beauty parlor and had her nails and hair done—nothing more. She's never had a facial and doesn't pluck her eyebrows.



Ilona's additions to the house were all her books, 2 heads of herself sculpted by Nelson Eddy and Junior, the dog.



She collects bed-jackets—has dozens of them; hates slips and never wears them. Wears built-up shoes to make her tall, as Mr. C. prefers "statuesque" women to half-pints.



The house, which they bought completely furnished even to the silverware, has 3 bedrooms. Alan's contributions were a picture of himself, aged two, and his record collection.

company in Los Angeles. Some will be the costumes Binnie Barnes wore in "New Wine," and others from "That Hamilton Woman."

In the meantime, they're setting up housekeeping with Junior (a fat dachshund) and Ilona's Aunt Teresa, who has always lived with her. . . . Curtis plans to install a Roman Bath in the garden. (A Roman Bath is just a good-sized bathtub built into the ground and reached by stepping down two steps.) He calls it a "poor man's swimming pool." It will have only cold water running into it. For the city's records it will be listed as a fish pond, and Curtis says he'll have to have a few fish in it with him. If there aren't fish in it, it would be called a swimming pool and he would have to install a costly filtering system. The bath will cost \$200.

Through Ilona, Curtis has become interested in singing. Took voice lessons for five (Continued on page 85)



The gorgeous groom, whom Ilona's known for 2½ years, used to be a collar ad. His trousseau includes 3 new suits, 12 shirts and 6 neckties. (Turn to page 85 for a list of hers.)



Alan, who wears a gold wedding band, helped pack for their brief wedding trip. He'll have to get a draft board O.K. when they go on their real honeymoon to South America.



They always use table mats—own no formal dinner cloths, as they rarely entertain. Cesar Romero's their most frequent guest. Alan and Ilona loved co-starring in "New Wine."

VILLAIN BY accident

BY BETTY HARRIS

Strictly off the record—that black sheep, Conrad Veidt, has a Bob Hope-ish sense of humor and a heart of gold!

When you saw "The Thief of Bagdad," you were supposed to hate the suave, sinister Hindu fakir who coveted the girl loved by the handsome Prince. You weren't supposed to write in and say that if *you* had been the girl, you would have chosen the fakir.

And when you saw "Escape," you were supposed to hate the cultured, cold-blooded German general, who didn't intend to let either the Countess or her friends get away. You weren't supposed to write in and say that you were sorry to see him die.

The boys who handle the incoming mail at the Culver City Post Office haven't seen so many letters addressed to any one actor in years. "Who is this Conrad Veidt?" they want to know. "And why is he getting so much mail?"

That's something that the boys at M-G-M would also like to know. They have all the curiosity of scientists who wonder what produces lightning—because sometime they might want to launch a thunderbolt intentionally.

They may tell you that they knew all along what a sensation Conrad Veidt (pronounced Vite) would be. But the fact remains that he arrived in Hollywood, less than a year ago, without any ballyhoo. No one predicted his popularity. No one thought of advertising his appeal. No one dreamed that this man who played villains would soon get as much fan mail as the Gables and the Taylors, and for the same reason—his hypnotic effect on women.

He is an unforeseen phenomenon. And an unexplained one. He has something that no other screen

villain has ever had. But what, people don't exactly know.

He isn't a young man. He isn't a dashing romantic type. People talk vaguely about his striking appearance, his extraordinary height and his lean, angular, ascetic face. They discuss his piercing eyes, his intense mind, his poise, his "continental charm," his foreign accent. But they can't explain his fascination. They are beginning to have the suspicion that he is an extraordinary actor.

How did he become such an actor? What is his story? How does *he* explain Conrad Veidt?

He says, deprecatingly, that he is more baffled than anyone by the fan mail he is getting. He says, smiling, "I thought I was past such things. I am 48, and not afraid to admit it. Also, I was in Hollywood once before, and such things did not happen. When I came this second time, I expected people to say, 'Oh, yes, Conrad Veidt. I remember seeing him when I was little. A long time ago.' That is, if they said anything. Because, this time, I came without even being invited. I had just finished a picture in England called 'Contraband.' I came over here to edit and release it. I had no plans beyond that."

What *did* happen when he was in Hollywood before? His smile widens. "Let me tell you about it."

John Barrymore brought him to Hollywood in 1926. John had seen him as Ivan the Terrible in the German picture, "Three Wax Works." And John had immediately cabled him: "HAVE GREAT ROLE FOR GREAT ACTOR. WILL YOU ACCEPT IT?"



Conrad Veidt says he never feels really wicked unless he's wearing a moustache. Is terrifically sinister and diabolically charming in "A Woman's Face," with Crawford.

"I said to myself, 'Why not? You don't know if Barrymore is flattering you or not, but you do know Hollywood is the center of things.' I cabled back: 'LEAVING IMMEDIATELY.' I had never been in America before. I was filled with boundless illusions. I imagined what New York would be like, and it was more wonderful than I had anticipated. Everything in this marvelous country exceeded my expectation—the height of the buildings, the luxury of the hotels, the size of the station where I boarded the train for Hollywood. The train, itself, was a super-train. I stopped wondering what Hollywood would be like. I was positive that, when I stepped off the train in California, I would find myself in a paradise of palms and flowers. Instead, I found myself in the most frightful, dismal railroad station in the world. (Now vanished.) Without a palm or a flower anywhere in sight.

"On the platform stood a man in the costume of the old French court, with make-up on his face. It was John Barrymore. The first thing he said was"—and Veidt mimics Barrymore's facial expression and vocal inflection— "My God, are you tall!" (Veidt is six feet three.)

"He led me to a big limousine, and the next thing I knew we were going 80 miles an hour through the streets of Los Angeles, with two motorcycle policemen leading the way. I was no longer disappointed. This was the Hollywood I had pictured. And I became even more cheerful when we reached the Ambassador Hotel, and I saw some palms (Continued on page 79)



Minus the moustache, he's "Connie"—a lovable, good-natured guy who hates to wear a tie, loves picnics, thunderstorms, sailing and long, aimless motor trips.

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

This report is confidential and for your information only.

Case No. #2180—The Nick Harris Detective Agency

Report of Operatives #174 and #110

In Re. Investigation: *Ann Sheridan*

Pursuant to instructions from the General Manager, Operatives No. 174 and No. 110 secured an automobile and a miniature camera equipped with telescopic high-powered close-up lens, and drove to North Hollywood where Operatives were detailed to keep the home of Ann Sheridan, the Subject in this investigation, under surveillance.

Upon arrival at 9:25 A.M., Operatives noticed that the house was a low spacious Spanish type of home containing about seven rooms.

Operatives first observed the Subject at 9:31 A.M., dressed in dark brown slacks and tan silk shirtwaist, apparently doing exercises to martial music. Operatives approached the house and noticed about 200 records stacked on the floor beside a combination radio-victrola. Operatives also noticed that someone had chalk-marked the window screen with the word "Oomph."

The Subject, hereinafter also to be referred to as "Miss Sheridan," continued doing exercises until 9:40 A.M., and then entered what seemed a breakfast room and had her breakfast, which lasted until 10:20 A.M., reading a book throughout the meal. She then came out of the house with a dog, a toy French poodle which she addressed as "Amos." Miss Sheridan, upon reaching the house-gate, encountered a dark-haired woman dressed in a black and white checked coat and white hat and stopped to chat for a few minutes. The dark-



General manager Hanson of the Nick Harris Agency handled the case himself. Here's Ann exercising at 9:31.



She dallied 40 minutes over breakfast. Read "Out of the Night;" sipped milk from monogrammed glass.



10:25—A cigarette and a stroll to her mailbox (which has a chimney and curtains) to get the new Esquire.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the past few months MODERN SCREEN has received hundreds of letters from Ann Sheridan's fans. They asked her to tell them what she did, where she went and how she lived during October 11 to March 14) that she was off salary, following her departure from Warner Brothers.

So, in order to secure for its readers the behind-the-scenes "bad girl," MODERN SCREEN hired the Nick Harris Agency to follow Ann on one of her last days of unemployment. The agency has been operating on the West Coast for 35 years, having been strung from Alaska to the Cape of Good Hope. It has handled problems since the Owen Moore-Mary Pickford case.

This report appears exactly as it was received by us—together with a series of off-guard photographs, snapped by the operatives with a hidden camera.

A blonde-haired woman walked down the street, and Operatives noticed her as she entered the house next door to the Subject's. Miss Sheridan then walked to the mail box situated at the curb and took a parcel. She removed the wrapping, revealing a copy of E. magazine.

At 10:36 A.M., Miss Sheridan returned to the house, and Operatives saw her go into the kitchen and get what seemed to be some dog food for "Amos." While in the kitchen Miss Sheridan talked briefly to a heavy-set Negro woman dressed as a maid. She then returned to the living room and Operatives saw her getting into a chair to read a book entitled "Out of the Night." Miss Sheridan left her chair twice to answer the telephone, once at 11:15 and again at 12:15 P.M.

The Subject kept reading until 12:30 P.M., when she arose and placed the book on a shelf. Operatives noticed her again at 1:03 P.M., when she came out of her house wearing a long dark mink coat over a black dress, and went to the garage and got into a black Packard coupé. At this time Operatives also want to mention that they noted another girl around the house whom Operatives later learned was known as "Gwennie," a companion of Miss Sheridan's.

The Subject left her home alone and drove to a drugstore at the northwest corner of Ventura Blvd. and Mariotta Street, entering same at 1:10 P.M. Sitting at the counter, she ordered a pimiento cheese sandwich on white bread and a Pepsi-Cola. After finishing her lunch at 1:40 P.M., she made one telephone call, which lasted five minutes. She looked around the store for a while and then left. Walking leisurely she returned to her car and drove to the Studio City Theatre on Ventura Blvd., where the picture being shown was Warner Brothers' stirring "Santa Fe Trail." (Continued on page 75)



Called one of her cronies at Warners. Had to use a phony name, as no one there was supposed to speak to her.



Swapped her slacks for mink and was off in her dusty last year's Packard coupé for a drugstore lunch in town.



Dieted to keep that oomph. Every studio was bidding for her, but her Warner contract has 4½ yrs. to go.



Went to "Santa Fe Trail" for the third time. Most afternoons she gardened, took a drive or studied Spanish.



s a
hen
ane.

Ty Power and Annabella (she's Annie to him) never miss a première or a prize fight. Ty's frau, who's letting her boyish bob grow long, is a celebrity hound and autograph collector.



CANDIDLY

SIT IN ON THE HOLLYWOOD NIGHT

No wonder the Hall-Langford marriage has taken! They were married twice; civilly on June 8, 1938—in church a month later.

Rosemary Lane, who averages fifteen fan mail proposals a week, has never had an engagement ring—Dick Haydn ("Professor Carp") is trying to promote a change of regime!

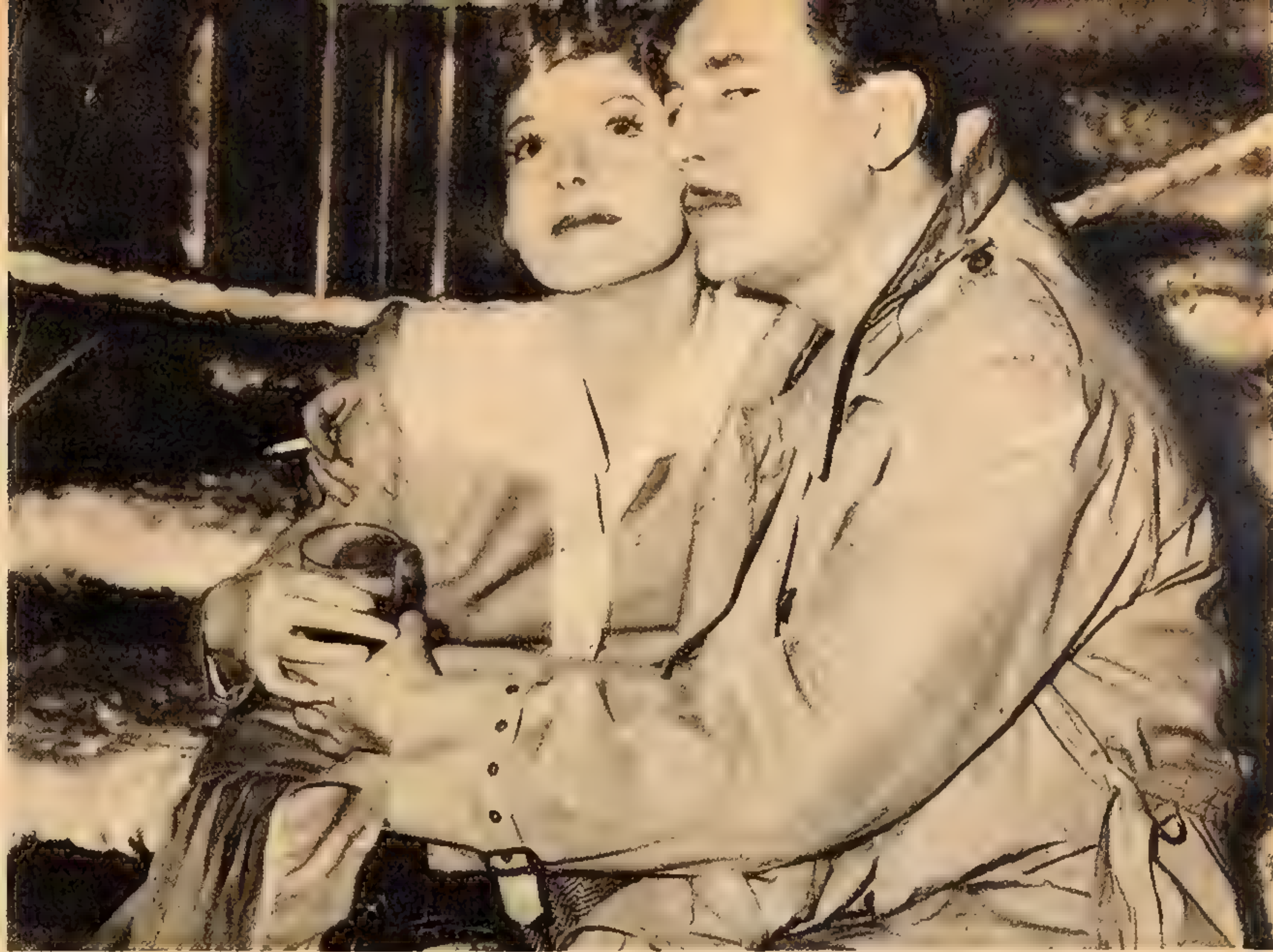
It's a dream come true for South African Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino. They'll be co-starred in the movie "Gentle People."

John Payne's wife is so devoted she gets madder than a hornet at people who call her by her maiden name. Fumes the twenty-three-year-old mama, "I *was* Anne Shirley—four years ago!"





The Boyers and Colmans (that's Pat and Ronnie) grab a snack and swig at the Scheherazade every week after their knittin'-for-Britain session in the Boyers' basement.



That old slickeroo Reggie Gardiner shares a Pepsi-Cola with British actress Anna Lee at a party to introduce her to the press. She's Robert (director of "Back Street") Stevenson's wife.

YOURS...

SHIFT WITH OUR LORD OF THE LENS!



The Mocambo's practically home to the Ronnie Reagans. They live a block away and wind up every evening with a rumba there.



Georgie Jessel of the fabulous ties and adolescent wife recently electrified Ciro's by yelling, "I'm going to be a father!"

Ray Milland speaks Spanish like a native (to say nothing of Welsh and German), but he thumbs-down congas and tangos. That's wife Mal—who's 6' in high heels—with him.

The Howard scion, "Butch," who's 5 months old and a czar, okays one Ciro's date a week for mom and pop—Andrea Leeds and Bob. Mr. H. always eats an apple with his scotch and soda.



GAMBOL OF THE STARS



Edward Arnold and Ken Carpenter, representing sponsors Screen Actors Guild and American Federation of Radio Artists, auctioned off Roosevelt's campaign hat for \$3200!



Everyone and his brother were there, from the most insignificant bit player to top-notchers like Motion Picture Academy head Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, annual Gambol's best-dressed patroness.

Red Skelton gave old-timers Laurel and Hardy their stiffest competition for comedy honors. Red's imitations were hit of impromptu floor show in which stars entertained one another.



For once, Carole Landis missed her usual 10 hours' sleep to attend the benefit with producer Raymond Hakim. It was held in the Cocoanut Grove of Los Angeles' swank Hotel Ambassador.





Despite prohibitive price, party was mobbed and scores of late-comers turned away. None such were David Selznick and Olivia de Havilland, who reserved their \$11 dinners far in advance.



Lana Turner, minus a couple of wisdom teeth, and songster Tony Martin are at it again. They weren't speaking until he named his pony "Lana" to offset another dubbed "Alice!"

One of the most popular guests was aviator Arthur Farnsworth, Bette Davis' recently acquired husband. He's one of the few successful "outsiders" to crash the gates of Hollywood society.



UP-ON-THEIR LUCK RADIO AND SCREEN ACTORS LEND A HAND TO THEIR LESS FORTUNATE BRETHREN AT A GALA FROLIC!

Granville and Cooper wore off some of the five-course dinner before the 11 o'clock floor show began. Only 18, she's an established veteran, having been in flickers ever since 1932!



The Welles- Del Rio Romance



First bond between Orson and Dolores was love of music. She has Hollywood's most phenomenal classical record collection (over 3,000).



If Dolores becomes Mrs. Welles, it'll be her third marriage. Married first at 15, was widowed a few years later. Orson married at 19. Has a daughter, 3, named Christopher.



Orson, whose real name is George, wrote a text book on Shakespearean drama at fifteen. Revenue from his books is now in six figures.

THE AMAZING STORY OF TWO PEOPLE, DISILLUSIONED ABOUT LOVE, WHO'VE FOUND COMPLETE HAPPINESS TOGETHER!

BY JAMES REID

Orson Welles has never been one to shy away from doing the unorthodox, unapproved thing, or one to hesitate about going after whatever he wanted. Naturally a great many people strongly suspect that when he decided he wanted Dolores Del Rio, he didn't hesitate about going after her, even though it meant breaking up her nine-year marriage to Cedric Gibbons.

They're thinking of how, in his late teens, Orson went after a Broadway reputation, and got it—with his prodigious experiments as an actor, director and producer. And of how, in his early twenties, he set out to be radio's biggest sensation and was—with his dramatization of an invasion of the United States by monsters from Mars. They're remembering how he went after, and obtained, a movie contract such as no one had ever had before—a four-way contract to act, write, direct and produce—at the age of 24. They're thinking of how he determined to set Hollywood on its ear with his first picture, and of how, at the age of 25 he has carried out his intention. "Citizen Kane" is a sensation, not only because a certain publisher is trying to have it suppressed, but because in every department, it revolutionizes the business of movie-making.

It's easy to believe that anyone capable of doing all those things would also be capable of taking a Glamour Girl away from her husband.

But, strange as it may seem, that *isn't* the explanation of the fact that Dolores Del Rio is no longer Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Orson may have broken all kinds of taboos to win the world's attention. But he didn't flaunt convention to win Dolores. In fact, he came to Hollywood with the definite idea that she was the one movie actress he didn't want to meet. It was a fixation with him. He had had that idea since the first time he had seen her on the

screen. He was 14 at the time. (Dolores was 21, though she looked older.) He had decided then that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and he was afraid meeting her might spoil his illusion. He might find out that "the most beautiful woman in the world" was as stupid as she was beautiful. And he brought that phobia to Hollywood with him.

He arrived in early August, 1939, and among the first invitations he received was one from Jack Warner. Though he was brand-new to Hollywood, he knew that when the Jack Warners invite you to a party, you gratefully accept. However, there's a strong chance that he would have shattered tradition and stayed away, had he known that the festivities were to celebrate not only Jack Warner's birthday, but Dolores Del Rio's. He didn't find that out until he was actually at the party.

He saw her the moment he stepped into the room. She was at the other end talking with someone. He hoped that he could just look at her and not have to meet her. Then he discovered that she was one of the hostesses and he realized with dismay that it would be impossible to avoid an introduction. But he put off the meeting as long as possible.

As a much-ballyhooed and unpredictable new arrival in Hollywood, he found himself the object of intense curiosity. He was kept busy answering questions. And he gladly talked his head off, trying to stay away from the end of the room where his eyes kept wandering.

Finally Ann Warner took him firmly by the arm and said, "You've been here an hour and you haven't met Dolores yet." What could he say but: "I've been wondering when someone would introduce us"—and behave as if his words couldn't be taken two ways?

A moment later, he was (Continued on page 87)

ON THE SET WITH

"Lady Be Good"

Any New York actor stepping through the doors of M-G-M's sound stage No. 27 would swear he was back on Broadway. There are laughs and lights, and all of the backstage hubbub that prevails two minutes before the curtain goes up. It's only when the actor gets close to the scene and sees the cameras grinding that the illusion is broken. And then he knows he is on the gaudy, glorious set of M-G-M's new musical, "Lady Be Good."

Though Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer paid a fabulous figure for the rights to "Lady Be Good," they're using only the title and two songs. Scripters wrote an entirely new story to fit Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothorn, Robert Young and John Carroll. They made Bob and Ann a song-writing team whose marital troubles cause Ann to leave home and move in with pal Eleanor Powell. Former suitor John Carroll, a radio crooner, helps mix things up, and matters come to a climax in the court of Judge Lionel Barrymore, who plays Cupid in the modern manner. Laughs are laced all through the plot by Red Skelton, Reginald Owen, Virginia O'Brien and Phil Silvers.

The night club set, where so much of the important

action takes place, is one of the swankiest ever constructed for a movie. Skelton describes it perfectly: "It's the sort of place in which you either spend \$500—or you wash your own plates!"

Eleanor Powell's "tap concerto" aged members of the technical department at least five years. They had to build special equipment to catch the image of her fast-tapping tootsies. Five pianos were lined up, and she whisked from one to the other with increasing speed, matching each note with a tap.

Eleanor does one dance with "Buttons," a canine wonder and the sensation of "Lady Be Good." The studio hunted for a cute pup for weeks and finally signed a bright-faced French poodle. At the last minute the poodle got stage-fright and had to be withdrawn. It was then that prop boy Jackie Ackerman ankled in with "Buttons," a little half beagle, half fox terrier whom he had personally trained.

Besides having rhythm, "Buttons" has a terrific temper. But only where his stand-in, a woolly toy dog, is concerned. "Buttons" rips the make-believe pup to pieces every few days.

Between scenes, Ann and Eleanor vie for his affection by feeding him all his favorite foods. "Buttons" is no fool, however. He bounds from Ann's candy to Eleanor's special dog biscuits without revealing the least bit of favoritism. Until the strain gets too great, the smart little four-footer will probably continue playing both ends against his own fuzzy middle!

THE M-G-M LOT ROCKED WITH LAUGHTER WHEN THE "LADY BE GOOD" CAST TOOK OVER!

Powell and Skelton rehearse, while composer Silvers and Sothorn (who wears 35 Adrian gowns) heckle. Ann breaks her no-more-singing-roles vow—sings Jerome Kern's "The Last Time I Saw Paris" which cost Metro \$10,000.





When the cast discovered "Buttons" had no chair he could call his own, they petitioned for one! Eleanor sports a clip that's an exact replica of him.



This is Eleanor's first picture since her operation a year ago. She's already plotting a Pan-American good will trip to teach South Americans our latest dance steps.



Next to Harpo's visit, biggest calamity to befall Eleanor was getting locked in a dressing room. She used Jeanette MacDonald's 'till her own was completed.



Pandemonium breaks loose when Skelton and Carroll start tossing gags back and forth. An ex-vaudevillian, this Skelton's second picture (first was "Flight Command").



George claims he has the "disposition of an angel." However, he's irked by people who mispronounce his last name. It's "Saunders." He's back on his home lot, 20th Century-Fox, for "Man Hunt."

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BAFFLING BACHELOR

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

INVADING THE MUCH-TOO-PRIVATE LIFE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVENLY HERMIT—GEORGE SANDERS

This George Sanders is a strictly unreliable guy, take it from me.

On the screen he's been playing mainly Nazis and no-goods for five years—and look what happens! All of a sudden women everywhere go mad about him. They write him mash notes and tell him he has more charm than a cobra and won't he please reform (with their affectionate aid)? And he says uh-uh.

Off the screen it's even worse. Unless he's pinned down on the set he's as hard to grab as a taxi on a rainy night. Nobody knows for sure what George is up to or why. They can't find him at Hollywood hangouts or track him down to his dwelling, because he's always shifting it around like a turtle. He's lazy, lackadaisical and as independent as a tomcat.

The only time on record George reacted violently to anything in Hollywood was when Maureen O'Hara, who lived next door to his temporary hide-out, let a firecracker get out of hand last Fourth of July. It lit under George's window and went "blooey!" He bounded out in his pajamas and gave her both barrels on the subject of obnoxious neighbors. Maureen's Irish spit back sparks and for some minutes it was a grand and glorious Fourth. Then George went back to bed, since it was only 3:00 P.M. and practically the crack of dawn for him.

George is a big moose of a man with shoulders like the Golden Gate Bridge and a jaw slightly on the lantern side. The statistics are six feet three and 215 pounds which would look nifty in a prize ring. Matter of fact, in college George boxed a bit, and swam too—enough to drag a few people out of the Thames, a creek near London. But now, at thirty-four, the word "exercise" makes George wince. "Nothing more strenuous than chess," he protested. "I keep my weight down by smoking cigarettes." Then he yawned and stretched out on his spine. "This," observed George, "is the only reasonable position for a man of intelligence."

George Sanders, whom John Barrymore calls "one of the greatest actors in the world," was once in love with Margaret Lindsay. Says the woman he'd most like to meet is the Duchess of Windsor.

Around town, I'd better explain, George Sanders is already a legend. He'll admit he can sleep twenty-four hours at a stretch without the slightest toss or turn. Even on sets, with assistant directors barking on all sides of him, George periodically pounds his ear when there's as little as five minutes between takes, rousing at the cry of "Action!" and spouting dialogue a mile a minute.

He's not the kind of Britisher who dresses for dinner deep in an African jungle. He'll spruce up sometimes to the extent of a tweed coat, soft collar and tie. But the number twelves he parked against the wall the day I saw George were sheathed in cozy carpet slippers. "You should see me when I'm relaxed," grinned George, "I go barefoot."

Now all these defections trace, perhaps, to the fact that George Sanders is one-quarter Russian. He was born in St. Petersburg—before it was Petrograd and then Leningrad—and even went to Russian grammar schools, because his mother was half Muscovite and his pop was an Englishman in business there. Then came the Revolution and, being capitalists, the Sanders assumed the position of the fox in a foxhunt.

For a time there it looked as if George would never survive to give girls the flutters in Hollywood. George can recall, in particular, hot-footing it with his maw and paw across a frozen Russian river, pursued by a very (Continued on page 97)



Between scenes on the "Tom, Dick and Harry" set, director Garson Kanin talks baseball with Rogers and Murphy. Ginger, who's a Joe di Maggio fan, was the star pitcher on her high school team.



Dress designer Walter Plunkett says Ginger's the type for sophisticated clothes. Was voted the typical American girl by fashion experts.



Ginger's favorite orchestra leader is Johnny Green (above), husband of her pal, Betty Furness. Favorite movie people are Spencer Tracy and Peg Sullavan.

A dream come

Two months ago they crowned a redhead queen of the movies. It was a popular choice, the general feeling being that Ginger had earned her honors the hard way. Hollywood likes and respects what it knows of her, but doesn't know much.

She's looked upon as a semi-recluse. In the movie dictionary a recluse is one who stays away from the night spots. Ginger's a "semi" because she steps out now and then. In the pre-Hutton days, she and Cary Grant made an occasional twosome. But her name has been seriously linked with no man's since the Howard Hughes whirl. As three consecutive dates add up to romance in the gossip columns, the inference is plain. They may note that she danced at Rhum-Boogie with Raymond Hakim, producer of French pictures, or that "she's seeing the town through the eyes of Phil Silvers" (musical director)—but their hearts aren't in it. When Mrs. Rogers comes to town—she divides her time between New York and Hollywood—Ginger goes out more often.

BY JEANNE KARR



Ginger with the two people who helped her acquire "Oscar"—her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, who is also her manager, and "Kitty Foyle's" brilliant young producer, David Hempstead.

rue *

THAT "OSCAR" MEANS FAR MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER FEATHER IN GINGER ROGERS' CAP!

But the deftest illusionist couldn't pull a convincing moonlight-and-roses throb out of an evening spent with your mother and two escorts.

She believes in keeping your private life private. She has few intimates and those few, taking their cue from her, remain uncommunicative. At least once a week she has dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward (nee Margaret Sullivan) or they with her. She dotes on the Hayward children, and the only photograph on her dressing table at home is of Brooke, the eldest.

Other close friends are Florence Lake, who used to be in the movies, and Deems Taylor, musician and critic. Three pictures hang above the couch in her studio dressing room—two charcoal drawings by herself of Katharine Cornell and Ginger Rogers and a photo of Taylor. When she rests on said couch, she sticks under her head a down pillow in a slip of skyblue Irish linen on which her monogram is embroidered in white. It was made for her by the girl

who used to handle her studio publicity. We all know the sensation of loving some inanimate object among our belongings as though it were alive. That's how Ginger loves her pillow.

It was her passion for music that formed the original bond between her and Deems Taylor. Passion isn't too strong a word. She has a Capehart in her workroom at home, another in her permanent studio dressing room and a smaller machine in her portable dressing room. During short waits between scenes she'll knit. But with the prospect of more than ten minutes ahead, she goes to her dressing room and listens to as much of a symphony as time allows. She owns a magnificent library of symphony records, and it's part of her secretary's job to keep it up to date.

On the set of "Lucky Partners" a package arrived for her one day. She's a child about packages and surprises. So long as it's something to open, she gets excited. In her eagerness to (*Continued on page 77*)

SMOOTHIE !

OOMPH BOY TONE DIDN'T GET WEALTHY



"I buy clothes about every three years," says Franchot, "which accounts for the fact that I'm frequently shabby-looking."



Franchot, currently starring in "She Knew All the Answers," is 14 years older than twice-divorced 22-year-old Carole Landis.

Franchot Tone has rediscovered Hollywood and he thinks it's nifty!

When he pulled up stakes almost two and a half years ago, he left behind him a bewildered little hamlet. Was he through with pictures? Would he ever return? When? Why was he leaving in the first place, a man with a future like his?

Well, the refugee is back, as you know, and Hollywood is glad no end, especially the bachelor ladies, who were among the town's loudest mourners. Mr. Tone is, himself, pretty gleeful about it.

He gave us the whole story the other day, relaxed on a divan in the lush living room of the house he shares with Burgess Meredith. It used to be the Wayne Morris' love nest, and it's as lavish as a Cecil B. de Mille set.

Mr. Tone was in excellent voice indeed, dressed in an odd brown tweed jacket, slacks and brown moccasins, his Scottie lying in magnificent boredom at his feet.

"I left Hollywood for a post-graduate course in acting, first with the Group Theatre, then with Lee Strasberg. For the former I did 'The Gentle People' with Sylvia Sidney. Under Strasberg's direction I did 'The Fifth Column.'

"I'm happy to be doing pictures again. I do not, as has often been charged up against me, prefer the stage to the screen. I have, however, always considered the stage capable of forms of its own. Today Broadway merely represents plays competing with pictures, using as its main attraction the in-the-flesh appeal. These plays will, if successful, be bought for the moving pictures, which will make them into better entertainment than they were on the stage."

The visiting reporter gasped. This didn't sound like the Tone of the Group Theatre days, the Tone who had poured thousands of dollars into that organization!

Franchot resumed his shocking revelations.

"I like Hollywood as a place to live very much. Unfortunately the ballyhoo has made it seem like no other spot in the world, intellectually, morally and ethically. Actually I'm afraid it's like any other town in America, except that there are far more beautiful, witty and open-pursed people around than anywhere else. I particularly love the feeling of a community which sprawls from the San Fernando Valley hither and thither toward the sea and toward the hills, held together by a common activity in a single industry. It is a big city with small town interests. Here, neighborliness is still a virtue."

Had Mr. T. noticed any changes? Any improvements?

"Yes, I think working conditions are better. Not for the stars and featured players, perhaps, but for the extras and bit players, whose position in the

AND WISE VIA THE EARLY-TO-BED METHOD!

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

industry was insecure, disorganized, inadequately paid for. The Screen Actors Guild has won great concessions and will solve the problems in time, because the studios are anxious to cooperate."

Mr. Tone took a deep puff on his pipe and cut loose on a brand new tangent without any special coaxing.

"This trip out I'm enjoying myself for fair. For one thing I've discovered I prefer Hollywood routine. So far as an actor's work is concerned, there isn't basically much difference between stage and screen. But take a look at the respective schedules, will you?

"A stage player doesn't finish his stint until around midnight. After a snack he generally piles into bed at 2 A.M., provided that he isn't having what is known as an after-the-theatre date. At best he wakes up at noon feeling logey. The evening performance is ahead of him, and he doesn't want to eat much. Besides that he has to eat dinner around six o'clock, and in New York that means he eats alone. It all adds up to an unsatisfactory existence.

"Now in pictures it's something else again. You're usually through at 6 P.M., which gives plenty of time for a leisurely dinner plus a chat with friends. And you can get to sleep by eleven if you want to." Not that Franchot usually does.

The Tone, who has returned to the Hollywood which catapulted him into the nightly dreams of at least 194,327 college girls, 4,932,843 high school girls and heaven itself knows how many happily married wives and mothers, is a changed man.

He's ready to play any kind of role—provided the part has "character." He's tired of playing the Social Register playboy, the jaded blue blood who's always falling in love with a perfectly wonderful item out of his class.

"I enjoyed immensely playing in my first Western, 'Trail of the Vigilantes,'" he confided with a grin. "Why didn't someone tell me about the horse operas before?"

Would Mr. Tone say a few words about Deanna Durbin?

Gladly.

"If all young ladies of nineteen were as naturally lovely, unaffected, talented and intelligent as Deanna Durbin, America would indeed be the land of the Pilgrim's Pride."

From which you might conclude that Miss Durbin with whom he romped in their joint latest, "Nice Girl?" is somewhat okay.

Mr. Tone was going strong on the Durbin when a huge animal right out of a Disney cartoon bounded into the room. On closer inspection it proved to be a great Dane, roughly about nine feet tall. It gave way when Franchot's little Scottie (*Continued on page 89*)



AN ACE OF

CLUBS



Chief attraction are the green parrots that sway in perfect rhythm to all the rumbas. Walls of cages are let down during the day for sunning and feeding.



Despite all the Latin implications of its name, the sole south-of-the-border touches at the club are a rumba band and two huge black sombreros on the far wall.

Last summer, handsome silver-haired Charlie Morrison gave up his agency business and headed south to open a night club in Mexico City. He lifted the name "Mocambo" from a guide book, hired a young American architect named Peter Graham Harnden to design the interiors, and was prowling around the Paseo de la Reforma looking for a good location when a wave of homesickness hit him. He opened his club in Hollywood instead.

A new night spot in Hollywood should be as a coal in Newcastle—but Mocambo's clicking colossally! The walls are beginning to bulge from the strain of crowding 400 customers into the 250 available places, so anxious is everyone to find out whose hand Franchot Tone is currently holding, whether Rudy Vallee was successful in getting another date with Gene Tierney, and how soon Charlie Chaplin's weekly

visit is going to include the pert Paulette Goddard.

Few movietown night spots have become a habit so quickly. David O. Selznick drops in nearly every evening. Adrian and Janet Gaynor caught the fever early and are constant visitors to the main room for dining and dancing. Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes frequent the club, but never together or at the same time. Even the colony's stay-at-homes are lured from their firesides. Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, Eloise and Pat O'Brien, Carole and Clark Gable come often. And proving that the competition knows a good thing when it sees it, one table last week was surrounded by managers from five rival night spots!

Each of the steady customers has his favorite table. If that table happens to be occupied when he comes in, the customer waits patiently in the bar for it to be

**MOCAMBO IS THE NEW TOWN
SQUARE OF HOLLYWOOD—WHERE
THE GABLES RUB ELBOWS WITH
TOURISTS FROM KALAMAZOO AND
THE WAITERS ARE A COUPLE
UP ON WINCHELL AND SKOLSKY!**



It's so mobbed that celebs like Desi and Lucille Arnaz come armed with an evening paper to read while standing in line waiting for their special table.

vacated. Betty Grable and George Raft like a table near the door. Rudy Vallee has two pet locations—one near the dance floor when he's with a large party; the other in a distant corner when he's with a luscious morsel. Gail Patrick often brings a group of men from the army base at March Field, and reserves the table with the best view of the entire room so the boys won't miss a thing. Alfred Vanderbilt is usually seated behind one of the pillars on the dance floor, where he is completely hidden from the view of everyone except those at the adjoining table—a desirable arrangement because he's reticent about being seen in public with a glamour girl until his divorce becomes final.

Monday night is Mocambo's Sweepstakes Night, and the place is jammed with Hollywood stars who, like ourselves, can't resist the (Continued on page 86)



As at Ciro's, it's a club rule that men wear ties, and Jo Carradine almost got the old heave-ho when he showed in a scarf. Maitre d'hotel André loaned him one of his ties.



Al Ritz hoists protesting Dotty Lamour up on a sway-back milk wagon pony! He was part of the decorations at Mocambo's Diamond Horseshoe Ball after Santa Anita's closing.

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN



Gracie Allen and George Burns got married on a shoe-string back in 1926 (they were earning \$5 a day in vaudeville) but now average around \$200,000 yearly!

**BRENT GIFTS SHERIDAN WITH CADILLAC COUPÉ! DRAFT
HITS HOLLYWOOD! VERY LATEST TURNER-MARTIN SCORE!**

MYSTERY AT METRO

Maybe they don't suspect it. Or maybe they know all about it and just don't want to spotlight the people involved. But whatever the reason, there's a major romance flourishing under the very noses of M-G-M's publicity department—and not a word of it has leaked to the outside world. At least, not a soul has hinted that four-year-old Richard Nichols' feelings for two-year-old Christina Crawford are not purely platonic—and vice versa. Dashing Dickie, appearing with Joan Crawford in "A Woman's Face," was introduced to the alluring Christina several weeks ago when she came down to the set to see her adopted mother. Each recognized in the other something he and she had always been looking for. Dickie invited Christina to play with his toys and Christina blushing accepted. Christina offered Dickie a lollipop and Dickie nearly choked with delight as he said his thanks. Unhappily, even as in the case of their elders, the course of true love does not run smoothly. Christina can't come to the studio until after she's had her nap, generally around 5 P.M. And Richard, being a minor, may work only a few hours each day and then must go home. In fact, the last time we talked to the half-pint Romeo, he was wailing because the law was making him leave by one door at the precise moment his love was entering by another!

DISA AND DATA

Robert Montgomery is allergic to cats . . . Ida Lupino's kid sister, Rita, is getting her start the hard way. She's in the chorus line at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Eleanor Powell says there'll be no more bust-ups for her and Merrill Pye. They go to the altar this summer . . . Binnie Barnes and Mike Frankovitch have hung out a real estate shingle . . . Two major studios are doing their darndest to bring Richard Greene back from England . . . Jerry Colonna has been sporting that handlebar mustache for 15 years. His wife's never seen him without it . . . If you ever have Gary Cooper to dinner, serve him boiled rice

soaked with honey and cream. It's his favorite dish . . . The former chain-gang convict who sent an extortion note to Betty Grable has been rewarded for his efforts. He'll sit in jail a year and a day . . . In London they bill Charlie Chaplin as the "Voltaire of the Cinema" . . . Add Arthur Lake and Laird Cregar to the town's wisdom tooth sufferers . . . Clara Bow, one-time "It" girl, is reportedly seriously ill . . . Director-genius Preston Sturges was the originator of kissproof lipstick . . . Twelve years ago, comedian Lou Costello was a Hollywood stunt man. He once had to dress up like Dolores Del Rio and leap from a second story window!

STABLE FASHIONS

Boys and girls who are trimming their new spring duds with belts, shoes and hats done in Palomino beige probably don't know that each time they don the color, they're paying tribute to a horse! Yet that's exactly what's happening. Here's the reason. Some months ago, Leo Carrillo met the president of the Chrysler Corporation. The two men grew chummy over a few beers, and before the evening was out, Mr. Chrysler Corporation had promised Leo an automobile the exact color of his Palomino pony, Golden Boy. Mr. Chrysler Corporation proved to be as good as his word. Ere many moons had passed, Leo was the proud owner of an \$8,500 car which matched his horse right down to the last pore. A famous fashion magazine was intrigued by the story and promptly sponsored the new shade—Palomino beige. Leo's proud of the whole deal, but says he, "Golden Boy is worried. He can't figure out how anything can look so much like him—yet smell so different!"

THE DANCING AHERNES

Pity Joan Fontaine! Joan loves nothing more than a twirl around the dance floor. Yet after almost two years of marriage to Brian Aherne, she's had exactly three dances with him! "It's not that Brian doesn't like dancing with me," Joan defends. "He really does.

But two things spoil our fun. First, he's so tall that by the time my arm is around his shoulder, my feet are off the ground. And second, well—Brian just doesn't have my abandon."

OF HEARTS AND HOUSES

We don't know why ourselves, but no report on Hollywood is ever complete without a last-minute bulletin on the *affaires du coeur* of Lana Turner. This column's contribution follows herewith: By our calendar, Lana is now swinging into her seventh month of "keeping company" with Tony Martin. Such consistency naturally gives rise to rumors of marriage, love eternal and all that stuff about "till death do us part." Well, that's the purpose of our paragraph—to explode the idea that the pair has anything of the sort in mind. At the moment of this writing, Lana is buzzing busily over plans for the attractive three-bedroom house she is building for herself and her mother. And Tony, who won enough dough in a single day at Santa Anita to pay for a new home, is spending his spare time shopping for a comfortable bachelor's residence. If we know those two, they're not going to trip to the altar and then trip away again—to separate houses!

TSK, TSK

Where the truth stops and fiction begins, we can't exactly say. But the story goes that the recent George Raft-Humphrey Bogart fracas wasn't exactly child's play. According to reliable sources, the boys got together on a Warner Bros. sound stage where both were testing for parts in "Manpower." Also present on the sound stage was one Mack Grey, George's faithful companion and bodyguard. If the reports are true (and mind you, we don't say they are), Grey stepped up to Bogart and announced, "We (Raft and Grey) don't want you (Bogart) in our picture." Bogey thereupon saw red and swung at Raft. Raft ducked and the blow caught Grey who went out like a light! Another story has it that Raft wasn't even present at this little tea



Merrill Pye, art director for most of fiancée Eleanor Powell's movies, has a rival. Mickey Rooney's had a crush on her for years—sends her anonymous orchids.



Now that Ann Sheridan's punching a time-clock again she makes George Brent take her home at 9:30—but Saturday nights they don't miss a single late spot.

party. Whether he was or was not, one thing remains clear—Humphrey may have landed the punches, but Raft landed the part. Bogart is out of the picture, and the studio claims he was withdrawn because he was needed for another role!

CONSCRIPTION BLUES

Dat ol' debbil draft, blithely casting his shadow over romancers from coast to coast, isn't turning in his tracks when he gets to Hollywood. Director Garson Kanin will vouch for that. Gar's hankering for Katharine Hepburn is far from the realm of make-believe, yet he'll have to postpone his wooing of the red-topped Katie for a solid year. Gar goes into the infantry early in the summer, and unless Katie is the kind of gal who softens at the sight of a uniform, there'll be a twelve-month's stop signal on the Hepburn-Kanin courtship. Another pair to come face to face with the reality of conscription are Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden. They'd like to marry pronto (and are free to do so), but until Bill serves his term as Uncle Sam's soldier boy, they feel they can't make any plans for the future. Bill hasn't been drafted as we go to press, though he does expect the call to arms almost momentarily.

TO ANNIE WITH LOVE

Boy, oh boy, what a boy friend that George Brent is! Ann Sheridan had a birthday a few days ago, and on the night preceding the event, George handed her an exquisite lipstick crusted with amethysts. Since he expected to work the next day, he topped his gift with a kiss, bid his Annie "Happy Birthday" and departed. The following morning, Ann was wakened from a deep and blissful sleep by George's secretary, Rita. "Mr. Brent just phoned," said Rita. "He thinks he dropped his pipe in your garage. Will you see if it's there and call me back?" "Now?" asked Ann sleepily. "Yes, now," replied Rita. "It's his favorite, you know. He's anxious about it." Yawning widely, Ann hustled into a negligée and headed for the garage. Push-

ing back the heavy doors, she stood blinking into the blackness. Then suddenly she let out a cry. For completely wrapped in cellophane, standing silent, big and beautiful, was a brand new Cadillac coupé! "I thought I was still asleep," Ann confesses. "When I realized I wasn't, I felt like crying. I didn't though. I was afraid the servants would think I was disappointed!"

SON-NY DAYS

The last time he came to Hollywood, Oscar Levant hopped on the telephone and dialed his good friend and one-time teacher, pianist Arnold Schoenberg. Though 68 years old, Schoenberg is the proud papa of a three-year-old son. Oscar, himself a recent father, hoped to get together with his old pal and compare paternal notes. To his astonishment, Schoenberg gave him the cool, cool shoulder. "Call me some other time," he said frostily, "in a week maybe. Or two, or three." Oscar was hurt. Schoenberg had never acted that way before. He put the treatment down to old age and accompanying grumpiness and hung up the receiver. But the whole incident troubled him. A few days later he phoned Schoenberg again. And again he received the same vague, indefinite response. This was more than he could bear. "Arnold," he exploded, "you know me like a brother! What's the meaning of this?" The aged maestro was on the spot. "All right, Oscar," he stammered, "I'll tell you the truth. We had another son yesterday!"

SNAPPY COMEBACK

Ann Rutherford, now twining with 20th Century-Fox's George Montgomery, will probably be surprised to hear that her handsome boy friend had as tough a time getting the breaks as did many a pie-faced actor. According to George, when he first came to Hollywood he got a heart-breaking runaround. After several months of disappointment, he went to his agent and asked for advice. "Get out of town," counseled the agent. "Lay low till they forget you. Then, some day, we'll bring

you back under a new name." "Some day!" gasped George. "How long will that be?" "Oh, about two months," came the too-true reply.

STEP SISTER

Remember, we told you a short while back that dance director Hermes Pan had nominated Betty Grable's figure as the most perfect in Hollywood? Well, now it's Betty's turn to slap back the compliment. Asked to name the best all-round ballroom beau in town, Betty promptly panted, "Pan!" When it comes to picking the specialists, though, Betty has to run up a long line of movie heroes. Here are the names she'd fill in on her dance card for an evening with the experts: Viennese waltz, Charles Boyer; jive and swing, Mickey Rooney; rumba, Cesar Romero; fox trot, George Murphy; broken rhythm, Fred Astaire. For the tango, Betty selects George Raft. But we've a hunch George could fill Betty's order for anything from the polka to the Virginia reel. After all, wasn't she overheard telling him just the other evening, "I love you so?"

ARMY MANEUVERS

Fans of Jimmy Stewart, Hollywood's Number One Draftee, needn't worry about their favorite falling for a glamorous army hostess while he's in camp. Glamour isn't one of the things the army is selling. They proved it when private Everett Scott came to town to receive an airedale puppy intended to replace "Laddie," the famous dog who died of lonesomeness when Scott was drafted. Slews of screen sirens, including Dorothy Lamour, Hedy Lamarr and Paulette Goddard, offered to gift the young buck private with a substitute canine. It will never be known, however, whom Scott might have chosen as his patroness. His superior, a Major-General Joseph Stillwell, instructed him to pass up the offers of the glamour queens and accept his pup from very girlish, unsophisticated Deanna Durbin! Hoping, no doubt, he would set a sweet example for the rest of the army!

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

It happens every now and then. An autograph hound turns up with such a rare item, he doesn't know whether to hide it in his back yard or turn it over to the Smithsonian Institute. Such an item is now in the hands of a freckle-faced kid who thrust his album into the hands of Frances Dee the other afternoon. Frances accepted the book graciously and, flipping rapidly through its pages, selected a nice, shiny sheet for her message. After a moment's thought she scrawled a few lines and returned the book to its owner. When Frances had gone, the youngster scanned the inscription eagerly. What he saw there made him blush to his hair-roots. For on the page following Joel McCrea's autograph and preceding Rita Hayworth's, Frances had written: "I'd better get in here between 'Papa' and Miss Hayworth—while there's still room!"

TENTH AVENUE FASHION PLATE

For the first time in his flicker career John Garfield is ashamed to be seen in costume. Prisoner's stripes, tramp clothes, seamen's togs—none have abashed the great Garfield. But the latest dish is more than he can swallow. For his part in "Gentle People" John must strut around in flashy duds complete with double-padded shoulders, high trousers and pinched in waistline à la Rochester. John, who's always prided himself on being a plain guy, is so miserable about looking like a "slicker," he's ready to bawl. And that's not the whole of it. Not only does he have to wear the darned things—he had to buy them, too! Studios, you know, rarely furnish players with modern-day wardrobes. So before he could report for work, John had to shell out his own hard-earned cash for an outfit he wouldn't ordinarily be caught dead in!

DIDJA KNOW

That those stories branding Ray Milland as a tight-fist about aid to Britain are aimed below the belt? Ray's contributions to British relief average \$666 monthly . . . That although she's been mum about it, Hedy Lamarr has supported a radio show for a Hollywood orphanage for a full year . . . That Carole Landis is rounding her education by taking piano lessons . . . That Baby Sandy's two stand-ins are dubbed "A.M." and "P.M." because one works in the morning and the other in the afternoon . . . That Mexico City, famous for its gorgeous brunettes, picks red-tressed Ann Sheridan as its top favorite . . . That Charlie Chaplin is angling for permission to show "The Great Dictator" to Nazi soldiers confined in Canadian prison camps . . . That a local tailor insists actor-draftees are ordering buck private uniforms with padded shoulders . . . That Anne Shirley is sporting a black eye hung on her by a prankish two-year-old working in her newest picture . . . That Dean Jagger and John Qualen were in the same music class in high school. Qualen studied the flute, Jagger the tuba . . . That Humphrey Bogart christens everything he likes "Sluggo?" It's his pet name for his wife, and he just tagged his new boat the "Miss Sluggo" . . . That Robert Montgomery is saying he'll quit pictures when his current contract runs out because he wants to try his hand at Broadway play-producing . . . That Carmen Miranda has a \$200,000 insurance policy on her hands alone?

LOUISIANA PURCHASE

At a nearby studio John Carroll bumped into a clothes problem similar to Garfield's. But Carroll must know all the angles because he's turned out much more happily. When the New Orleans oriole was assigned to his newest picture, the studio instructed him to appear on the set with a beautiful, streamlined assortment of "what-the-well-dressed-man-will-wear." John smiled sweetly, said he'd be happy to do as the studio requested—but he didn't own anything that nifty and couldn't buy it, either. Needing him for the part, the studio had no alternative but to send John to the swankiest tailor in town and order him the finest wardrobe money could buy. Since the clothes were built just to fit Carroll, they're of no value to the studio and, when the picture is completed, there'll be nothing to do but turn them over to Mr. C. himself!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

It's been more than a year since newspaperman John Barry began editing Priscilla Lane's heartbeats. Yet in all that time, official Hollywood has never gotten a glimpse of Pat's beau. Contrary to suspicions, Pat hasn't been keeping Barry under cover because he's old or deformed or even plain repulsive. In fact the reverse is true of him. Barry is a charming and attractive young man as the town will soon discover. Pat always wanted to show him off but she's kept him out of public places because she feared she'd run into one-time hubby Oren Haglund. Unlike Alice Faye, who can smile brightly when she sees Tony Martin, or Joan Crawford, who always stops for a chat with Franchot Tone, Priscilla felt a reunion with her "ex" wouldn't be much fun. But she's safe now. Haglund's been drafted and, at long last, the coast is clear.

IS THERE A CARRIER PIGEON IN THE HOUSE?

Step right up, folks, and meet Red Skelton! He's the crack comedian currently threatening the august position occupied by Messrs. Bob Hope and Jack Benny. Like his distinguished competitors, Skelton tells his funniest stories on himself. Unlike them, however, Skelton occasionally tells a story that's true. For example, there's the one about telephones. Red confides he's so allergic to Mr. Bell's brain child, he hasn't lifted a receiver since 1936! Even today if he as much as hears a voice coming through an earpiece, he breaks out in a rash. As a consequence Red is so anti-telephone, he can't even get a phone message straight. "Like the time my manager called me up and said I was to do an engagement in St. Louis," he explains. "I got scrambled on the date and hit the town a week too soon. The theatre manager is still trying to figure out why there were six acts of vaudeville that week!"

TIME-OUT FOR COMEDY

Clark Gable is photographer Clarence Bull's problem child. Clark hates sitting still for pictures, and worse than that he hates breaking into a "natural" grin whenever Bull gets a notion to click his shutter. Clark's mournful expressions have given Bull many a harrowing hour, but it looks as though his troubles are over for a while. Bull has fitted his camera with a string of odd-looking gad-

(Continued on page 102)



"Papa" McCrea (that's Mrs. McC's name for him), Fran and their sons divide their time between their ranch and Malibu.



Mrs. John Garfield's gone in for glamorous air-dos since her nose operation; collects wedding rings—wears 3 at a clip.

Brittle Nails

BY CAROL CARTER

If your nails split, break, peel or chip easily, don't blame your liquid polish. Bring those arid nails back to health and beauty by giving them a little well-planned extra care.

If you live in a steam-heated apartment, if you go in for sports, if you're run-down or on a reducing diet, or if a hundred and one other modern problems of living confront you daily, then you shouldn't be surprised if your nails split, break or become too brittle for comfort—to say nothing of beauty. What your nails need is a little special attention—more lubrication, nourishment and stimulation. Coddle them a bit and they'll respond by becoming as strong and flexible as ever.

Those nails you gaze at so regretfully are similar to your hair in composition and the way they grow. They're made of keratin, a highly resistant substance, and though they're connected with your body, they're only appendages, not actual living parts. Nails are produced, however, by living cells called the matrix, which lies beneath the base of your fingernails, and their health, while developing, depends on the condition of these formative cells. After nails reach the surface of the skin, they're on their own and depend on you for all their care and attention. If the way you live and your activities dry them out, it's up to you to replace the natural lubricants in order to keep them strong and flexible.

Since the nail-producing matrix is fed by the blood stream, the condition of your health affects the growth and texture of your nails. Have you ever noticed horizontal ridges on them? These indicate temporary retardation in their growth. If nails continue to split and break no matter how much care you give them, look into your health, and check your (Continued on page 101)



Dorothy Lamour, glamorous Paramount star, protects her lovely nails with oily lubricants, then covers them up with clean, cotton gloves.

Put the finger on broken nails and show a perfect hand

Winning Hands . . .

Beautiful hands depend upon three conditions—cleanliness, protection and perfect grooming.

You'd think everyone would know how to wash her hands, but you'd be surprised how many girls fail to wet their hands before rubbing on soap, and then neglect to rinse off every trace of soap and soil before drying. Blot your hands free of every vestige of moisture and massage the cuticle and entire finger back toward the wrists as you dry. If you don't take that initial precaution, all the creams and lotions in the world can't counteract your carelessness.

You see, the skin on your hands differs from that on the rest of your body. On the palms there are no oil glands at all, but an extra number of sweat glands. The backs of your hands have fewer oils for natural protection than other parts of the skin and get extra hard usage besides. That's why you must not only wash and dry hands carefully, but also protect them with a cream or lotion after every wetting, to replace lost moisture and supply needed lubrication.

As a further precaution against aging, unlovely

hand skin, apply cream or lotion generously the last thing before retiring each night and always before going out into either sun or inclement weather. A dusting of talcum powder over the cream will give added weather insurance.

Massage increases the good effects of creams and lotions. Start at the fingertips and massage in a deep rotary motion down each finger and back over the wrists. Given daily with a good cream or lotion, this will help ward off wrinkles and rough, unsightly hand skin for years to come.

Besides massage there are many excellent exercises to keep hands supple and soft. Just the simple motion of twisting and wringing them while covered with cream or lotion will do wonders if repeated regularly.

Another good exercise is to clasp your hands together, press fingers downward hard against the hands, then relax. A third beautifying exercise is to hold hands upward, press fingertips together firmly and relax. Still another is to clasp hands together and twist the wrists back and forth, pulling the fingers



Rita Hayworth, beautiful star of Columbia and Warner Bros. pictures, shapes her nails to long, graceful ovals.



Rita recommends the daily use of a rich, oily cuticle cream to soften nails and prevent breaking, peeling and brittleness.



An orange stick wound in cotton is indispensable for removing old nail polish and for applying cuticle softeners.

HEARTS CAN BE TRUMPS—IF YOU KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR

HANDS IN THE FASCINATING GAME OF GLAMOUR

BY CAROL CARTER

against one another. Repeat each of these ten times every day.

Open and close your hands, bending the fingers as far back as possible and try shaking them loosely, as if they were covered with water you want to dislodge. Continue this little exercise for two or three minutes. Take a piece of tough paper and try to wring it just as hard as you can, as if you were wringing out clothes, squeezing and twisting as hard as possible. Of course, if you do your own laundry and wring your clothes this way frequently, you've already done that little beauty stint, so skip the paper wringing.

Another grand little hand and finger limber-upper is to pull on a cord or old towel just as hard as you can with both hands, in opposite directions. Such exercises give not only grace but strength to hands and wrists and firmness to arm muscles, too.

If you want narrower fingertips, you can do pretty well if you're willing to constantly pull and press at your stubby digits. However, the shape of your hands is not nearly as important as *(Continued on page 68)*



Liquid polish gives nails a jeweled brilliance all their own.

A cream or lotion massage should follow every manicure and washing and be your last beauty rite at night.



Claudette, who's starring in "Skylark," despises diets and setting-up exercises. Keeps down to 112 pounds by skiing at Sun Valley. Has won tons of medals.

Secrets of the Boudoir

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT
as told to Gladys Hall

Any woman can give the illusion of beauty—and Claudette Colbert proves it!

The first secret that comes to my mind is the rather painful admission that I am a one hair-do woman. One coiffure the year round makes Jill a dull girl, but better a dull girl than a laughing stock. One of my worst fears is that I may sometime be the object of the suppressed titter. That's why I try to avoid extremes in hair-dos, make-ups, hats. They're apt to be plain funny!

If, like myself, you have large features, broad cheek-bones, a prominent nose, no rosebud for a month, large eyes and a large head, you are a one hair-do woman, too, whether you know it or not. The only time I ever change my hair-do is when I play character parts on the screen. Wearing a pompadour, I become the serious type and in the long bob, a siren. Off-screen I can't wear the long bob at all. Never do, for it makes me look too heavy. Besides, I think that with smart clothes the long bob is not very chic on anyone. I've a feeling that men don't like fantastic hair-dos on women, but maybe that's wishful thinking since I must serve a life sentence in bangs!

Some women I know have magnifying mirrors in their dressing rooms — illuminated by 100 watt bulbs. I wouldn't have one of those things around for anything. Why torture myself unnecessarily! After all, the human eye is not a magnifying mirror. Mine is a mirror made of pink glass—wonderfully flattering. I don't make up in front of it, use the ordinary mirror for that and face facts, but that last peek in the pink glass is a grand cocktail for the vanity.

Now that my boudoir is giving up its secrets, I may as well let you in on my most important one. It's this: Make yourself as comfortable as you can. When in the boudoir, try to feel as much as possible like

a sleek cat upon a silken cushion before an open fire. Cats love their comfort, you know, and that's why they never seem to age. Lazy by nature, I loathe exercises, and only do them when they're fun. That's my motto and one of my secrets—only when a woman is having a good time is she really beautiful. I never have massages, either. They make me feel silly, like a French roll being kneaded, and to me anything that makes a woman look or feel ridiculous detracts

from her charm. I always take a hot bath just before going to bed—a bath, not a shower. You have to stand up when you take a shower, and that's not my idea of creature comfort. I stay in the tub at least twenty minutes and do all of my thinking there; even read, occasionally. Whenever I can, I have breakfast in bed; read the papers in bed, do my telephoning in bed and sometimes even spend a whole day there. I look ten years younger when I get up.

Dressing in an attractive room is another important aid to beauty. Why do you suppose the studios provide us with luxurious dressing rooms, tastefully furnished with cushioned couches, soft rugs, drapes and what not. Because they love us and can't do enough for us? Don't

be silly! It's because they want us to look our best and know that a charming environment is most conducive to charming results. Not all of us can have luxurious boudoirs, but we can all have clean, neat ones. There's something fussy and frazzling about dressing in the midst of confusion, and it's bound to show. Dressing should be a quiet, orderly process; not a mad scramble, with pin-pricks of exasperation because the mascara brush is clotted, the eyebrow pencil blunt, the powder puff grimy, the lipstick removers not on the dressing (Continued on page 86)



Claudette's dressing room is done in yellow and features this fabulous 20-drawered dressing table of her own design.

IN THE MIDST OF FABULOUS
HOLLYWOOD, YOUNG BILL HOLDEN
PAINTS THE TOWN RED ON A FRUGAL \$10 BILL!

LOVE ON A BUDGET



Bill and Brenda seldom wear formal clothes—just for premières and various "anniversaries." They're always broke, and Ciro's is a luxury. When they go, they get their money's worth—are the first to come, last to go. Wind up every evening at the Derby. Often double-date with Wayne Morris and Pat Stewart.

A FORMAL DATE'S A RARE OCCASION, AND
BRENDA MARSHALL'S TICKLED PINK AT
THE PROSPECT OF DRESSING UP!



Bill dotes on the shower in his self-furnished, \$50-a-month parlor-bedroom-and-bath apartment. Showers in three minutes flat; always shaves afterwards, claiming that the hot water softens his skin and brings out whiskers.



Brenda creams her face before tubbing. Says it keeps her skin from drying. Yards of black net protect her elegant coiffure. (Bill likes it long, but she "ups" it for big nights.) Neither reads nor soaks in the tub. Just scrubs.



Has "5 o'clock shadow" before noon, he says. Can never get by on one shave a day. Has fun shaving all around his face leaving a mustache and goatee. Laughs his head off at them, then takes ages shaving them off.



He never has Brenda's flowers sent. Delivers them in person—white baby orchids for special occasions. Always sends her a telegram the day she begins a picture. Brenda thinks he's stunning in long bob and sideburns. This set's for "Texas."



Does her hair and puts on make-up before dressing, though she admits that's all wrong. Powders several times during an evening. Applies fresh lipstick once or twice (in privacy of the ladies' room), with her special lipstick brush.



She keeps her toilet water in refrigerator so it'll be cool and refreshing after hot tub. She has dozens of brands but sticks exclusively to French-made "Tabu." It isn't sold in U. S. A., so they drive across the Mexican border to get it.

Continued . . .



He can tie a bow tie without a mirror, but is only human about collar buttons. Is always losing them under the bed. Brenda and a \$10-a-month bachelor service keep an eye on his wardrobe which he ignores. She just made him buy 2 suits.



Bill's falling for the "I'm all ready" line, which Brenda's evolved to hustle him. He takes an hour to dress, she takes only $\frac{3}{4}$. They tiff frequently, but never for long. Call each other Ardis (her real name), and Bill or Beedle (his real one).



She's a pushover for good manners and immaculate grooming. Is trying to spruce Bill up—finally has him wearing well-cut sports clothes. He taught her riding and skeet-shooting. Thinks she looks heavenly in sweaters and a riding habit.



Part of the routine is phoning to check on Bill's progress. She's sentimental about the silver sandal necklace; says everything Bill gives her is a good-luck charm. Between weekly manicures, she touches up her nails herself.



Bill's a Fred Astaire in his own boudoir, a dud on the dance floor. "He just walks when he dances," complains Brenda. His fabulous record collection is the result of their many evenings' browsing in the local music shops.



Bill lives for the day he can afford a valet. He does all his own work—washes dishes, makes bed. Won't buy even an ash tray without consulting Brenda. She comes over weekly to vacuum rugs; a man comes twice monthly to wash windows.



Evening's plans are generally indefinite and very informal. Brenda just has a few evening gowns, mostly white ones, 'cause Bill likes 'em with her olive skin. In turn, he wears blue and white shirts to please her.



The weekly allowance doled out by their business managers doesn't provide much cash for dining out. Besides, Brenda knows how slow niteries are on service, so she wards off hunger pangs by some icebox-raiding before she goes out.

ABOUT \$6

FOR FREEDOM AND FUN

By Elizabeth Willguss



A

ABOUT \$7



B

C

D



E

ABOUT \$6



F

Each piece \$3.71

ABOUT \$6



G

ABOUT \$7



H



I

GET INTO ONE OF THE NEW FULL SKIRTS—

PLEATED OR GATHERED OR FLARED—AND

YOU'LL BE IN SWING WITH SUMMER, 1941!

A. Cool beige spun-lin suit with checked gingham collar. Saks 34th, New York. Brown and white oxfords on walled last, by Velvet Step. **B.** Striped piqué in sky blue with scalloped white collar, and **C.** Bold royal blue bands on white piqué. Both, Roberts, Ohio. **D.** Seersucker suit in gay plaid with crisp white collar, Himelhochs, Detroit. **E.** A set of match-your-own cottons from California, the new long sleeved plaid shirt, full skirt with narrow plaid bands and shorts. R. H. Macy, 4th floor. **F.** Big coin dots and solid blue hem and yoke distinguish another piqué. I. Magnin, California. Classic spectator pumps, a Velvet Step shoe. **G.** Full printed skirt, plain top and soft girdle. Jr. Assembly Shop, Franklin Simon. An all-white Velvet Step shoe in elasticized crushed kid. **H.** Cruise-air, a Dupont rayon, makes this a cool suit for commuters. Franklin Simon. **I.** More polka dots, in a brown and white Carol Crawford dress, also of Cruise-air. D. H. Holmes, Ltd., New Orleans. **J.** A little-girl dress in China blue and white print. Jr. Assembly Shop, Franklin Simon. Smart brown and white oxfords with novelty trimming. Velvet Step shoes by Peters.

ABOUT \$6



J

Notice the new "Inside-out" stockings worn by the model—actually knit that way, so the desired smooth, dull surface is on the outside. They don't snag easily, they look extra sheer and wear much longer.

✓ and ✓ ✓

\$16.95

9.95



If you prefer a coat for casual wear, have a brown check. Palais Royal, Wash., D. C.; Steinbach-Kresge, Asbury Park.



A cape's the thing this spring and especially if it is checked. At The Fair, Chicago, and Kresge's, Newark.

Always keep a pliofilm accordion Raintopper handy to save your hat from a rainy day.



"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.

MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.

Give *YOUR* skin *THEIR* Beauty Care

A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for day-time cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after 1 full minute. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has taken off countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.

See how *YOUR* skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.

SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVF, Clinton, Conn.
I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

WINNING HANDS

(Continued from page 57)

did he
mean
doggy
legs...



or doggie legs?

If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

*Better Get
neet today*

their grace and well-groomed appearance.

And don't think that just because the weather's warm, you can neglect your daily ritual with creams and lotions. Sun, wind and water are no respecters of seasons, and they get in their destructive work in summer just as well as winter.

Don't tell us that you haven't time or can't afford to care for your hands, either. There are always a few odd moments that can be devoted to such important self-improvement. And with the inexpensive sizes of good hand and nail preparations everywhere available in chain and variety stores, expense should no longer be any excuse.

And don't feel sorry for yourself if you have a lot of work to do, either at home or in business. Busy, capable, well-trained hands are more beautiful than lazy, idle ones any old day.

Good grooming for hands means more than anything else a perfect manicure. And there are so many advantages to doing ones own at home that it's no wonder nearly every girl now has her own kit of manicuring equipment. For one thing, you can squeeze that home manicure in at odd moments, and you can have a perfectly heavenly time trying all those luscious new shades of liquid nail polish. Besides, you'll then have all the gadgets and shades of polish necessary for a good retouch job as often as you need one.

Begin by washing your hands thoroughly and removing every vestige of old nail polish. (Use a cotton-wound orange stick dipped in polish remover to persuade it out of difficult corners.) Shape your nails to a medium rounded oval with a fine-grained file or an emery board. (Files are grand if your nails are strong and healthy. If they're brittle or thin, do most of your shaping with an emery.)

NOW soak the nail tips in warm sudsy water for ten or fifteen minutes. Apply a cuticle softener to the base and sides and press cuticle back with a clean orange stick. Rough, shaggy cuticle edges should be removed without cutting, whenever possible. A safe, effective preparation is especially made for this purpose. (The better you train back cuticle with fingers or towel after every washing and every time you apply cream or lotion—the smoother and thinner your cuticle will be.)

Next rinse hands thoroughly and apply white pencil under your nail tips. This accents their outline. Be sure that all oil and soap are off nails and that they are thoroughly dry before you attempt to apply polish. A buffing at this point is excellent to stimulate, smooth and strengthen nails. Buff them in one direction only. This repeated once or twice a week will considerably improve roughness and ridges.

A colorless foundation polish or undercoat will do a great deal to protect nails and help polish go on more smoothly and last longer. After your liquid foundation has thoroughly dried—and not before—stroke on the shade of polish most suitable for the kind of clothes you wear and the way you spend your time.

Fairly light or soft burnished shades are certainly always safe for sports or business wear. Bright, exotic colors are dramatic with black, white or navy, and brilliant "red reds" will be worn a lot this year with all kinds of clothes. Do try always to match or harmonize your

polish with both rouge and lipstick and tone the shades of all to harmonize with the colors in your costume as well as with the basic undertones of your natural skin coloring.

TOP off your manicure with a bit of cream or oil rubbed into nails and cuticle and a fresh fragrant scented lotion or hand cream massaged well into hands from finger tips to wrists.

Some girls have asked us about the effects of constantly using liquid nail polishes. Far from being harmful, liquid polishes actually do a real service in beautifying and protecting nails from splitting, ridging and scaling. If yours are properly cared for with oils, creams and lotions, as we recommended in the beginning, you should have no difficulty whatsoever. If your nails are thin or brittle, look to your diet and check up on your physical condition before you blame your polish.

Hangnails are often caused by constant snipping of cuticle, improper washing of hands or the use of a rough or worn out hand brush. If you'll keep cuticle soft with oils and creams, pushing it back with every drying, and use mild soaps and brushes that are in good condition, you should have little trouble.

If your palms perspire too freely, the source is likely nervousness, exhaustion or some other general physical condition. Alcohol or toilet water or a sprinkling of refreshing talcum powder will relieve this temporarily. For permanent results, though, check up on your rest, diet and mental habits. Control your nerves and don't be a worrier, if you'd have dry, comfortable palms.

One of the best cures for nail biting we know is to give yourself such gorgeous flawless manicures at all times that you just couldn't think of ruining them by the childish habit of nail nibbling. Poise and self-control are the first essentials of any kind of charm or attractiveness. Can you imagine girls like Rita Hayworth, Madeleine Carroll or Hedy Lamarr chewing their cuticle? Neither can we. Take a lesson from the stars and give a hand to beauty every day. Cleanliness, protection and grooming are your watchwords.

The tools for a manicure are simple and inexpensive. Here's what you'll need: a little bowl, a cake of easy lathering soap, a small firm-bristled brush, a nail file, emery board, orange stick, a bit of cotton, cuticle softener and remover, polish remover, nail white, cuticle oil, polish foundation or nail protector and a few of your favorite shades of polish (for different manicures). Add to these a bottle of lotion or a tube or jar of fragrant hand cream, and you'll be all set for months of perfect manicures. A pair of cuticle scissors, a buffer and a bit of powdered pumice are good, but not always necessary. It won't be amiss to add to your kit a few of those handy little crescent-shaped patches for mending broken nails (you put one on and polish right over it—slick as anything.) A set or two of those artful artificial nails are another boon for either an emergency when some of your natural nails are broken, or just for the fun of a little variety. Every one of these articles can be had for a few pennies at your local chain or variety store.

Treat yourself to Lollipop and Butterscotch

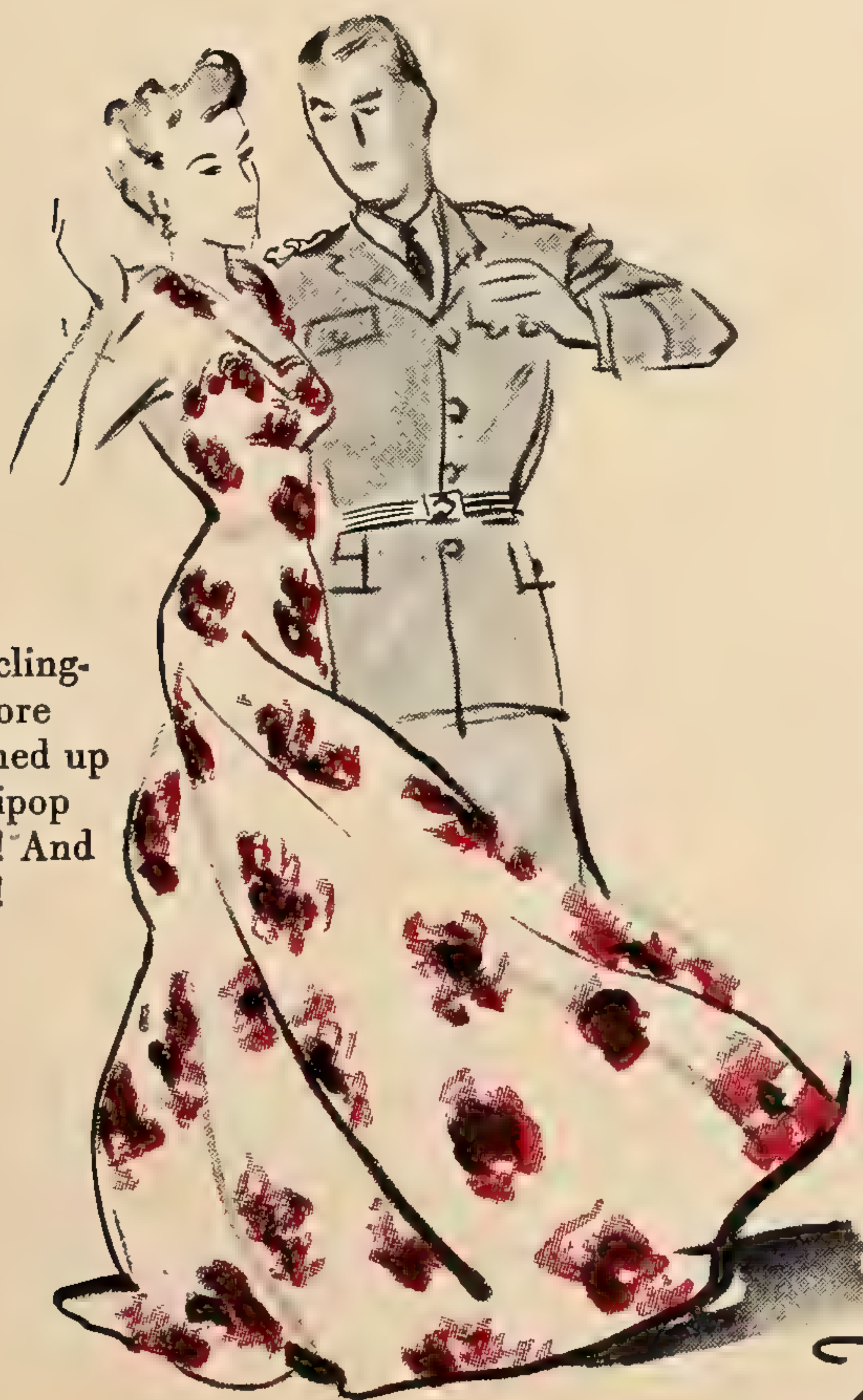
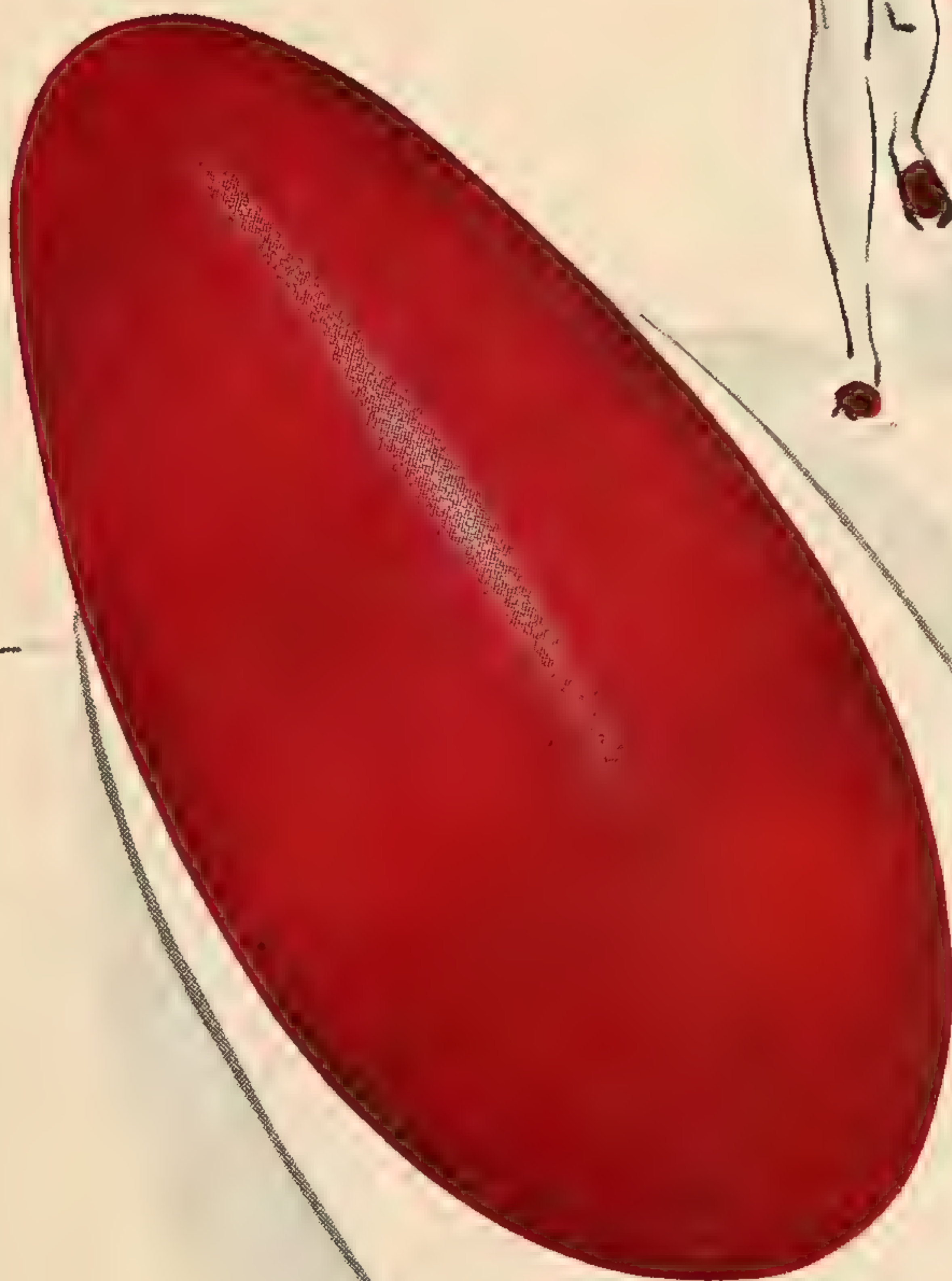
New Nail Shades by **CUTEX**



- Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



- Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!



- Frothy frills or clinging crepes *do* more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does *HE* love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly **twice as porous** as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London



Tops for Flair and Wear



Artificial Fingernails



"My hands must always look lovely. So when my nails are short or broken, I use artificial Nu-Nails to lend that long, tapering look."

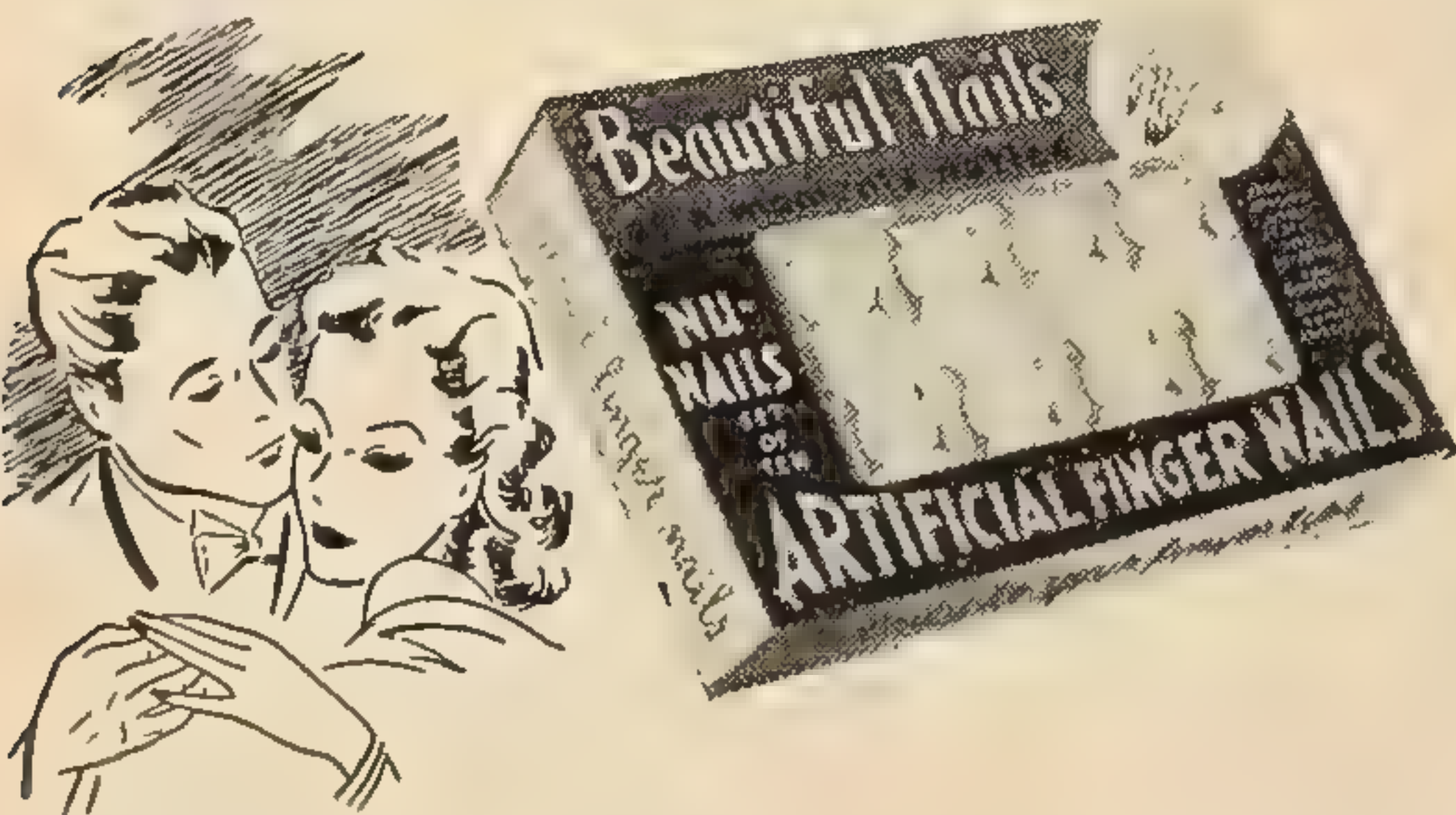
Gloria DeMala Popular Model

WHY be ashamed because your fingernails are short and broken? At a moment's notice, you can have long, lovely nails that everyone admires.

It's easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS—the artificial fingernails that bring new beauty to hands! Incredibly natural looking, they even have half-moons! Worn any length and polished with your favorite enamel, they cannot be detected.

NU-NAILS protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. They remain firm, even in soap and water. Removed at will. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Be sure to get a set soon!

NU-NAILS. 462 N. PARKSIDE, DEPT. 15-F, CHICAGO



Set of 10
with Adhesive

20¢

at all ten-cent
stores



PHILIP DORN

Born Frits Van Dongen, Scheveningen, Holland, Sept. 30, 1905. Honorary member of the Dutch Queen's Guard. First ambition was to go to sea but final and foremost yen was for the theatre. Studied at The Hague and performed all over Europe and in the colonies. Wed native Hollander seven years ago and brought her to this country where they live in a modest Hollywood apartment. Spends five nights a week at the movies and five hours every free day with a speech coach perfecting his pronunciation and mannerisms. Likes dogs, preferring mongrels.



MELVYN DOUGLAS

Born Melvyn E. Hesselberg, Macon, Georgia, Apr. 5, 1901. Sophisticate who loves ice cream sodas. Thinks he'd like to live in China, but admits it's a romantic dream. No good at small talk. Reads "Esquire" on the sly. Brings up his children "the modern way." Spends hours puttering around with his books. Hates interviews and having his picture taken. Loves rummy and opera.

ELLEN DREW

Born Terry Ray, Kansas City, Missouri, November 23, 1915. Was working for \$10 a week in a 5-and-10 when she won a beauty contest. Immediately left for Hollywood, but instead of a screen contract, landed a job in a soda shop as a waitress. Was serving a "black and white" to agent Bill Demarest, when he discovered her for Paramount. She loathes cooking, but loves to eat. Is adventurous and superstitious, probably because of her Irish blood.

IRENE DUNNE

Born Irene Dunn, Louisville, Ky., July 14, 1904. Won first prize at a county fair for her doughnuts . . . hates women in men's togs, swore she'd never appear in slacks . . . terrified of demon driving . . . adores lobster, but it makes her faint . . . plays slam-bang golf . . . hates hard likker . . . goes on lemon pie binges . . . favorite sport, reading in bed.

DEANNA DURBIN

Born Edna Mae Durbin, Winnipeg, Canada, Dec. 4, 1922. America's Adolescent . . . chews licorice sticks . . . read "Gone With The Wind" from cover to cover—twice . . . desperately dumb in mathematics . . . hoards match covers . . . loves spaghetti and cake . . . despises vegetables . . . still thrilled by high heels . . . always refused to sing hotcha numbers . . . on the trail of opera . . . and awfully serious about it.



BUDDY EBSEN

Born Christian Ebsen, April 2, 1904, in Orlando, Florida. Once a soda jerker in Pennsylvania Station, now loathes ice cream. Loves croquet, fried chicken, watermelon, sailing, polo. He married Walter Winchell's "Girl Friday". Stopped dancing when he was 13, because it was too "sissified"—but he couldn't give it up for long!



NELSON EDDY

Born Nelson Eddy, June 29, 1901. Was a boy soprano in his local choir, but hated singing lessons. Now is crazy about swing, especially Benny Goodman. Collects Chinese porcelain horses . . . is terrifically nervous . . . gets horribly seasick . . . wears huge tortoise shell glasses while reading . . . never happier than when playing a guitar or riding a horse. Has a 17-year-old stepson.

STUART ERWIN

Born Stuart Erwin, Squaw Valley, Calif., Feb. 14, 1902. A comic valentine. Infuriates wife with his hobbies; concocts model airplanes, raises carrier pigeons, duck hunts, writes unsuccessful plays, raises successful dogs. Says people drink too much. Once dreamed he played role of Einstein. Threatens to become a deep-sea diver—when he's angry.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Born Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., New York, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1909. Tossed around by parents' divorce and became international commuter at 6 mos. Studied art and writing in Paris. Inherited the Fairbanks daring and defied Doug, Sr., by appearing in a movie lead at 14. A terrific flop left him undaunted and he went into show business in earnest. Married and a papa.

FRANCES FARMER

Born Frances Farmer, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 19, 1914. Laughs more readily than she smiles . . . would give up Hollywood for New York any day . . . sick and tired of being told to reduce . . . as fashionable as Bonwit Teller . . . casual and direct when she talks to you . . . biggest and best adventure: tour abroad as a newspaper subscription contest prize-winner!

ALICE FAYE

Born Alice Leppert, New York City, May 5, 1915. Constantly slipping away to have her fortune told . . . but swears she's not superstitious . . . untidy . . . hurls her clothes on the floor at night . . . loathes all exercise except bowling . . . loves steak and ice cream cones . . . is Hollywood's "no temperament" girl . . . very proud of it.

(Continued on page 72)

She's Famous—Adored— she has a Beauty Tip for YOU



WARNER BROS. STAR



NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

Ann Sheridan

THEN PAT TO DRY. **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** LEAVE SKIN FEELING **SILKY-SMOOTH**—THE WAY SKIN OUGHT TO BE!



Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure! **ACTIVE** lather!

TRY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

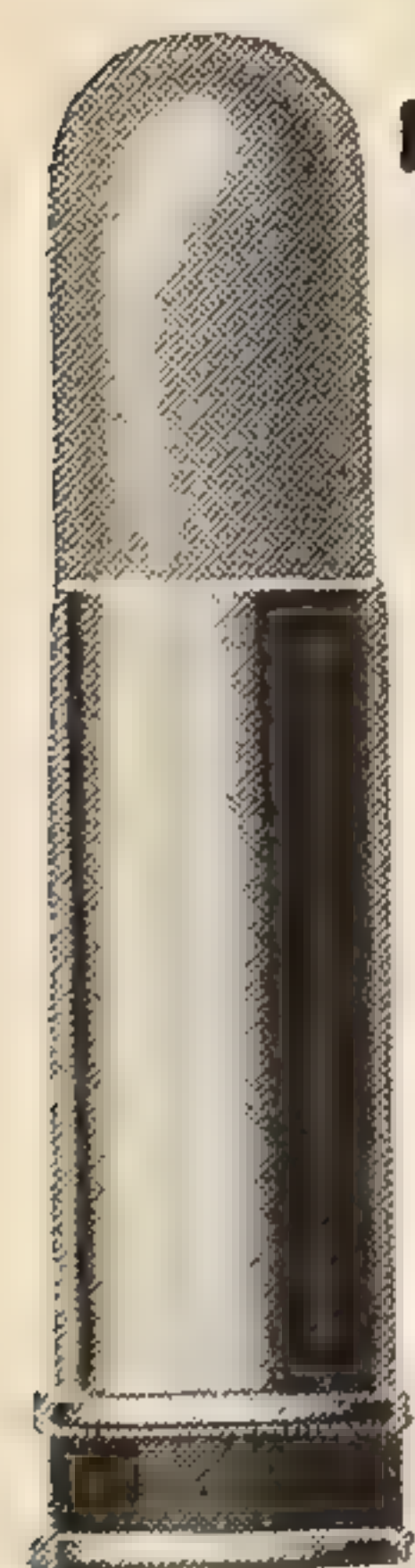
MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL...the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL...see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.



TANGEE

Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,
417 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ [Please Print]

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM61



EDITH FELLOWS

Born Edith Marilyn Fellows, Boston, Mass., May 20, 1926 into distinguished family of artists. Started singing and dancing when she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Fond grandma took her to Hollywood to wow the movie-makers when she was 3. Instead she played bit parts for years and years. Paints, writes, plays piano, sings in Italian, French and Spanish. Ambitious to be opera star.



BETTY FIELD

Born Elizabeth Field, Boston, Mass., Feb. 8, 1918. Bound-determined to be actress from fourth grade on... realized ambition at 14... still gets stage fright... eats whatever she likes with no figure "results"... loves English sports clothes... hobbies are horseback riding and beaux... modest... self-sufficient... authority on breeds of dogs.

VIRGINIA FIELD

Born Margaret Cynthia Field, London, Eng., Nov. 4, 1917. Fell in love with Viennese prince whose family prevented their marriage... enraged her ultra-respectable family by going on stage... plumper than average star (5' 5", 125 pounds) and hates American ideal of slenderness... wants to produce her own pictures, collect paintings and return to Vienna some day.

W. C. FIELDS

Born Claude William Dunkenfield, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 10, 1879. Ran away from home at 11 and was consecutively a hobo, juggler, vaudevillian, pantomimer, comic chatterer, stage and screen star... cop hater because he was bakery snatcher... everybody loves him... writes scripts, stripped to shorts and socks... weakness for sleeping late.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

Born Geraldine Fitzgerald, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 18, 1914. Gave up art course in convent for footlights of London. Divides time between Hollywood and Dublin (even then she gets homesick) and career and husband and son. Hires chauffeurette because she's afraid to drive. Accompanies herself on piano. Collects ship models galore.

ERROL FLYNN

Born Errol Flynn, Antrim, Eire, June 20, 1909. Marco Polo gone wacky... big time adventurer... wants to be a bartender... is a connoisseur of fine wines... loves food... can cook, and does... plays bang-up poker... a whiz at card tricks... wears good-luck chain around his neck... desperately frightened of dentists and spiders.



HENRY FONDA

Born Henry Fonda, Grand Island, Neb., May 16, 1905. Hates make-up and glamour roles—would prefer to slouch around and be called Hank. Forever taking candid... loses from 5 to 15 pounds a picture... sculpts, paints and burns with desire to write... eats everything but apples (and they make him sick)... quiet spoken and earnest... makes airplane models... adores cold showers but hates to turn water on!



JOAN FONTAINE

Born Joan de Havilland, Tokyo, Japan, Oct. 22, 1917. Pronounced a genius at age of 3 by Stanford University intelligence test... fascinated with art and history and wants to write a book about it... British subject who's never been in England; was educated in Japan and U. S... rabid motion picture fan, especially of Katie Hepburn's... wed to Brian Aherne.

DICK FORAN

Born John Nicholas Foran, Flemington, N. J., June 18, 1910. Played leads in Mercersburg and Princeton theatricals; cruised on freighters; special investigator of Penn. R. R. Radio singing got him a job in Hollywood. Plays violin, guitar and accordion. Enjoys travel. Collects guns and fishing tackle. Owns Smoke, the horse he rides in Westerns. Reads adventure books.

GLENN FORD

Born Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford, Montreal, Can., May 1, 1916. Earliest ambition was to be fireman or policeman, but turned out to be everything but—chauffeur, announcer, paint vendor, bus driver, photographer's model, roof mender, wheelbarrow pusher, actor. Never took a vacation—if he did he'd spend it going to shows. Drinks tea every afternoon. Wants to marry a "home" girl who can cook steak and cheese cake. Hates night clubs and spends most of his time outdoors. Averages 8 hours sleep which may account for his perpetual ability to smile widely at everyone.

PRESTON FOSTER

Born Preston Foster, Ocean City, N. J., Oct. 24, 1902. Man with a yen to sing whose first job was that of a deaf and dumb Chinaman in a stage play. Ex-newspaperman and one-time operatic singer. Nowadays he's the host to Sunday "Open House" that's a Hollywood habit and one of the most popular actors in studio from crew on up. He's a papa by adoption. Bugs about yachting.

(Continued on page 74)



...and take the Jantzen Mainliner

to the beach...to glamour...to a wonderful summer!

You can't beat this thrilling new Jantzen...the line is so smooth...the fabric is lush Water-Velva interknit with "Lastex" yarn, to take off your bumps...the wonderful Jantzen anatomists are at the controls and that means actual foundation fit and a delightfully elevating Beauty-lift Bra...the colors are South Sea-ish and therefore romantic and the neckline is very new and very exciting—6.95. Others 4.95 to 10.95.

At leading stores...or write for illustrated style folder
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Jantzen

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About Kissin'

Much has been said... much has been written about kissin'... but here's something you can do about it. Envelop yourself in the scent that fragrantly echoes the romantic impulse —DIER-KISS. Use the Perfume, the Cologne, the exquisite Talcum and move about as though you were walking in a halo of sentimental fragrance.

Perfume \$3.50 - \$2
Toilet Water \$1.50
Cologne \$1 - Duffing Powder \$1 - Sachet, de luxe size \$1
Talcum 75c to 10c
Foundation Film, Face Powder, Lipstick \$1 each

DIER-KISS by KERKOFF



KAY FRANCIS

Born Katherine Gibbs, Oklahoma City, Okla., Jan. 13, 1905. First stab at dramatics was playing leading masculine role in her own play in school... social secretary to several society people... likes to travel by plane and sail, hates interviews and photographs... can't scream or say "r" to save her life... owns pets galore—two dogs, two cats, goldfish, frogs, a parrot, rabbit and canary... hates being dubbed the "most" or "best" of anything... favorite role: in "Elmer the Great."



GREER GARSON

Born Greer Garson, September 20, 1914, County Down, Ireland. Can't add to save her soul. Hates small talk, but loves intelligent conversation. Has Florentine red hair and green eyes, is highly nervous and not too strong physically, but has an iron will that keeps her going. Loves walking, yellow roses, chocolate cake, strong black tea and poodles. Terrified of telegrams and cats.

PAULETTE GODDARD

Born Pauline Levy, June 3, 1911, Great Neck, Long Island. Loves designing jewelry and clothes. Used to be a platinum blonde. Rides a motor scooter around the lot, and enters every golf tournament. Will travel miles to see a bit of snow. Hollywood's most beautiful figure. Thinks nothing of staying up half the night at one of the local gay spots, then exercising strenuously all day. Is continually chewing on celery and biting nails.

CLARK GABLE

Born William Clark Gable, Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. He is a great poultry fancier, collects guns, and never has fewer than fifty hats. Wore a derby at the age of 16. Smokes ten-cent tobacco. Is constantly wiggling his eyebrows. Adores police broadcasts. Carole calls him Pappy or Moose, and had a bar put near the bathtub for him.

GRETA GARBO

Born Margaret Gustafson, September 18, 1906, Stockholm, Sweden. Wears no make-up, except fabulous, false eyelashes. Loves hot jazz and newsreels, hates flashy clothes and jewelry. When she is happy, she whistles, and when Hauser isn't looking, gorges herself on ice cream cones. Never went to a dentist in her life. She is a whiz on skates, and plays a smashing game of tennis.

JOHN GARFIELD

Born Jules Garfinkle, March 4, 1912, on the lower East Side of Manhattan. He is a great idealist, preferring to do pictures with social significance. Is a chronic gum-cracker and tooth brusher... loves pumpernickel... is an accomplished musician... talks the way his idol, Clifford Odets, writes... flies, but is frightened to death every time.

WILLIAM GARGAN

Born William Gargan, Jr., July 17, 1905, Brooklyn, New York. Has been a soda-jerker, bookie, street-car conductor, and also dabbled in writing in his spare time. Great Howard fan, and has a son named Leslie Howard Gargan. Has flaming red hair, and has to curb his appetite for spaghetti to keep his figure. World's best sense of humor!

JUDY GARLAND

Born Frances Gumm, Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 10, 1923. Used to own a flower shop, but is allergic to roses. Hates crowds, cats, high-heeled shoes, is petrified of thunder storms and earthquakes, loathes onions and raisins. Loves ice-cream and has a soda fountain in her play room. Has a Pekinese named "Phooey." Most of her clothes are green. Has a terrific crush on "Lil Abner." Never took a singing lesson.

BETTY GRABLE

Born Betty Grable, St. Louis, Missouri, December 18, 1916. Adores onions, garlic, and pepper—collects sweaters and perfume... loves to walk barefoot... is a great Dodgers' fan... is an expert at ping-pong and ice-skating... allergic to orchids... loathes football. Thrives on keeping busy, loses pounds if she has to sit still for long. Her favorite relaxation? Jitterbugging!

CARY GRANT

Born Archibald Leach, Bristol, England, January 18, 1909. No smoothie off-screen. Plays with electric trains and does incredible acrobatic stunts. Bribes servants to listen to him play the piano! Invariably gets stagefright, smokes two packs of cigarettes a day, is a dream in shorts... breakfasts on tripe and onions, won't look at coffee, loves gay night-life. Walks upstairs four steps at a time.

JON HALL

Born Charles Hall Locher, Fresno, California, February 26, 1913. Was raised in Tahiti, and his mother is one-fourth Tahitian. Is a cousin of James Hall, writer of "Hurricane." Applied for a job as technical expert on the production of that picture, thinking himself qualified because of his background. He didn't get that job, but instead landed the leading part in the film. He has a gorgeous physique, loves dancing, olives, pretzels, and torch songs à la Frances Langford.

(Continued on page 76)

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

(Continued from page 35)

The Subject entered the theatre at 2:15 P.M., going in alone, and Operatives kept her under surveillance by keeping the front of the theatre under observation.

At 4:38 P.M., Operatives noticed Miss Sheridan leave the theatre. She walked slowly along Ventura Boulevard, stopping to look in several shop windows.

At 4:55 P.M., she entered a drugstore and made a call from a public telephone booth, which lasted about ten minutes. She came out of the booth, waited for about three minutes then re-entered the booth and made another call which lasted until 5:15 P.M.

Upon leaving the drugstore, Miss Sheridan walked to Miller's Music Shop on Ventura Boulevard, entered the same, and Operatives noticed that she selected an album of Deanna Durbin's music. She took the album to a sound-proof room and played three records. She then left the room, made a purchase and returned home at 6:00 P.M., first taking her car to the garage. Due to the inclemency of the weather, Operatives were forced to abandon use of the camera for the balance of the investigation.

At 6:04 P.M., Operatives noticed a light in a room that seemed to be a bedroom, and the Subject appeared to be dressing. Then the lights went on all around the living room, and Operatives could see some activity around the house.

At 6:45 P.M., a red Dodge coupé drove up to the front of the house, and a man wearing a gray suit and dark hat entered, whom Operatives later identified as George Brent, the movie actor. Mr. Brent stayed in the house for about 20 minutes, at which time Miss Sheridan and Mr. Brent walked out to the Dodge coupé and drove away. Operatives followed the surveillant pair down Sunset Boulevard to Olvera Street in Los Angeles. There they left the car at 8:05 P.M. and entered the La Golondrina Café where they had dinner and a few dances.

At 10:45 P.M., Miss Sheridan and Mr. Brent left the La Golondrina Café and drove directly to Miss Sheridan's home where Mr. Brent entered with the Subject. Mr. Brent stayed for 14 minutes, then left. This was at 11:44 P. M.

Operatives noticed no activity in the house after this except a light in what seemed the bedroom, but the lights went out at 12:16 A.M.

Operatives stayed until 1:00 A.M., and seeing no necessity for remaining, discontinued the case for the day, returning to the office of the Agency to submit this report.

Respectfully submitted,
Operative No. 174
Operative No. 110

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new, up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

POLICE REPORT!



3 out of 4 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

203 OUT OF 269 POLICE
PREFER THE DELICIOUS
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR OF
BEECH-NUT GUM

The extra goodness of delicious Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum has been tested by an independent fact-finding organization.

(Here's the way it was done):

269 policemen in 15 different cities were questioned. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each policeman was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and asked to report which stick he preferred. *Result:* 203 out of 269 (3 out of 4) preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of other brands.

Try the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut today. You'll enjoy its delicious long-lasting peppermint flavor.



IT STILL SEEMS
TOO GOOD
TO BE TRUE!



"I got 6 Pairs of
gorgeous hose with
what I saved on Clopay
Window Shades"

● "Poor me! Not a decent pair of hose to my name!—and our window shades looked so shabby! But I couldn't afford new shades and new hose at the same time!

"Then my lucky star led me past the CLOPAY counter at the 5c and 10c store! What a thrill!—Good-looking window shades from 10c* up. I could hardly tell the 15c* CLOPAY *Lintones* I got from the costly 'linen' kind! And for only 25c* each I got oil-finish CLOPAY washables I can wash like glass! And such a choice of swell colors!"

*Prices quoted are for 36" x 6' size, ready to attach to rollers; mounted on rollers, 10c to 15c extra.

You Too Can Save Amazingly by Seeing
CLOPAYS at the "5 and 10"

Replace shades at all your windows with CLOPAYS—and save the money for that nice "extra" you want! You'll find them at leading 5c and 10c stores, most hardware, neighborhood and variety stores. FREE! Book of 49 color and pattern swatches; write CLOPAY, 1219 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MORE MONEY-SAVING NEWS . . .
VENETIAN BLIND COST CUT IN HALF

Value miracle!—Venetian blinds of costliest type yet only \$1.49 to \$1.98! See

CLOPAY Venetians, with washable paint finish, automatic tilt, cord lock, etc., at department, neighborhood, 5c to \$1 stores. Write for sample slat, name of nearest store. Address above.



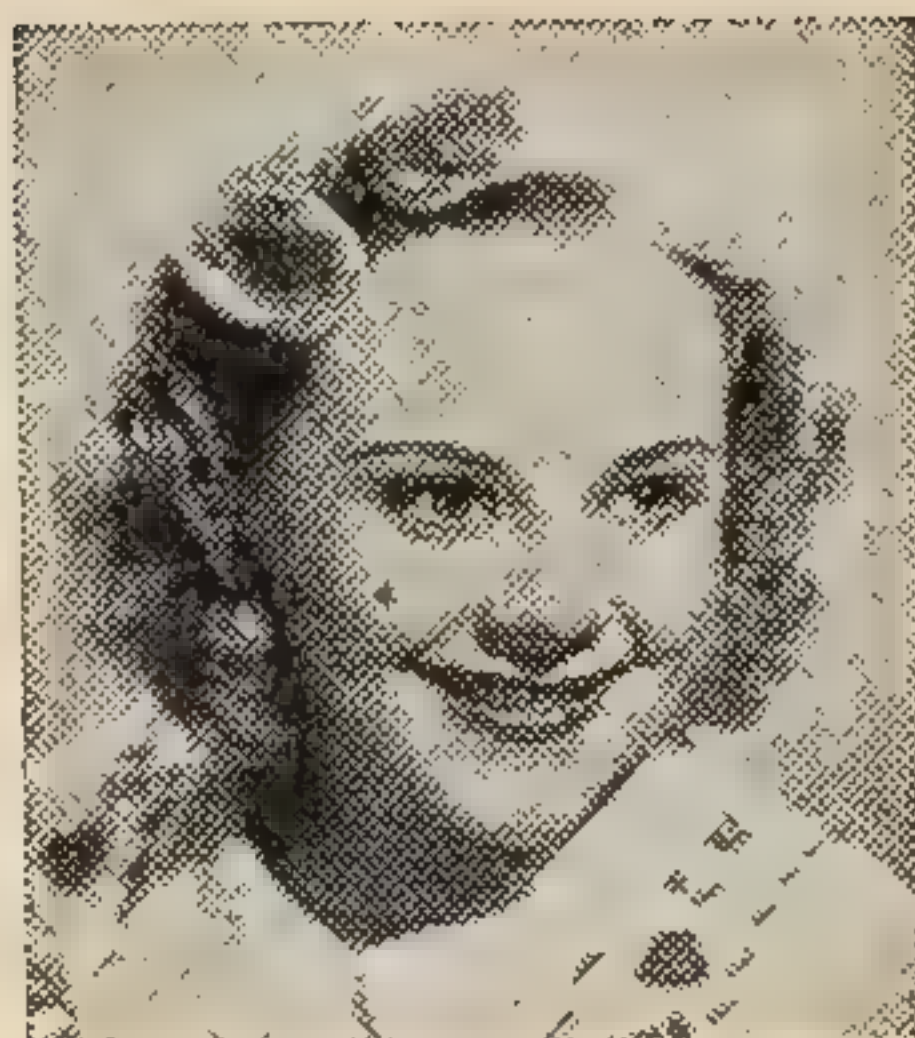
CLOPAY

All-American Values In
WINDOW SHADES and BLINDS



STIRLING HAYDEN

Born Stirling Hayden, Montclair, N. J., 1917. A confirmed sailor since he first stepped aboard a ship. Traveled around the world several times and is a full-fledged shipmaster. Planned to start shipping service with ex-Kaiser's yacht but was wrecked off Cape Hatteras before getting into action. Never set foot on a stage before going to Hollywood after being spotted in a picture magazine by a movie mogul. Authority on Polynesian dress. Sleeps in a sarong. Neither smokes nor drinks. 6' 4" tall. Unwed.



HUGH HERBERT

Born Hugh Herbert, Binghamton, New York, August 10, 1888. Contrary to popular opinion, he is Scotch Irish. His favorite exercise is sleeping, his hobbies are farming and drinking beer. Owns fifteen dogs, but can't stand the sight of a Mexican hairless. Can cook beautifully, his masterpieces being spaghetti and apple pie. Is a chronic laugh-at-his-own-jokes. He would rather ride in a bus than the most luxurious limousine. Sings loudly and quite badly every morning in the shower.

IRENE HERVEY

Born Irene Hervey, Los Angeles, California, July 11, 1910. Broke down the stubborn resistance of Ben Piazza of M-G-M's casting office by literally camping on his doorstep for weeks on end. He finally succumbed and got her a screen test, which resulted in a part in "Stranger's Return." She knows all her parts by heart. Greatest ambition is to do comedy. Can't sit still a second; rides, plays badminton, and swims in her spare time. Doesn't eat much at mealtime but is always nibbling on some tid-bit between times.

JOY HODGES

Born Frances Eloise Hodges, Des Moines, Iowa, January 29, 1916. Is a demon with a firing stick, being a member of two gun teams. Collects perfume bottles and bracelets. Can't resist shoes and never has less than forty-five pairs in her closet. Loves sweaters, tailored suits and sport dresses. Chinese food is her idea of ambrosia. Used to sing with an orchestra and claims she still "bellows a bit" in the shower.

FAY HOLDEN

Born Fay Hammerston, Birmingham, England, September 20, 1895. Was on stage for 32 years as Gaby Fay. Much younger looking in real life, she wears a wig to make her look older when she plays Ma Hardy. Hobby is gardening, but Mickey Rooney says she is the world's best cook, too. Nothing makes her prouder than to have some fan call Mick "her son." She loves scrambled eggs and sausages at all sorts of weird hours.

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Born William Beedle, O'Fallon, Illinois, April 17, 1918. His rise to fame reads like a scenario—from Pasadena Jr. College student to the title role in "Golden Boy" in one step. Was so excited when he started to work on the picture that he ran a temperature of 102° the first three days. Hates restaurants, loves roller coasters. Would do anything on a dare. Drives like a demon. Prefers brunettes. Would love to have a crew-cut. Is incredibly absent-minded.

LOUIS HAYWARD

Born Charles Louis Hayward, Johannesburg, South Africa, March 19, 1909. Most punctual man in Hollywood, usually wears three watches. Hates night clubs, red nail polish and onions. Is a tea addict, won't miss a single Mickey Mouse cartoon, loves Daiquiris, red roses and roller coasters. Collects classical records, but loves swing, too. Has a dog that sits up at bars and drinks milk. He can whip up a tasty meal in nothing flat.

SUSAN HAYWARD

Born Edythe Mariner, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1920. President of "Perfect Legs Institute of America." Trained to be an artist but turned out to be a N. Y. model. Hollywood beckoned and her first role was the lead in "Beau Geste." She loves to walk in the rain, gnaw on carrots and go barefoot. Has a temper, flaming red hair and bright blue eyes.

RITA HAYWORTH

Born Margarita Cansino, New York City, October 17, 1918. A member of the celebrated Cansino family of dancers, she made her debut at the age of six. Is terrifically extravagant, spending between \$12,000 and \$15,000 a year on her clothes. Is the honorary mayor of 12 South American cities. Sleeps in a 12-foot satin upholstered bed. Always sucks lolly-pops unless she is chewing on wheat wafers. Owns a Doberman-Pinscher that lives in a doghouse with a sun-porch attached to the regular sleeping quarters.

SONJA HENIE

Born Sonja Henie, Oslo, Norway, April 8, 1912. Her father taught her to skate at the age of six. She is thrice winner of Olympic figure skating championship, ten times winner of World's championship. Thinks roller skating is too dangerous! Her skating tights, made of sheerest silk, can be worn only two or three times and cost \$35. She has been decorated by the King of Norway and was recently rated as the fifth most important person in that entire country's history.

DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES

A DREAM COME TRUE

(Continued from page 47)

open this one, she broke a fingernail. It contained records from Lewis Milestone, her director, "because you're such a good little girl." She takes equal delight in the reverse procedure. From December 1st on, no one's allowed to enter her workshop at home. There she hoards all her Christmas purchases and wrappings, keeps the door locked and spends happy hours wrapping up gifts.

It's no whim but an illuminating clue to her temperament that she dislikes loudness in any form. She can't endure the color orange and shrinks from violent noises. Her set is more subdued than most. At the blare of a playback her palms go over her ears. She refuses to argue. In any conflict of opinion she'll listen quietly and weigh viewpoints that oppose her own. Once her mind is made up, nobody can budge her.

SERENITY is her watchword, the keynote of her life. She lives in a white house, atop one of the highest Beverly hills. Here she feels it's her right to demand strict privacy. The grounds have been photographed, but no camera has ever penetrated beyond the front door. As movie homes go, it's an unpretentious place. Because it's so high up, she had to have a retaining wall built on the side away from the road. If you've had any experience with retaining walls, you know they're expensive. It's the one costly note in the whole ensemble.

As you enter you're laved in a sense of coolness and peace. The first thing you see and all you see at first is the soft, pervasive, monotone beige of the hall and living room. The furniture's modern but not bizarre. What you get is an effect of tailored order, of a place for everything and everything in its place.

Upstairs are two bedrooms and baths—one for Ginger, one for her mother. Ginger's blue and white room is furnished in fruitwood and, except for the bed with its white canopy and satin coverlet, looks like a sitting-room. The rug is deep blue. There's a chaise longue in one corner. A huge bay window, its seat covered in a homespun blue and white tweed, frames the hills by day and the fairyland view of the city by night. Two barrel chairs flank the open fireplace, with a round table on a handmade white rug between them. Except for the books on this table everything is sprucely laid away. There are French books among them, which Ginger reads with comparative ease and occasional help from a dictionary. Her secretary, Jacques Parsons—better known as Jackie—used to be a French teacher, and Ginger has taken lessons from her for three and a half years.

Against one wall stands a specially made cabinet, glass-shelved and doored, which holds her exquisite array of perfumes. This can hardly be called an extravagance, since the collection is made up of gifts. If her friends didn't keep her supplied, though, she might be tempted to supply herself. She's a perfume-lover. She had a herb-garden planted under her window and lies in bed at night sniffing its delectable odors.

Blue mirrors form the walls, ceiling and wardrobe doors of her dressing-room, and the windows are shaded by white-mirrored Venetian blinds. Here as elsewhere, the impression is of an almost ascetic neatness. There is no dressing-table litter. Except for the aforementioned photo of Brooke Hayward, the tabletop is bare. The center drawer holds

"Just because they're twins—she spoils them twice as much!"

The twin's grandmother learns
there's a difference between "spoiling"
and modern child care



1. My mother-in-law was off on her favorite subject again! "I'm not one to meddle," she was saying, "but *someone* ought to tell Joyce that if she doesn't stop kow-towing to these twins they'll be spoiled for life!"



2. "Now, mother," Dad Jones said, "you let the children bring up their babies in their own way." "Why, I wouldn't dream of interfering," my mother-in-law exclaimed. "But—my word! Special foods, special soap, special this and that..."



3. "And *even*," I interrupted, "a SPECIAL LAXATIVE! Pinkie's going to get some of it right now. I'm not spoiling the twins, Mother Jones, I love them too much for that. I'm bringing them up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "The doctor says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies *need* things especially designed for them. So of course they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. What's more... the twins are crazy about it. Watch this!"



6. Pinkie took her Fletcher's Castoria and licked the spoon! But Winkie howled 'cause he wasn't getting any! So Mother Jones grinned and said if *that* was the modern way, she'd see to it that *all* her grandchildren get Fletcher's Castoria from now on!

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4 PLEDGE TIME SAVERS

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- **POLISH REMOVER**... Felt-tip tube speeds job... handy slit for "tipping" nails.
- **CUTICLE SOFTENER**... Flows from tube into small NYLON brush-tip.
- **NAIL CREAM**... Felt-tipped tube, cleverly shaped to massage the nails.

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a Lucite comb and brush and a lipstick—all she requires for street adornment. In fact she needs little more at night—the only difference between day and evening makeup being that she darkens her lashes. She uses neither nail polish nor powder, original in that she dislikes shiny nails and doesn't mind shiny noses. Because of the screen she keeps her freckles under cover most of the time by a tan acquired through swimming and sunbaths.

She splurges on bath luxuries which gleam, scented and inviting, from a little tray beside the tub. The bathroom fixtures include a hanger attached to the door for her pajamas, with a bar over which the pants can be folded.

SHE has a good but not fantastic wardrobe, and she wears her clothes out. Asked to contribute something she was through with to the Ann Lehr Guild, she replied: "When I'm through with them, they're ready for the ash-heap," and handed over, among other things, a lovely silk jersey sports dress, parting with it with a rueful pat as one parts with a friend.

Irene, the swank Hollywood designer who numbers Rosalind Russell, Carole Lombard and Mary Martin among her customers, makes most of Ginger's clothes. Within the last few years her taste has changed. From the frilly feminine she has veered to the simplest of simple lines. For color she sticks to blues and greens and hazy, smoky tones, avoiding the hard and brilliant. She loves brown and uses it for street wear as most women use black. Texture is all-important, with stiff, shiny fabrics out. She may fall hard for a color, but unless the material is soft and pleasant to the touch, she'll pass it up.

Her informal headgear is a beany. Otherwise she prefers large, off-the-face hats, the kind described by Vogue this season as "pure-brow." Except with pastel-toned dresses, she uses a special shade of hose—a kind of bronze, very sheer, like gun-metal—but brown instead of gray.

The only section of her wardrobe that looks like a movie star's is her shoe closet. Tier on tier of 5B's they rise, and she sighs as she looks at them—partly in delight, partly in self-reproach. She can't resist them. Lapel gadgets are the only form of costume jewelry she goes for, and she wears real jewels only on rare gala occasions. A diamond necklace graced her throat on the night of the Academy Award dinner, but rumor has it belonging to her mother. The much-publicized square emerald, said to have been given her by Howard Hughes, has never been seen in public.

Emily and Guno, married, compose the household staff. Guno takes care of the grounds, and drives either the large Packard or the Buick coupé. Emily runs the house, with Ginger planning the meals when she's alone, otherwise turning the job over to her mother. Her favorite sports are tennis and swimming, and she's good at both, having reached the semi-finals in a tennis tournament last year.

She can indulge in both at home. The pool and court stand apart from the house and on a slightly higher level. After her swim she climbs into sweater and slacks, or shirt and shorts, sticks a beany on her head and leaves her hair to curl at will. She doesn't need permanents. Ordinarily she wears her hair parted at side or center, brushed back from forehead and temples, bound with a ribbon and falling loose to her shoulders. It's been various colors at various times, but she's let it revert to its natural chestnut now, a

chestnut less red than it used to be. Looking like a boy, she romps with Sharma, her Afghan hound and only animal, or mixes herself a chocolate soda. A pushover for ice-cream, she shares with Jane Withers the proud distinction of owning a private, fully-equipped soda fountain.

When the bathhouses were built opposite the pool, she had a workshop added for herself. There she draws, paints and models clay. She makes no fetish of her hobby but works as the mood takes her. If the place doesn't see her for a month she owes no one including herself an explanation.

She is self-taught. Once, taking it into her head to do a bust of her mother, she engaged an instructor to tell her what not to do. "Let me go my own way," said Ginger. "Only tell me if I handle the tools wrong."

On the evening of February 27th last, she slipped into the new gown Irene had designed for her to wear at the Academy Award dinner. It was of dove gray marquisette over a nude-colored angel skin slip. It had a peplum, a fitted bodice with inserts of black chantilly lace and a very full skirt. With it she wore a tiny Juliet cap of blue-gray flowers. Her mother clasped the diamond necklace round her throat and gave her a big kiss for good luck.

Shaking inside, she maintained an outward composure. There was a five-to-one chance that this evening would set the seal of triumph on years of endeavor. George Schaefer, head of RKO, had invited Ginger, Mrs. Rogers, David Hempstead, producer of "Kitty Foyle," and several others, to attend the dinner as his guests. President Roosevelt spoke. Many people spoke. The hours wore on. Award followed award.

Then Walter Wanger introduced Lynn Fontanne. Her "thank you" was happily brief, after which she read the names of the nominees for best actress—Bette Davis, Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Martha Scott.

"The winner of this award—" she said and paused—the auditor handed her a sealed envelope, which she opened—"is Ginger Rogers."

HEMPSTEAD, seated next to her, planted the first kiss of congratulation on her cheek, while bedlam broke loose. Ginger rose and walked toward Miss Fontanne almost as if she were afraid of stumbling. The older actress hugged the younger as she handed Oscar over.

"Thank you," croaked Ginger as if with four frogs in her throat and burst into tears. Through the click of cameras and a tangle of outthrust hands, she made her way slowly back to the table trying to mop her eyes between handshakes. Her first whispered words were for her mother: "I've never been so happy in my life."

Garson Kanin, director of "Tom, Dick and Harry," Ginger's current film, doesn't keep all his cute gags for pictures. When she came to work next day, she found Kanin and the crew drawn up at salute—the director in tails, the others in tuxes to do honor to the Academy Award winner.

If it was a gag, it was also a symbol. She'd started her career at fourteen by winning Charleston contests. She'd climbed to enviable heights as a dancing star and comedienne. Most girls would have been well content. But through all this she'd nursed one dream—the dream of recognition as a serious dramatic actress.

Well, it certainly looks as if little Virginia MacMath has made the grade!

VILLAIN BY ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 33)

and even a tremendous swimming pool.

"Barrymore didn't go back to the set that day. We talked our heads off all afternoon. And that night he took me to the opening of the Carthay Circle Theatre. My trunks hadn't shown up, and I had no dress suit. He said, 'I'll have the studio send one over.' And over one came. It was a perfect fit except that the trousers were up to here"—he hauls his present trousers up to the tops of his socks to illustrate. "But we went anyway. As we drove up to the theatre, the announcer called out, 'Mr. John Barrymore and the noted foreign actor, Conrad Veet'—which sounded a little like Conrad Feet. And I step out with my trousers up to here. People screamed with laughter. They whistled at me. I thought I was a ruined man.

"I was surprised when Barrymore still wanted me in his picture, 'The Beloved Rogue.' I played the part of Louis XI, a short, wizened man. A feat that I managed"—he smiles again—"by wearing a tremendous robe, which hid the fact that I was walking around in a squatting position.

"After that, I signed with Universal where I played a varied assortment of men without souls. The high spot was the title role of 'The Man Who Laughs,' in which I played a tortured human being made horrible by a permanent grimace. I think that might have led somewhere. But talkies came, and I couldn't speak English well. I went back home."

HE IS an English citizen now, and has been one for years, but his birth—over which he had no control—took place in Germany, where his father was a minor public official.

"My first ambition," he says, "was to be a doctor, and I held on to it for almost four years. When I was about 13 or 14, my father fell very ill. Our doctor said that only an operation could save him, and that there was only one man who could perform such an operation—a very famous surgeon. We had no money. But this great man consented to operate and did save my father's life. Afterward when we tried to pay him a few marks, he said that was enough and sent the money off to some charity. He was almost a god in my eyes. A tall, gruff man who hated pretense and worked miracles as a matter of course. I was fascinated by his hands—by the thought of the power they held over life and death. Knowing such a man, I wanted to be such a man."

He pauses for a moment. "Later, much later," he continues, "I tried to discover what connection there might be between a doctor and an actor; why I found it so easy to change my ambition. I'm not sure I have the explanation; it's very high-brow. It's that actors, too, have to know everything about human beings—to be able to operate on human emotions. It's a terrific experience to stand on a stage, and say things that dope audiences, night after night, as effectively as if you had doped them with pills." His blue eyes twinkle. "It's so fascinating that you can keep at it for a lifetime."

It all started with the effect that he produced, reciting a prologue to a school play. "I was in what you call high school, and the students every year put on a Christmas play for parents. I wasn't asked to appear in this particular play, but to deliver a long monologue before



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the curtain rose. That changed the entire course of my life. The play was a flop—but everybody said I was a big success. I was a great man around school for a few days. I had a taste of the satisfaction of doping an audience. Even though I had done it unconsciously.

"I made up my mind to study all the great actors I could. I had precious little money. That meant that I had to sit in the balcony and stand in line for two hours before a theatre opened to get even a good balcony seat. I saw these great actors, and it was the old story. I said to myself, 'They're very good, but I could do just as well if I had the chance.' You have that kind of self-confidence only when you're very young, when you don't know better.

"Finally I spoke to the porter at the Max Reinhardt Theatre, an old man who looked like Father Christmas. 'How can I become an actor?' I asked him. His answer was, 'Have you any talent?' I said, 'Lots of it. Where can I go for acting lessons?' He knew an old character actor who sometimes picked up a little extra money teaching. He said he would speak to him about me. One matinee, Father Christmas took me backstage to the old actor's dressing-room. The old man asked me to recite anything I might know. I reeled off passages from 'Faust' and 'Hamlet,' which I knew by heart. 'You have talent,' he said. 'I'll take you as a pupil.' Then came the big question: For how much? The price was more than I could pay. He said, 'That's all right. You can pay me later.' I was very lucky to find such a teacher. *Very lucky.*

"After about ten lessons he smuggled me into an audition before Max Reinhardt; it was an audition for actors who

were already actors. I delivered the first 'Faust' monologue, and Reinhardt listened, smiling, but said nothing afterward. I thought he had been amused by my youth and my long Bohemian haircut. Then next day came word that I had a contract. Not as an actor but as a volunteer. That meant that I was hired as an extra—at just enough money to keep me from starving. And I had the right to go to the Reinhardt school, the best in the world, absolutely free. All of which was wonderful training. I constantly learned, constantly smelled the atmosphere of the theatre.

"That went on for two years. Then came the War. They said I was too thin, too emaciated to be a soldier. They said I could do my bit as an actor in one of the theatres behind the front lines. They sent me to Libau near the Russian border. That theatre was terrific training. Every day another play. One day it was 'Hamlet'; the next day, a comedy; the day after that, an operetta. And I was in all of them, including the operettas—even if I *couldn't* sing."

It wasn't until 1916 on leave from acting in Libau that he finally made his bow on the Berlin stage in, believe it or not, the role of a priest.

"I was never a villain on the stage. I always played strong, sympathetic types. In that play, I brought happiness to a condemned man in the last two minutes of his life.

"It's amusing," he adds, "to recall what one critic said on that occasion. His name was Siegfried Jacobson, and he was the George Jean Nathan of Berlin. If he tore into you, there was nothing left—but if he praised you, you were 'made.' We all waited in fear and trembling for his verdict. Out came the

weekly which he wrote for, and his whole article was about a new actor named Conrad Veidt, whose strong characterization of the priest promised much for his future. He ended the article by saying, 'I pray he will never make a film in his life.'

"I shared Herr Jacobson's distaste for films. There was no art in them. They were low, low entertainment. That is"—he raises his eyebrows eloquently—"I thought so until the producers started coming around with offers. One of them asked me how much I made a month on the stage. In dollars it would have been about fifty. He offered to pay me that much a day to act on the screen. That's how the movies got me." He smiles frankly. "After I had signed the contract I wondered if I were selling my soul, like 'Faust.' I didn't know that I would find movies fascinating. Even if they did make a villain of me.

YOU see, after they had me under contract, they started wondering, 'Now how are we going to sell this strange-looking man?' I couldn't be a variety of things as on the stage. I had to be something special, something that could be trade-marked. They decided that, with my appearance, I should be something bizarre. A hero couldn't be bizarre. So, by the simple process of elimination, they arrived at the conclusion that I would have to be a villain. And to establish the fact firmly in the public mind that I *was* a villain, they tagged me 'The Man with the Wicked Eyes.'

"In my first picture I played a sinister Hindu fakir and discovered to my surprise that I had made a distinct impression. I mention this to show you how life travels in circles. In 'The Thief of Bagdad,' I played a sinister Hindu fakir again—and again discovered to my surprise that I had made an impression."

That first screen success led to a long string of successes which, he hopes, is prophetic now.

"Only I hope I can stay recognizably human this time," he says. "I couldn't when I first started. I was caught up and swept along on a tide of sombre futurism and cubism, which reached its high point of expression in 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari'—then faded into oblivion. I was lucky not to fade with it, lucky to be in demand still as a demonic actor."

Lucky—?

He smiles at the question. "Yes. There is a strange satisfaction purely from an acting standpoint in being able to play a demonic character convincingly. To make an unreal character real. It's the hardest kind of role to do, because it's the easiest kind to over-do."

A remark that should convince you, if nothing else has, that he is definitely a phenomenon. Most actors don't go around looking for the hardest work they can find. And that's why few actors can cast the spell that Conrad Veidt can. They haven't let themselves in for as much practice as he has.

But don't start thinking at this point that his only measure of a role is how demonic the character is. "A villain can be very phony," he says, "if he's villainous just for the pleasure of being villainous. If he isn't compelled to villainy by something beyond his control—some illness, mental or physical; some abnormality; some supernatural force. I always try to find an excuse for any villain I play. Something that will make the audience sympathize with him even as they hate him."

All of which would seem to make it apparent that it was no simple accident you felt a twinge of positive liking for the Hindu fakir and the general.

What makes it difficult for Conrad Veidt to explain his sudden popularity is that this is no new approach to villainy for him. He has had it for more years than he cares to remember. He had it when he was in Hollywood the first time. "It was most apparent in 'The Man Who Laughs,'" he says. "For all his horrible-ness, The Man was a human being."

And there *was* a flurry of fan mail then. Except that he wasn't around to receive it. He was back in Germany, playing villains in the only language he knew—now that pantomime was no longer eloquent enough for Hollywood.

"I made some more sombre pictures in Germany," he says. "Then I made two pictures that had a possible world market, if they were given English versions—'F. P. I. Doesn't Answer' and 'Congress Dances.' So I made both German and English versions. I still didn't know the English language. The English words had to be put into my mouth. But they came out so well that I had offers from England. Thank God. I went over in 1931, and I was still there in 1933 when terrible things started happening in Germany. Things I had smelled coming."

"I became a British citizen. Meanwhile I made one British picture after another. And I started a new cycle—playing first a villain, then a good man. I played The Stranger in 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' for example, just before I played the fakir in 'The Thief of Bagdad.' Then I played a straight role in 'Contraband,' which has now become 'Blackout.'"

WHEN World War II broke out, he offered his personal fortune to the British government, interest-free. And it was to raise more funds for England by getting "Contraband" released in America that he brought it over himself last summer. He didn't seek the part of the general in "Escape." The part sought him. And he wouldn't sign to play that or any future Hollywood roles until he had arranged officially for the major portion of his salary to go to British War Relief. All of which he is reluctant to talk about. "I'm only doing what we're all doing," he says.

He talked to me about his hobbies—gardening, astronomy and reading. ("You won't believe it after seeing these mental cases I portray, but my favorite reading is Philosophy.") Or about the Americanization of the young English boy he has adopted for the duration. Or about his secret ambition, which is to direct. ("I'd like to do a modern religious picture—something to help people appreciate the things that God has given them that no war can destroy.") Or about how he approaches a role. ("First I read the whole script to get a complete mental picture of the character. Then I ask myself how he would walk and move. That will tell me how he would speak.")

He is a man of intense, warm enthusiasms—whose newest enthusiasm is his role in "A Woman's Face" with Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas. "I play the greatest meanie in the world," he says. "I befriend a girl who has never had a friend, and then, when she falls desperately in love with me, I try to make her the instrument of a terrible vengeance against my fate. If only I can make people feel that this man, this spirit of evil, is an unhappy human being. Sick with unhappiness, the unhappiness of Lucifer, the angel cast out of heaven. If I can do it as I see it, other unhappy people will feel they're lucky by comparison. And even happy people will have a little sympathy for him."

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

★★★ Girl in the News

Here is a real surprise, a swell movie, full of excitement and sure to be loved by audiences once they get into the theatre. The difficulty is that it was made in England under war conditions and has no stars to lure you in. But if you get a chance, be sure to see it—you'll be grateful.

There is no war propaganda here, and no mention of world conditions at all. It is simply a thriller-chiller in the best tradition. Margaret Lockwood, Barry K. Barnes and Emyln Williams have the leading roles, and all three are people you should know a good deal more about; they have real talent. Towering above their work, however, is the hand of the director, Carol Reed, a master of melodrama. He works a good deal along the same suspense lines as does his countryman, Alfred Hitchcock, and much may be expected of him.

Miss Lockwood was here in Hollywood for a while a couple of years ago and should have been kept here. She is a looker and has tons of talent.

She plays the part of a nurse who gets involved in a strange series of coincidences which lead to her trial on a murder charge. She is found not guilty and released, but a cloud hangs over her name and she has a tough time getting a job. Eventually she does—and walks into a second murder rap. She is freed by the clever work of her lawyer, Barry Barnes, who pulls a cute court-room trick for a finish after a lot of exciting footage.

Barnes is a pleasant young man who is not too good looking and should make femme hearts flutter; also he is a grand actor. Emyln Williams, of course, is one of England's best; you may remember that he originated the leading role in "Night Must Fall" on the stage in both London and New York. There is a top-notch cast of support players. Directed by Carol Reed.—20th Century-Fox (British made).

★★★ Murder Among Friends

One of the most pleasant duties a film reviewer can possibly have is to report seeing a good picture; especially when he didn't expect the film to amount to much. "Murder Among Friends" is a refreshing slab of homicidal humor. It is first-rate mystery and first-rate comedy, all in one. With a stronger cast (more star power, that is) it would have been a four-star attraction on anyone's list.

Marjorie Weaver is a wacky gal who drives John Hubbard nuts by dragging him into a series of murders. You have never seen so many killings in one movie. It is a good, compact whodunit plot, and writer John Larkin deserves a distinct bow for having figured it out and dished it up as pleasantly as he did. And the Weaver gal jumps eight or ten steps up the ladder by her performance here; she's very definitely a bit of all right.

Cobina Wright, Jr., the socialite, is one of the top actresses, but that won't get in your way too much because, fortunately, she doesn't have much acting to do. Hubbard is plenty okay; Truman Bradley, as one of the few sensible detectives ever handed a movie script, is splendid, and Eddie Conrad does a neat comedy bit. Directed mightily neatly, by Ray McCarey, Leo's brother. 20th Century-Fox.

★★★ The Man Who Lost Himself

Universal has a new (and most amusing) trick. It kids itself and other Hollywood studios without ever mentioning Hollywood. Swell stuff. Not so long ago this studio turned out a highly amusing spoof on the invisible character yarn, and this one is a take-off on the double-identity routine. Brian Aherne is two different men here, who change places—but instead of using the theme as the center of a straight story, the studio kids the pants off it. And, of course, it's rare good fun.

First we meet Aherne as a poor young nobody. Then we meet Aherne as a rich young wastrel who conceives the idea of changing places with his look-alike for a few days. It's a lark. But the rich guy (the real one) is killed accidentally, and the poor guy is stuck with the rich guy's life. Well, he tries to get out of it. He tells his new "family" about himself and yells his head off—but they don't believe him because (this is the clever trick the writers devised) the rich guy was a bit on the nutty side to begin with. "Yes, yes, we know," they tell him pleasantly. "You're not yourself, you're really two other guys!" And he's stuck.

It's all written brightly and with a smart notion that the audience is on to all the situations. Thus, instead of being corny, it becomes laugh material.

Aherne is very good in the lead role, playing it with clever timing and a keen sense of comedy. Kay Francis, as the wife, is smooth; you can't tell half the time whether she's actually fooled by her "husband" or not. And the supporting cast is much better than average, with S. Z. Sakall stealing the comedy and honors as the butler. Henry Stephenson and Marc Lawrence are also very good, and Nils Asther makes his movie return promisingly, though in a very short bit. The direction by Edward Ludwig is very broad and worthy of mention.—Universal.

★★★ Footsteps in the Dark

The news in this one is that Errol Flynn is all dressed up in modern clothes. And Errol Flynn in a murder mystery is something to ponder, too. It's one of those farced mysteriosos played for laughs rather than suspense. The only trouble is that there aren't as many laughs as there should be.

Errol is supposed to be an amateur detective who keeps sticking his nose into police business and then writing lurid books about it all. Brenda Marshall is his unsuspecting wife and Lucille Watson his acrimonious mother-in-law. Neither of them knows what he is up to and both are suspicious of him. That, of course, makes for a worse mix-up than would be normal because the gal Flynn plays around with, in order to straighten out a killing, is Lee Patrick, a hard-boiled burlesque queen.

Have we mentioned that Flynn belongs in the very snootiest social set? Well, he does. Add a dash of Alan Hale as the police inspector, Allen Jenkins as Flynn's chauffeur-confidant, and William Frawley as the dumb cop, and you can probably write the rest of the picture yourself.

It's pretty good stuff because the basic story is nicely figured out, but the dialogue could be brighter, and there could have been a lot more imagination

displayed in all of the characterizations. The cast is uniformly good, and in key with exactly what you expect of them. Lee Patrick, perhaps, stands out a bit over average. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. —Warners.

★★★ Lady From Cheyenne

Frank Lloyd's name on the masthead of a movie usually means a big extra-special extravaganza. Not so this time. For once Lloyd has manufactured a simple, unobtrusive little picture. To be sure, it has to do—more or less—with history, but it is a small-scale affair. Loretta Young is the star and there is a lot of slam-bang action, so don't let it worry you. You'll probably enjoy it a great deal.

The movie starts off with a warning that it is based on history—as the authors would like to think it happened. It seems that there is no available data explaining the circumstances that led to Wyoming's passing the first American law permitting women to vote. It's true, but how it happened no one knows. So the authors made up this story to explain it. And a merry notion it is, too.

Loretta Young is the gal who is responsible, according to this yarn. She is a mild and naïve schoolmarm from the East who comes out West to teach the three r's. Well, Eddie Arnold is an old meanie who controls the town, lock, stock and barrel, and Preston Foster is a suave lawyer who fronts for Arnold. They try to push Loretta around and she, mostly because she doesn't know any better, gives them a tough battle. She finally goes to the state capital and lobbies through a bill giving femmes the vote. It's the only way she can think of to lick the ornery gents.

The yarn makes for fun as you can imagine, and it's told in neat tongue-in-cheek fashion. The three principals are better than average in their acting, although it takes a couple of reels to get used to Loretta in dowdy old-West clothes; she's been a clothes-horse in too many films and (truth to tell) looks better in modern dress. Also, the writing of Foster's role is a bit on the difficult side. The movie writers seem to be getting the idea that all they have to do to regenerate a heel is to have him say, 'I'm sorry,' and turn over a new leaf. It's not as easy as that.

There is an extra good cast of supporting players, best among 'em being Gladys George, Willie Best and Charles Hinds, who wears a beard for the first time in years and years of movie playing—in case you care. Directed by Frank Lloyd. —Universal.

★★★ That Night in Rio

A bit of disappointment here. This picture could have been a smash; actually, it is pretty good, but not as good as expected. It is a lavish musical starring Don Ameche, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda, and it is all done in magnificent Technicolor, so you're pretty sure to have a good time—if you don't go expecting too much.

Don Ameche has sprouted into two guys this time; he is himself, a pleasant enough actor, and also a South American millionaire playboy. For story purposes he switches with himself in order to handle a big financial deal, and this causes great confusion in the household. That is to say, Alice Faye, who is married to the rich financier, is not told about the substitution when the actor replaces her husband for a couple of days. She thinks she notices a difference in him but is not sure. That, of course, makes for a number of amusing musical

VIRGINIA BRUCE, CO-STARRED IN THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE, "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN"

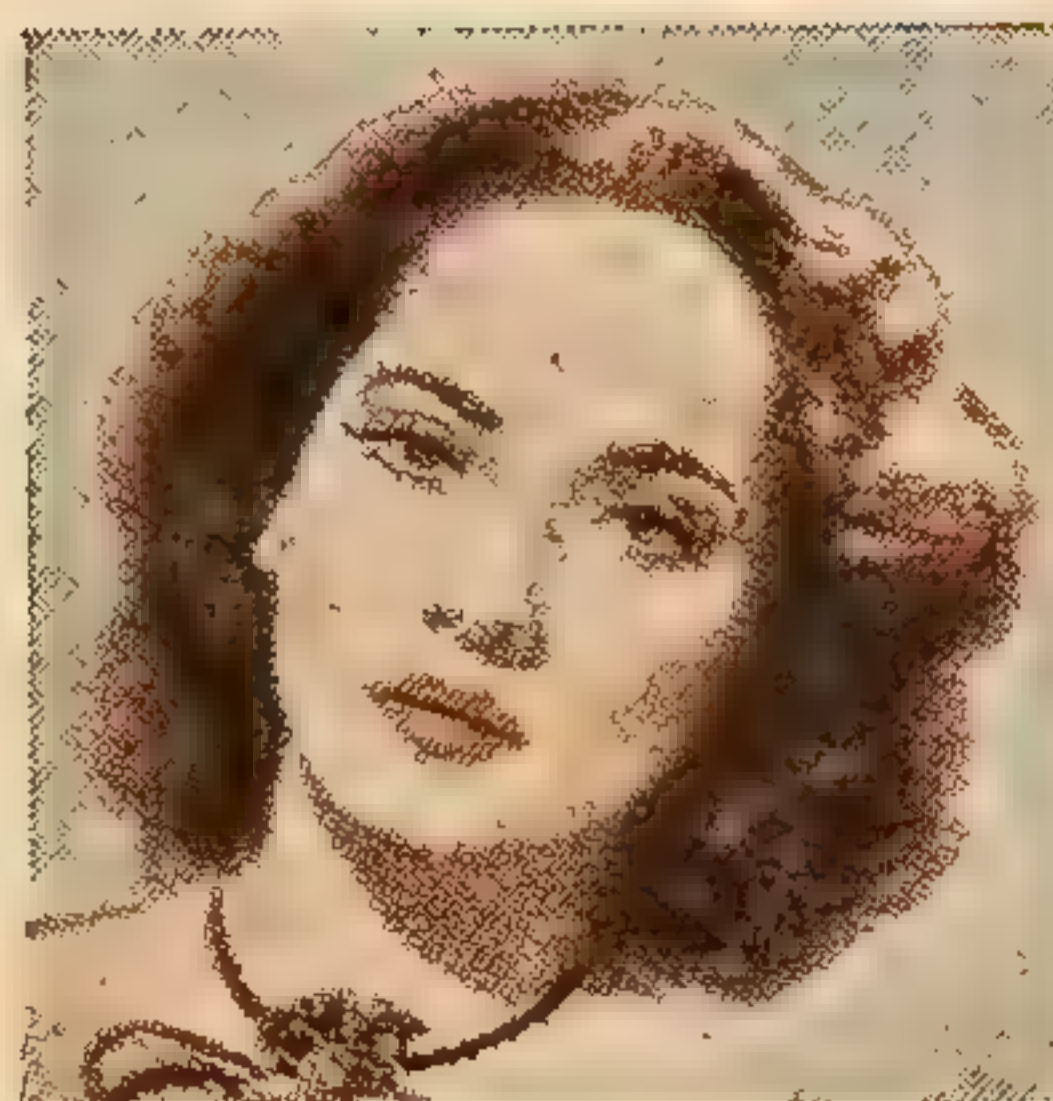


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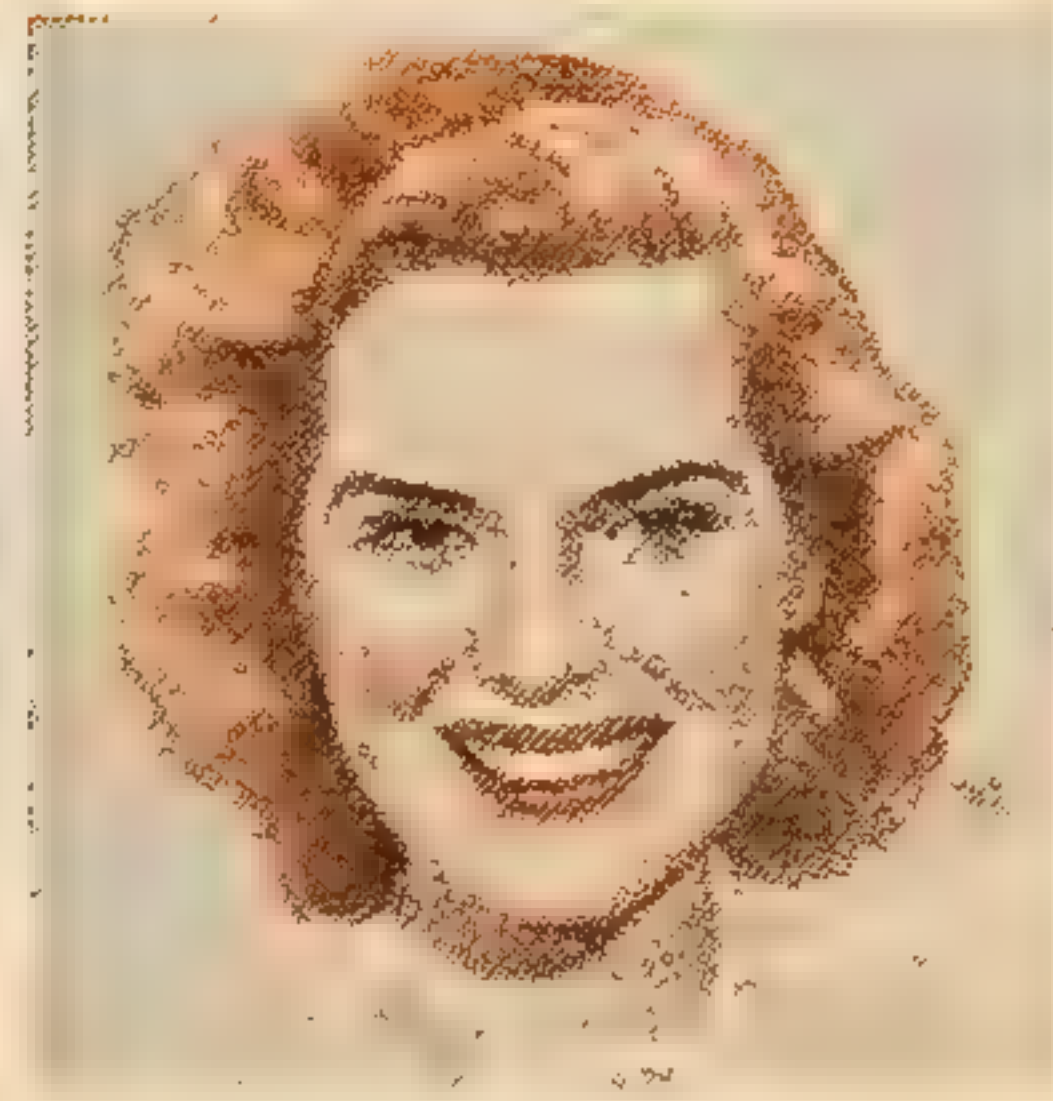
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comedy situations—especially since Miranda is the inamorata of the Don Ameche who is an actor.

If it all sounds a bit familiar, it is because this is a new version of "Folies Bergere," which was a movie starring Chevalier, Merle Oberon and Ann Sothorn way back when. It hasn't been rewritten much but it is still fun, though not logical or sensible. Come to think of it, who ever heard of asking a musical comedy to make sense?

Besides the three top names, all of whom are excellent, a strong cast includes Curt Bois, S. Z. Sakall and Eddie Conrad in very funny bits. There are five songs, none of them too hot. But the color is really tops. Directed by Irving Cummings.—20th Century-Fox.

★★½ Sleepers West

This is the second in the new series of Michael Shayne whodunits, and not too hot, although carrying a certain amount of action and excitement. Trouble, largely is that there are too many characters and too much story.

Lloyd Nolan is plenty okay as Michael Shayne, the cop who is worried because he wants to save an innocent guy from the electric chair. He once convicted the same lad on a different charge and thinks he knows the facts. Before he manages to prove his thesis, there is, of course, a lot of back and forth to-do. It's all played on a train, which should have speeded the pace considerably—but didn't.

Besides Nolan, the cast boasts of Lynn Bari, who is fine as a nosey newsgal. Mary Beth Hughes, again, is merely decorative as the other girl. Louis Jean Heydt and Don Costello are swell in minor parts. Watch this Costello guy. Directed by Eugene Ford.—20th Century-Fox.

★★½ Melody for Three

The newest Dr. Christian picture is pretty good. There ought to be some way of keeping the Dr. Christian name in the title to help identify the series, although the producers are scared to keep using it because they fear you will think you have already seen it. Maybe. At any rate it is a neat little package of pleasant family entertainment.

Jean Hersholt is master of his characterization of the kindly country doctor by now, of course. This time, in addition to the usual assortment of medical homilies, he manages to reunite Fay Wray and her son with Walter Woolf King, her estranged husband. The quarrel between Fay and her husband is not properly explained, but it probably doesn't matter since all ends well.

Because Fay is cast as a nurse and former music teacher, and since her son, Schuyler Standish, is supposed to be a violin prodigy, and her husband a famous conductor, there is room in the script for a number of interpolated musical numbers, which doesn't hurt at all. Directed by Erle C. Kenton.—RKO-Radio.

★★½ Dead Men Tell

The oldest of the series pictures is the one about Charlie Chan, who goes merrily on his way in this newest episode. The pattern of these yarns is pretty thoroughly established, and this one makes no special effort to be different. There is a good deal of mystery, there are a couple of killings, there are a number of amusing situations, and Chan gets himself into a tough spot and squeezes out of it narrowly. It's in the detail and settings that the difference

lies, and this one (on these scores) is refreshingly entertaining. It's worth the price of your ducat—which is what you wanted to know, isn't it?

Sidney Toler carries on quite pleasantly as the fattish Chinese detective, and Sen Yung, his number two son, makes the usual assortment of mistakes for comedy and plot complication purposes. The yarn develops on a boat, as a group of people are about to set out for a treasure hunt, having found a mysterious map coming straight from a dead pirate. A few more laughs would have helped. Sheila Ryan and Robert Weldon, both of whom are pleasant to the eye, supply the romance. Directed by Harry Lachman.—20th Century-Fox.

★★½ Here Comes Happiness

This is an innocuous little comedy which would not rate much mention, if it were not for the fact that the cast is made up almost entirely of youngsters—most of them a lot better than the experienced troupers they will replace some day. Meaning, especially, Mildred Coles, a beautiful young lady with a great deal of histrionic ability.

Mildred is the daughter of Russell Hicks, a self-made copper tycoon. She is about to marry Richard Ainley, a socialite heel, but runs away on the eve of her wedding and tries to battle things out on her own. She meets Edward Norris, an ambitious window cleaner, and love blooms. After the usual number of movie mix-ups she marries the poor boy, with pop's blessing, while Marjorie Gateson (mamma) faints dead away.

Norris is a clean-cut young man for whom there should be room. Richard Ainley, too, seems to have a lot of possibilities. Directed by Noel M. Smith.—Warners.

★★ Lone Wolf Takes a Chance

This rather exciting series of whodunits gets a setback this time; the weakest in the set thus far.

You will remember that the Lone Wolf is a diamond thief who has reformed and who now practices his nefarious tricks only in the interest of justice and kindness to his fellow men. Of course he always gets himself into a terrific jam about half way through and doggone near lands in jail. The trouble with this one is that the story elements are too heavy and complicated.

Warren William, of course, is his usual debonair self in the top role and Eric Blore, again, supplies the laughs, with Don Beddoe swell in his cop assignment. June Storey and Henry Wilcoxon handle the romance in so-so manner. Directed by Sidney Salkow.—Columbia.

★★ Double Date

Some of us old-timers remember Glenn Tryon as a charming and lovable comedian in the silents. Well, here he is now as a director—and that is about all the good news there is in this particular movie. It's not much of a show, but Tryon's hand is plentifully evident. The timing is A-1 and there are numbers of amusing touches throughout which must have been put there by the director. So expect to see Tryon's name at the head of some worthwhile product soon.

The story is a slapstick affair about a college boy and college girl who try to prevent his father from marrying her aunt. They think marriage is inadvisable for the oldsters, but learn their lesson.

Peggy Moran and Rand Brooks are okay as the youngsters, but Una Merkel and Edmund Lowe grab the honors. Directed by Glenn Tryon.—Universal.

PRELUDE TO A HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 31)

months before they were married. . . . Alan, according to his wife, is a magnificent chef. . . . Neither of them drinks coffee, but they keep it on hand for guests. . . . Their nicknames for each other are "Pinkie" and "Poonkie." They alternate, each using both names for the other. . . . Ilona owns a Packard, Alan a Ford. There's room for both in their two-car garage.

Massey claims she hopes she'll have a dozen babies. Her grandmother had fourteen boys and two girls!

She began buying her trousseau as soon as she was engaged (which was around Christmas time) and by March it had reached these gigantic proportions.

Shoes: She has about forty pairs. Bought eighteen new ones ranging in price from \$5 to \$15, the most expensive being evening slippers. They are her sole extravagance. Still clings to some old sport shoes she bought five or six years ago in Europe.

Hats: Doesn't like them and doesn't buy them.

Stockings: She has two dozen new pairs of Nylons.

Evening gowns: Bought eight, ranging in price from \$12 to \$25.

Handbags: Owns a dozen ranging in price from \$6 to \$20. Five are new.

Negligées: Two summer ones; three heavier ones.

Furs: Bought an \$800 silver fox jacket. Owns a \$3,000 mink coat.

Bathing suits: Bought three; \$8 apiece.

Suits: Bought three at Nancy's, swankiest shop on Hollywood Boulevard, where she did most of her shopping. Paid \$45 apiece. She has three left over from last year, which she bought at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills at \$60 apiece.

Street dresses: Bought three, paying from \$12 to \$14 for each. Owns eight others. Her husband goes shopping with her whenever she'll take him along.



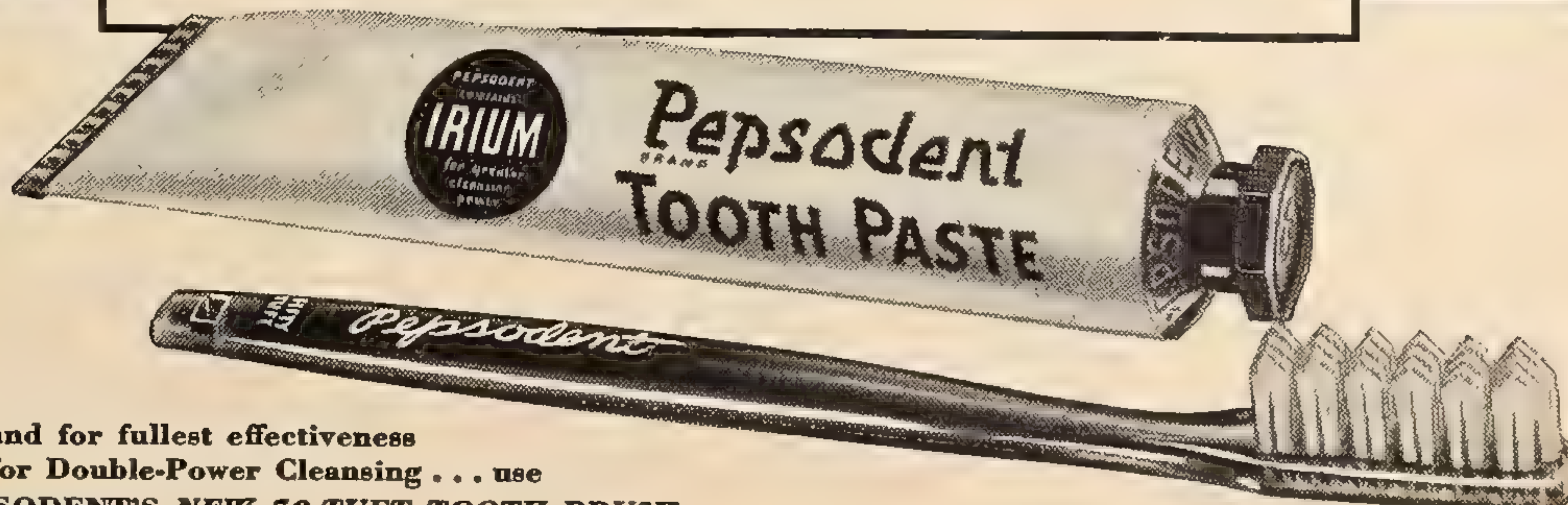
Mr. and Mrs. Alan Curtis leaving the church immediately after their simple afternoon wedding on March 26.

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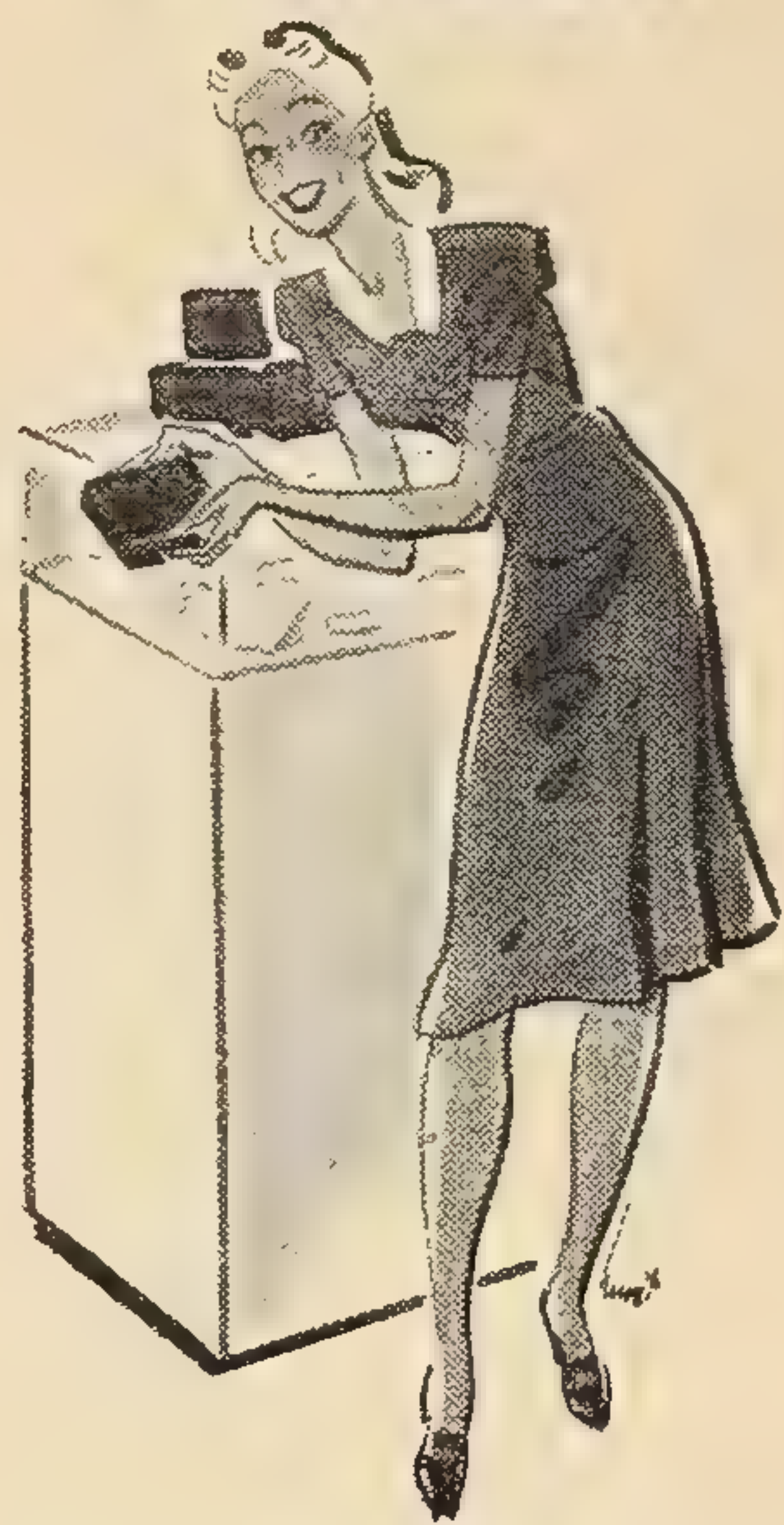
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See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly tints your complexion, gives you a flattering portrait finish.

POWDER-BASE
hampden

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Over 15 million sold

AN ACE OF CLUBS

(Continued from page 51)

lure of getting something for nothing. Ruffled prizes consist of gift orders for John Fredericks hats and jewelry and clothing from the village's swankiest shops. Owner Morrison always calls on one of the celebrities present to do the number-pulling. George Raft won a lady's hat last time. Carole Landis picked her own number, purely by coincidence. Mischa Auer, who owns a night club down the street but spends most of his time at Mocambo, gave his dramatic all to choosing a number and came up with a mouse-trap clutching his fingers! Mischa swears it was Morrison's revenge for Mischa's nightly habit of striking a pose in the foyer when he's ready to leave, and bellowing in mournful, measured Russian tones, “Private bus leaving in five minutes for the Scheherazade.” You've guessed it. “Scheherazade” is the club Mischa owns.

Charlie, the bartender, knows exactly what the stars will order the minute they walk in the door. He presides over a

blonde wood bar and hears “scotch and soda” more often than anything else. Charlie's also noted that actors are second to producers in the matter of tipping, with Mark Hellinger and Gene Towne leading the field in generosity.

It's the birds in the glass cage, though, that rate as the club's top attraction. Twenty little scarlet tanagers and an assortment of wide-winged parrots and cockatoos stare down at the stars from a specially built niche in the south wall. The birds spend most of their time teetering peacefully back and forth on the artificial tree limbs arranged in front of a ripply blue background. But when the rumba band begins to warm up with claves and maraccas, they go wild with excitement. They can't hear the music but they do feel the vibration from the drums.

The Mocambo management can pat itself on the back for this stunt. It's the first night club in history to make a success of giving its customers the bird!

SECRETS OF THE BOUDOIR

(Continued from page 59)

table where they belong and that sort of thing.

And now, back to the mirror. My eyes are my best feature so I do whatever I can to emphasize them. In the daytime I use mascara; in the evenings, both mascara and eye shadow. I pluck my eyebrows a bit and always from underneath because I pluck them only to curve them (they'd be string-straight if I didn't), not to thin them. An astonishing gadget which I'm sure most women don't know about is a liner—little pencil-sized things made of soft cotton stuff, gray in color which you can buy in little bunches at the dime stores. You simply rub the liner on the eyebrow pencil, and instead of a sharp black or brown line, your brows look like any natural hair; it does away with that sharp, pencil line.

My nose is the least attractive of my features. For the screen I shadow it like mad in order to, well, curb it. Off-screen I don't do a blessed thing about it; there's nothing I can do. Anyway, my theory is that by emphasizing my best feature I simultaneously play down my worst. Making my eyes worth looking at detracts from my nose.

I use a raspberry red rouge and not just a dab on each cheek—sort of blend it over the whole of my cheeks, right up and into my hairline. And I always apply my face powder (use a rose-beige) with a soft wad of absorbent cotton. It seems to go on more evenly that way.

As far as my hair is concerned, I have one serious session a week—a shampoo and lemon rinse. When making a picture, I dye my hair auburn, but between films let it go back to its natural dark brown. I have four or five light permanents a year, with the heat on for just two minutes to give the hair a twist.

I love perfume and believe every woman should use one scent so that when she wafts by a blind man could say, “There goes Claudette Colbert,” or “There goes Jukie O'Grady.” The sense of smell is the most acute of all the senses, and the most stirring to the masculine heart!

And speaking of appealing to the male,

here again comfort's the thing. I try to make him physically comfortable first; nice, squashy chair, a drink and smoke convenient. I try to make him feel at ease; if I can't, I pass him on to someone else, but quickly.

Back to the boudoir . . . all my night-gowns have appliqué work on them, never lace for I don't like it. My robes are mostly quilted ones, quite tailored, and most of them are in shades of coral. I wear only one kind of bedroom slipper; heelless white ones, lined and edged with rabbit. I don't like high heels, anyway, and never wear them unless I have to. Secret! Women, who walk softly, walk the more surely into a man's heart. There's something devastatingly feminine in the soft whispering foot-fall.

Men notice daintiness before anything else, I believe. I have often heard them say of an exciting looking woman, richly gowned, “but she doesn't look very, er, clean.” Make-up should never show very much or look smeared. I always scrub my face with a stiff bristled brush before I put on fresh make-up, to be sure my face is immaculately clean. Little dainty touches help an awful lot. I always have a crisp, monogrammed handkerchief peeking out of a suit pocket, a dress or sweater pocket, even my robe pocket. I never wear artificial flowers, very little jewelry—mostly a lapel clip and a ring.

I'm not the formal type at all. Whenever I cut loose and buy a very formal evening gown, it's completely lost and so am I. I think you must never feel self-conscious in your clothes. Flatter yourself with your best styles and colors, and let who will be exotic. I look best in white evening things, with short sleeves and a square neckline. When I'm not working and my hair is back to natural, I wear a lot of tomato red, a lot of Kelly green and aquamarine. I cannot bear the pastel shades. Never wear fussy shoes with lots of straps and geegaws. Give me a plain tailor-made pump any day.

Every day in every way be as completely relaxed, as much the purring cat as possible, and you'll have all my secrets.

THE WELLS-DEL RIO ROMANCE

(Continued from page 41)

shaking hands with "the most beautiful woman in the world" and wondering what they could find to talk about. He assumed she would ask him, as fifty other people had, what his impressions of Hollywood were (after two days).

But she didn't. With no apparent effort, she thought of something else to say, completely removed from prying curiosity. Something about the music that was an obbligate to the hum of conversation. Before he realized what was happening, they were comparing tastes in music and he was discovering, with surprised delight, that she was as intelligent and charming as she was beautiful. And she was discovering, with equal surprise and delight, that he was as animated and refreshing as he was brilliant.

It wasn't a case of love at first encounter. At the most, it was a case of instant congeniality—which both of them found very pleasant. But he didn't think about her seriously until several months later.

When they met, Orson knew that Dolores was married, and he had no reason to suspect that she and her husband weren't congenial. There had been no inkling of the growing coolness between them. Dolores likewise knew that Orson was married, and she had no reason to suspect that he and his wife were not congenial. He had emphatically, even beligerently, denied divorce rumors.

That, ironically enough, was one good reason why they didn't immediately think of each other in terms of love. Another good reason was that both of them were trying to stay married to their respective mates—Orson because of his little girl, Dolores because of her religion.

They met again, soon afterward, at another party and again found themselves at ease with each other conversationally. After a few such casual meetings, they automatically became good friends.

No one said, "Orson and Dolores had better watch out or they'll be falling in love." It didn't occur to anyone that their mental congeniality could ever develop into a physical attraction. Especially after Orson started growing a fantastic beard for a screen role that later failed to materialize.

No man setting out to steal the heart of a glamour girl would ever have committed the psychological error of sabotaging his appearance as Orson did with that beaver. He would have said, "If I have to wear a beard in my next role, it'll be by courtesy of the Westmores."

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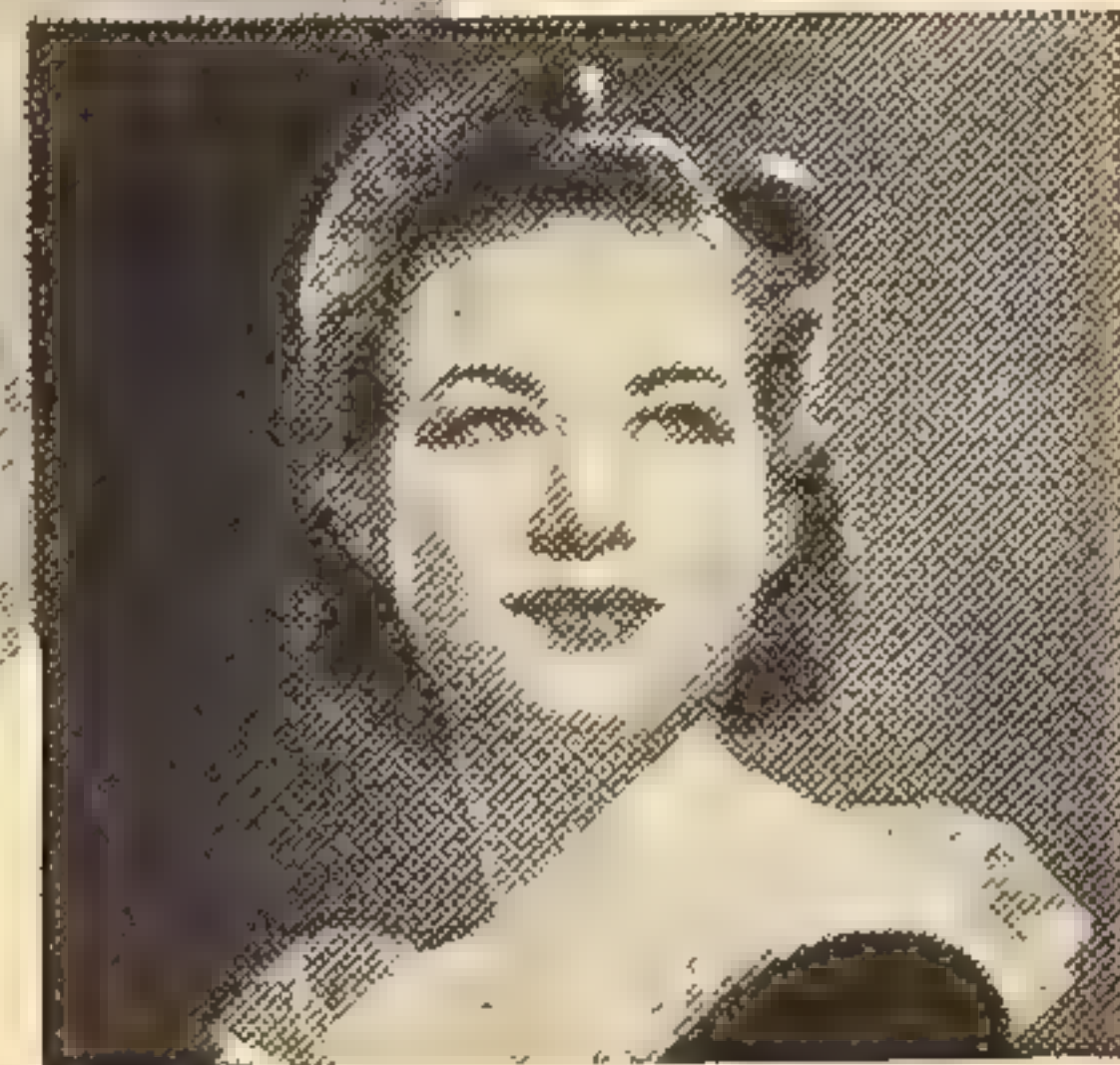
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How to Hold your Partner

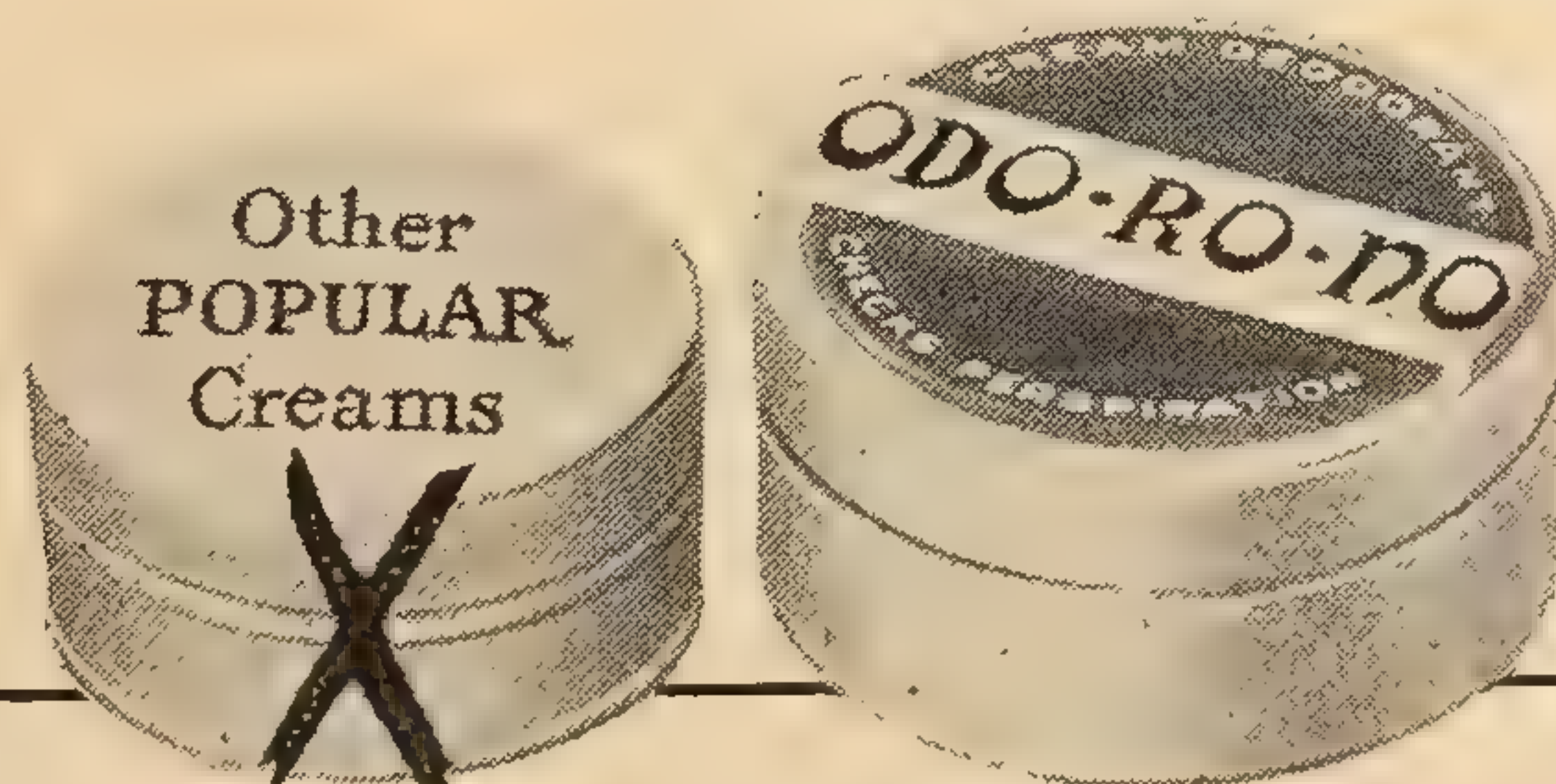
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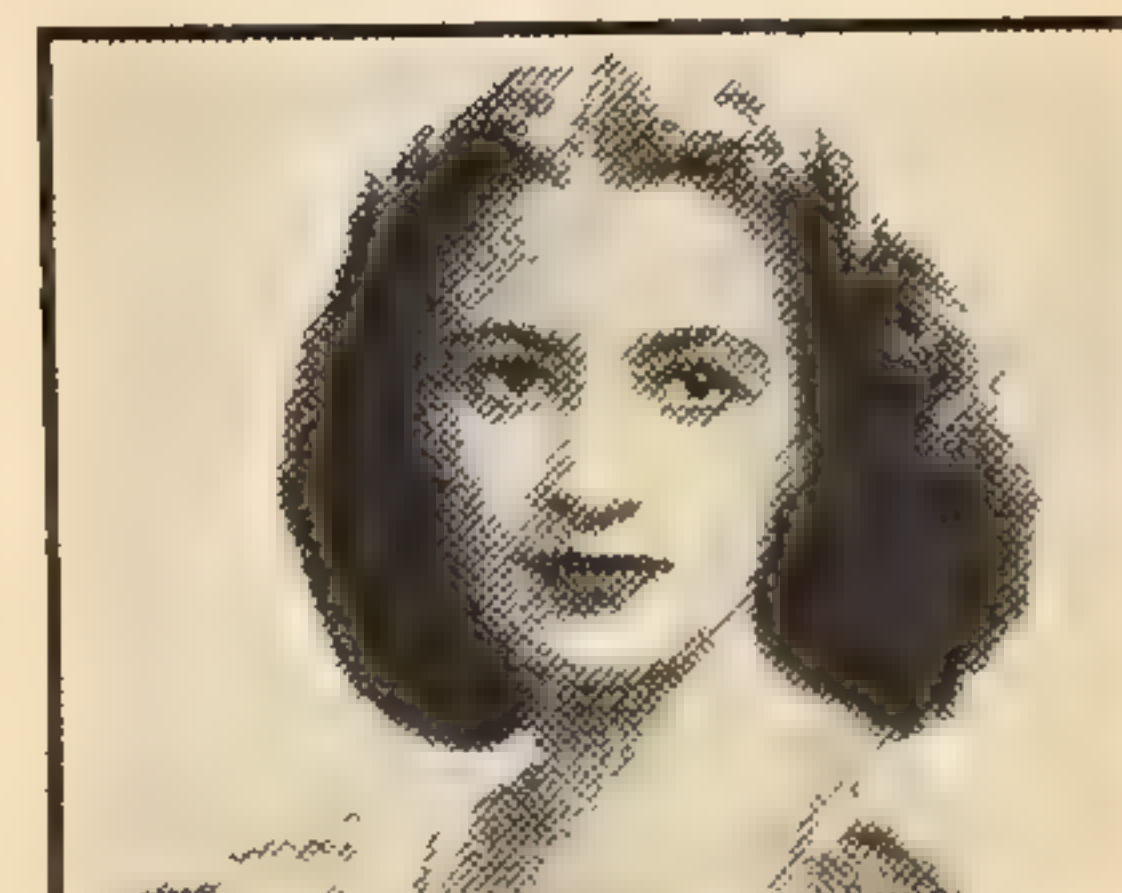


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SAYMAN'S *Vegetable*
Wonder SOAP

In December 1939, Orson's wife—the former Virginia Nicholson, a Chicago socialite—announced in New York that their marriage would end as soon as she could get a Reno divorce. She got it early in February 1940.

The gossip columnists maintained a sharp watch on Orson but couldn't figure out whom he would marry next. He kept everybody, including himself, guessing. He went out with a varied assortment of beauties. He made it apparent that he wasn't in love with any one girl.

Then, in March 1940, Dolores announced that she and Cedric Gibbons had separated. She said, simply, "After months of unhappiness, both Cedric and I have decided it is best to part. I have no intention of getting a divorce, but when marriage between two people becomes impossible, it is wiser to say goodbye."

HOLLYWOOD was completely bowled over by the news. Why, the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage had looked set for a lifetime! They were the couple who made a sentimental pilgrimage every year to the Santa Barbara Mission, where they were married. It was hard to understand what could have made them part. After nine years together, "incompatibility" didn't seem like the answer. Hollywood started looking around for a better reason.

Suddenly, people remembered that Orson Welles had been divorced only a month before. They also remembered hearing that Orson and Dolores had become "very good friends." They catapulted to the conclusion that Orson was to blame for the break-up of the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage.

The circulation of that suspicion gave a large segment of the public a very unflattering opinion of Orson Welles. Let it be said to his credit that that didn't frighten him. He didn't decide to think of his career and forget Dolores. What he decided was that enough people were going to avoid him without his avoiding a friend. He called up Dolores and asked her to go to a concert.

She might not have gone if people hadn't taken the trouble to tell her that they had to laugh at those ridiculous rumors that Orson Welles meant something to her. She had too much respect for Orson to let him be a target for ridicule by her would-be defenders. She accepted his invitation.

That was when the romance really began.

That evening spent together to spite malicious rumor, they discovered just how completely at ease they were with one another. They stopped taking their mental congeniality for granted, started thinking of it as something exceptional, something to appreciate.

Since that evening, Orson hasn't been interested in dating any other girl, and Dolores hasn't been interested in being dated by any other man. They have been sufficient unto each other.

They didn't decide that it was love after three or four dates—or even after three or four dozen. Both had been too recently disillusioned about love to rush into any new emotional alliance on short acquaintance. Each of them was happy just to have found someone companionable—and willing to let time decide whether or not their companionship could be love.

In May 1940, Orson's former wife married again, but the event received only fleeting notice. No one speculated on the possibility that it was she and not Orson, who had wanted a divorce to be free to marry again.

Meanwhile, he and Dolores were beginning to see each other daily—usually

for dinner. Orson, particularly, had a great deal to talk about. He was writing "Citizen Kane." He was excited about it, and he had to communicate his excitement to someone who understood him. Not that that was all they talked about. Far from it. They were beginning to share all their thoughts. And Dolores' thoughts were just as interesting to him as his were to her. He would sit back, fascinated by the miracle that a woman so incredibly beautiful had such a marvelous mind.

Dolores thrived on all of this. She hadn't had so much stimulating conversation in years. Or so much companionship. So many days she had just killed time, waiting for Cedric to come home, hoping he would feel like taking her out—and so many nights he had come home too tired even to talk—until, finally, she couldn't bear it another day.

People who hadn't seen her gay in years suddenly noticed that Dolores was learning how to laugh again. The same people who had once ridiculed Orson began telling her that Orson, with his mad sense of humor, was good for her. One of them asked *him* curiously whether he thought Dolores was more beautiful when she smiled or when she was serious. His answer was: "I think it's nip-and-tuck."

But there still are people who can't believe that Orson and Dolores are a match. Half of them shake their heads and say, "But he's so much younger than she is!" The other half shake their heads and say, "She's so much older than he!"

Somebody, sometime, somewhere, printed that Dolores was twelve years older than Orson—and that figure has stuck in people's minds. Actually, Orson will be 26 in May, and Dolores will be 33 in August. No girl of his own age, and certainly no girl younger, could cope with him. He was a child prodigy, remember. And he's still several jumps ahead, mentally. For companionship, he needs someone with a mature mind, a poised mind, able to discuss life, love, literature or anything else worth discussing—intelligently. And Dolores has that kind of mind.

THEIR mutual interests are unlimited. They enjoy conversing with one another, yet they're the sort, too, who can feel companionable without talking. Which happens when they go fishing, or go on painting-picnics. (Orson, characteristically, paints huge canvases.) They hold hands at concerts, as if to guarantee that the music flows through one as it does the other.

Enjoying the pleasant things of life is important to Dolores—and it's becoming important to Orson, who used to think he wasn't living unless he was in a hectic hurry. He gulped his meals to get back to work sooner. He may still gulp breakfast and lunch, but not dinner. He takes time to eat that slowly, and conversationally, with Dolores.

He thrives on her tolerance. She thrives on his exuberance.

When she parted from Cedric and announced that there would be no divorce, Dolores meant it. She didn't anticipate that she would ever want to marry again. And, particularly, she meant it because of her religion.

Even after she and Orson realized that they were in love, she didn't think she could ever bring herself to sue for divorce. She hesitated weeks before she took the drastic step.

That she did take it, finally, is proof that she and Orson are desperately in love—even though the chronic scoffers scoff, and though they, themselves, refuse to discuss it until Dolores is legally free.

SMOOTHIE!

(Continued from page 49)

let out a deep and business-like growl.

"That mastiff," Tone explained, "is as harmless as a lamb. His name is Bad Boy and he belongs to Burgess."

Eventually Bad Boy departed, and we picked up where we had left off.

What about the life of the free lance?

"The free lance life is strictly for me. I love it. I'm committed to two pictures a year for Universal. But it's an intelligent arrangement. No sappy scripts will be fastened on me. Where we have differences of opinion, Universal and I will talk it over. Beyond that I will do what pictures I please and when."

"Right now I seem to be doing a siege of comedy and enjoying it. Yesterday's dull cinema Casanova has acquired a much-needed sense of humor. It was that way in 'Trail of the Vigilantes' and in 'Nice Girl?' That's how it is in my next, 'She Knew All the Answers,' the 'she' being Joan Bennett who knows a thing or two about romantic comedy herself. I'm a Wall Street broker and she's a smart young operator, sparkling as a pinwheel and mad as a hatter."

None of this sounded like the Franchot Tone we'd read about—the one who was distrustful of interviewers, answered questions with monosyllables, and sped the parting guest so's he could be alone.

"Has your personality changed at all in the last few years?"

"I don't think so. But I have become more aware of whatever personality I possess. One thing I like about this business is that it leaves you no illusions about yourself. Publicity departments, columnists, fan magazine writers—the whole build-up processes—force you to stop and say to yourself: 'Am I really like that?'"

"And when you stop to analyze, you generally have a lot better idea of what you are. Of course you are never sure, so you gradually lose any know-it-all attitude you might have had five years ago."

"What about interviewers?" We finally came right out and asked him. "Do you resent them?"

"Only if they want to distort facts. A good many of them want to fit my remarks into a preconceived story idea. My answers in that case don't really matter. Nor do the interviewers seem to care a jot."

AT WHICH point we will have to begin summarizing the results of our long talk with Mr. T.

His philosophy of life is this: "Gather your rosebuds while you may. Only be sure they ARE rosebuds." What he'd like best of all to do in his leisure is to go fishing with his father and brother.

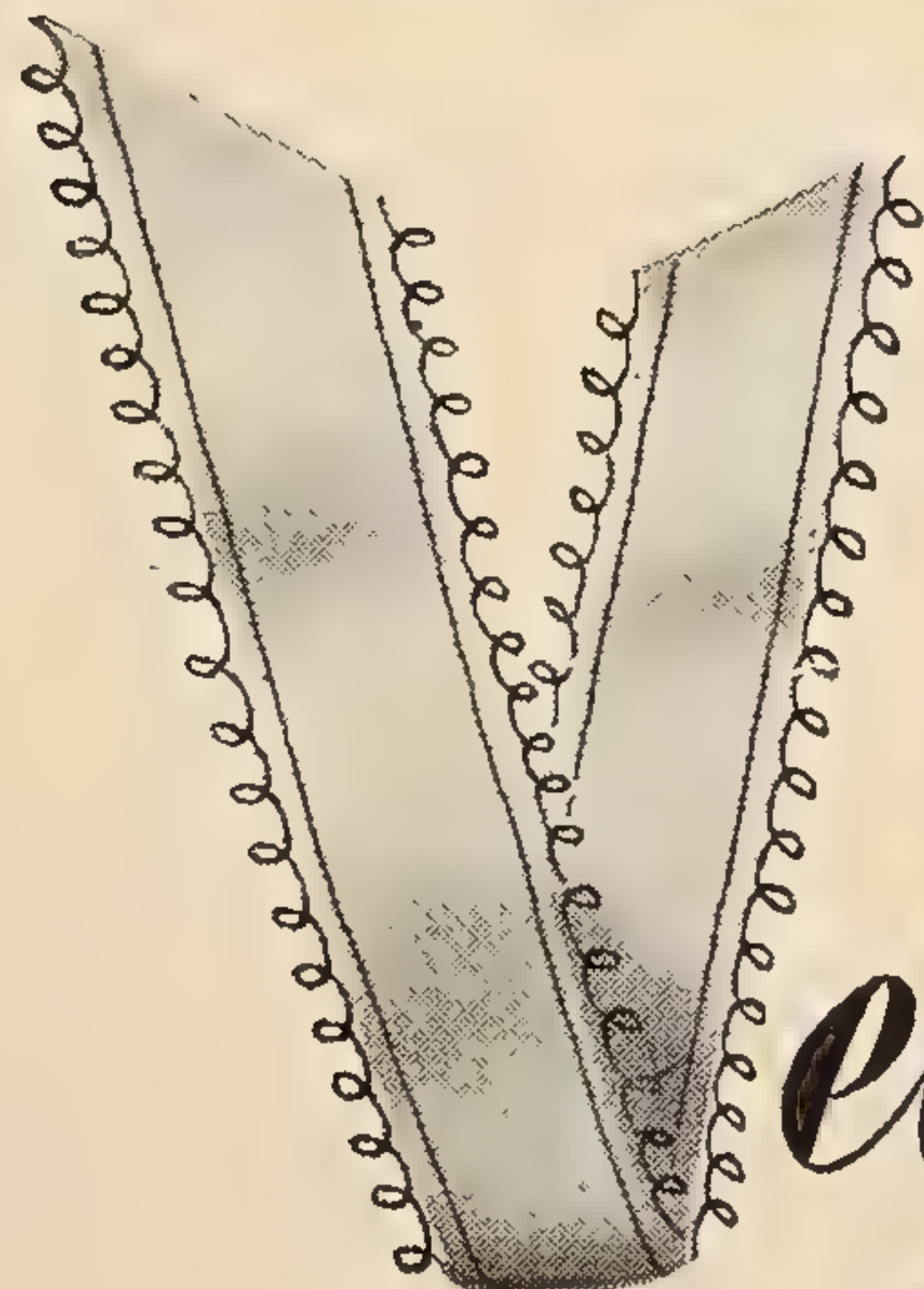
He is very eloquent (and diplomatic) on the topic of "The Type of Woman That Interests Me Most." Says Franchot, after some prodding by the reporter:

"All types of women interest me most. An impromptu and brief reply is really an insult to a subject so intricate, so delicate and so inexhaustible. Beauty, brains, buoyancy; face, form, fancy, feeling, fire; sincerity, sophistication, sensitivity—is there any letter of the alphabet that doesn't furnish a hundred headings?"

What woman he currently believes contains most of these wonderful ingredients you will not learn from us. When we asked him he said: "And what do you think of Shirley Temple?"



What! Hollywood Boulevard paved with VELVET?



Lovely Ellen Drew co-starred with Basil Rathbone in "The Mad Doctor"—a Paramount picture.

Tuleta

No! Hollywood Boulevard is NOT paved with velvet. But glamorous stars and women all over the country who wear Velvet Step shoes become aware of a "walking on velvet" sensation wherever they go. Special features create low-heeled comfort even in the high-heeled styles. You'll find a new softness, a new ease by wearing Velvet Step shoes. You'll like their smartness, too. Their modest price.

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He had no hobbies he quickly volleyed, anything to change the subject. He owned "ten yards of records," most of them classical. His favorite composers are Mozart and Verdi; Respighi and Shostakovich; Hoagy Carmichael and Artie Shaw.

He swears he's a woebegone dancer. "I have failed to get the rhythm of every ballroom innovation since 1927, the year I left college. My favorite dancing partners are the ones who agree that the floor is too crowded anyway."

His Number One phobia is the professional celebrity chaser who devotes his time to lying in wait. His main regret is that he never knew hardship or poverty. He adds very humbly: "I suppose there is still time." Flattery is his chief abomination. His favorite people are willing waiters.

For a Blue Book playboy he has an extraordinary nonchalance about clothes.

"I'm interested in clothes merely as items of comfort—not display."

He subsided for a moment, sent a neat little smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Anything else?" he asked with an amused smile.

We were about to inquire what he thought of Carole Landis with whom his name has been linked a trifle more forcefully than it has to the names of eighteen other luscious damsels, when the telephone rang.

He was humming "Londonderry Air" when he disappeared into the adjoining room. And thinking, in all probability, of those wonderful ingredients that go into the type of woman who interests him most.

At dinner time we bumped into him at Dave Chasen's. With him was a wonderful dream girl, blonde and svelte.

Her initials are all that we'll relay to you.

They are C. L.

Not like in Carole Lombard, either.

HEART-APPEAL PLUS

(Continued from page 27)

for the Walter Langs now work for Cesar. It's questionable as to which appreciates the other more. William has one complaint. He hates to have his picture taken and dies the death of a dog when photographers ask him to pose with the boss. Cesar has no complaints. He puts himself into William's hands. William plans the meals, markets, cooks, cleans, valets. The only thing he doesn't do is the washing. "I'm having six—or eight—to dinner," says Cesar and comes home to a beautifully laid table, beautifully arranged flowers, a beautifully served meal. When it's dinner for eight, William borrows plates and silver from the neighbors. Cesar's service covers only six. The perfect servant, however, doesn't cure the most of anticipatory jitters. He's always afraid his guests may not have a good time. They always do. After dinner they relax with backgammon, gin rummy or gab. The people with whom Romero spends most of his leisure—seeing them constantly either at his home or theirs—include his family, the Walter Langs, the George Murphys, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the Ray Millands, Ty and Annabella Power, the Gary Coopers, the Fred MacMurrays, the Alan Curtises.

His wardrobe provides further evidence of conservative tastes. He owns not more than fifteen suits accumulated over the past seven years. Three or four Oxford grays, three browns, three tweeds that get better-looking with age. When the

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NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFER... because easier to clean
See Your
Doctor Regularly

elbows wear out, he has them patched with leather pads and calls them hunting jackets. Three midnight blue dinner jackets, of which he wears only the newest, keeping the others for rain scenes or walking through brush in pictures. One set of tails, six years old, and he thinks it's high time he bought a new pair. No blue suits. He got fed up with them as a kid when, every time it came to buying a new best suit, it was always blue serge. One loud blue and beige sports jacket which he looks at askance and wears only at a ranch outside Victorville, where he spends occasional days off. He favors striped ties and shirts that are white or tan or white with tan stripes. His dinner shirts are soft-bosomed and collared—he can't bear 'em stiff.

He doesn't care about slipping into something loose. A smoking jacket Bob Taylor gave him five years ago sees the light maybe once in six months. He wears a gold key chain, a gold wristwatch and, on his left pinky, a gold ring presented by Joan Crawford. He sleeps in pajamas, both sections, and for at least eight hours. His favorite drink is gin and tonic.

He's not fussy about food and his breakfast is always the same—orange juice, scrambled eggs and bacon, white buttered toast and coffee. He eats it from a breakfast set with which he was gifted by a former butler who won them via punchboard. He doesn't like skimming the papers, so when he works—which is practically always—the morning paper waits beside his favorite chair, and he goes through it carefully at night with the evening paper. He's an inveterate reader, buys all the latest books and has just finished Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night." He thinks it should be required reading for Americans, to make them realize how damn lucky they are to be

Americans.

His house has no tub, because he always showers. If he ever gets a month or two off, he'd like to go down to Cuba. He was a boy on his last visit and wants to take a look at the cousins he's never seen. He smokes two packs of Chesterfields a day. When people say "tsk, tsk," he picks up a stub to prove that he rarely takes more than three or four puffs. He's a crack tennis player, and his likability is nowhere more in evidence than at the club where everyone wants to sit down and talk to Butch—the tag his friends gave him because he's so un-Butchish. He swims but isn't crazy about it, bowls occasionally and loves to ride. He'd like to own Jimmy, the horse he rides in the "Cisco Kid" pictures, but he's not for sale.

His favorite forms of music are swing and opera, but what he enjoys most is his mother singing at the piano—a happy childhood memory carried happily over into his maturity. He gets a kick out of raking his flowerbed, transplanting cuttings and watching them take root—another holdover. His kid ambition was to be a florist. The only job he ever disputes with William is flower-arranging, at which he's good.

He's had no luck with dogs. Of two cocker spaniels, one was killed by a car, the other by distemper. When Tyrone Power's police dog had a litter, he gave Cesar one of the pups, promptly dubbed "Ty" by Cesar in appreciation. For no discoverable reason, the four-legged Ty took a powder and never came back. Cesar, undiscouraged, is looking forward to the boxer Kay Francis promised him.

He drives a Buick convertible sedan, maroon, at a snappy forty to forty-five, which he thinks is plenty when you're not going to a fire. It's the fifth Buick he's owned and he's owned it five months.

Six months ago coming home from a party, he fell asleep, crashed into a tree, smashed the car up and escaped unhurt. Now he sleeps only when stationary.

If he's not the playboy he's been painted, neither is he a stick-in-the-mud. But he's missed many a good party because he hates to shave and, given the choice between shaving and not dancing, he frequently picks the latter. He does the rumba and tango supremely well, doesn't care for the conga and loves to watch jitterbugs. He thinks midriff dresses are vulgar, sees nothing pretty in the public display of feminine stomachs and eyes with cold distaste strangers who approach him at night clubs with requests that he dance with their wives.

Like any man, he enjoys going out with girls who are attractive, smartly dressed and good companions, and has been seen most recently with Alice Faye, Katherine Leslie and Priscilla Stillman. Katherine and Priscilla are old friends from New York. Priscilla's husband, whom she's divorcing, is also a friend of Cesar's, which is why he did another of his rare burns when Louella Parsons had them waiting only for the final decree before merging.

He has no special heart interest, would like to marry, but sees no sense in marriage unless you're sure you're deeply in love and want to spend the rest of your life with the girl. From the sidelines he's watched so many of his friends divorced, that it's given him to think.

Definitely, finally and forever, he has no ideal, and thinks a man's as likely as not to fall in love with a woman he'd never have expected to look at twice.

She could be Helen, Sappho and Mrs. Midas combined, and Hollywood would still vote her big winner the day she becomes Mrs. Butch (Sweet Guy) Romero.

WHEN IT'S "TIME OUT" ON THE LOT

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Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, co-stars of the Universal picture "Model Wife."

INFORMATION DESK

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NOTE: *If you'd like a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*

Delfin Mendes, Lisbon, Portugal. Virginia Grey's first screen role, that of Little Eva in Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was given her by virtue of her spindly legs and yellow hair. Born in Hollywood, her mother was a cutter at the studio and, although Virginia was brought up in a movie atmosphere, her one ambition was to be a nurse. She's actually had a year's training in a hospital, but is under long-term contract and can't continue with it. Five feet five inches in height, she weighs 117 pounds, has golden hair and blue eyes. She's playing in "Blonde Inspiration" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Margaret Kahn, Medford, Mass. Ted North's fate was decided the moment he was born into one of the Middle West's oldest theatrical families in Topeka, Kansas, on October 3rd, 1916. In college, he attempted to branch off into law, but the smell of grease paint was too tempting, and he came back to the family fold and played in the North stock company. Warner Baxter took an interest in him and helped him get a job just six weeks after he first set foot in California. To date he's played in "The Bride Wore Crutches" and "For Beauty's Sake." He's six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He loves sports, especially basketball and boxing, and always turns to the sports page of a newspaper first—even before the funnies! Thick, juicy steaks smothered in mushrooms are his favorite dish; knocking on wood, his sole superstition; biographies and Esquire his choice reading material. His greatest hope is that he'll be a great actor; his greatest fear, that he won't. You can get hold of him at 20th Century-Fox, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Miss B. J. W., San Diego, Cal. Yes, indeed, Red Skelton's raising Cain in another picture—"Lady Be Good," with Ann Sothorn and Eleanor Powell. . . . John Wayne's starring in "A Man Betrayed" and "Lady from New Orleans" at present. In neither does he play opposite Claire Trevor, sorry to say. . . . As far as Helen Parrish and Charley Lang are concerned, they're inseparable at present.

Jane Follett, Savannah, Ga. Dave Niven's with the British army, but makes his headquarters at the Boodles Club, Saint James Street, London, England, where you can reach him.

Jim Randall, Quincy, Fla. Bronco-busting Charlie Star-

rett's a big bruiser, measuring six feet two inches tall and 180 pounds, with brown hair and eyes. He's the 32-year-old dad of twin boys, Charles and David. His wife's an actress by the name of Mary MacKinnon. . . . Iris Meredith's better known as Iris Shunn to her home-townners in Sioux City, Iowa, where she was born in June, 1915. Her story reads like a fairy tale—she was discovered by a talent scout while cashiering in a theatre! Five feet five inches tall, she weighs a trim 109 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes, is as yet unmarried.

Dorothy Lanage, Pittsburgh, Penn. Lew Ayres found his screen name right in his own Frederick Lewis Ayer. . . . Yes, there's a new Dr. Kildaire picture in the making, but it's as yet unnamed. . . . All scenes in the series are shot on the set, not in a real honest-to-goodness hospital.

Tom O'Neill, San Francisco, Cal. Dick Greene's 26, a native Britisher. He's been in England for several months now. You can get his picture by writing 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., and enclosing 25c in coin or stamps.

F. Lucille Modrak, Plainfield, N. J. That man-about-town, Vic Mature, hails from Louisville, Ky., is six feet two inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He always tried to write plays when he was a boy, but never gave a thought to acting until he landed in Hollywood a few years ago. Since then he's bowled 'em over in "Housekeeper's Daughter," "One Million B. C.," "Captain Caution" and on the Broadway stage in "Lady in the Dark." You can get stills from his pictures at United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (10c apiece). Autographed pictures sell for 25c per. . . . Ask Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal., for stills of "Gone With the Wind."

Ellen Jane Emery, Perth Amboy, N. J. Katharine Hepburn was born into a Hartford, Conn., socially prominent family; goes by her real name. Even before she went to Bryn Mawr, she had done a lot of backyard puppetry and amateur stock theatricals near her home. For 10c you can get an autographed photo of her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

Ann Di Francisco, Camden, N. J. The cast of "Hotel for Women" at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., included: Linda Darnell, James Ellison, Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothorn, John Halliday, Alan Dinehart, Lynn Bari, Jean Rogers, June Gale, Joyce Compton, Katharine Aldridge, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Healy, Amanda Duff, Chick Chandler, Gregory Gaye, Herbert Ashley, Ivan

Lebedeff, Charles Wilson, Helen Ericson and Barnett Parker. . . . You can get stills at 10c apiece at the studio. They'll send you a picture of Jean Rogers for 25c in coin or stamps. Her current film is "Dead Men Tell."

Janet, Charleston, S. C. Your idol, Bruce Cabot, is really Jacques de Bujac of Carlsbad, N. M. He was born 37 years ago this April, is six feet one and one-half inches tall, weighs 180 pounds. His latest picture is "The Flame of New Orleans" with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young.

Bettina Young, Halifax, N. S. Yep, Ruby Keeler was born right in your home town and attended school there until she showed such surprising promise in "drill." Her parents took her to New York and entered her in the Professional Children's School. At 13, she began her stage career in a Broadway show chorus and rapidly sped toward stardom on stage and screen. The person who really takes the honors for discovering and encouraging her is Florenz Ziegfeld, who signed her for "Whoopee" and "Show Girl." We don't know if she has any relatives in Halifax or not. She doesn't spend much time there, 'cause her three homes are located in New York, Scarsdale, N. Y., and Los Angeles, Cal.

M. B. N., Virginia. Since "Kitty Foyle," 30-year-old Dennis Morgan's acted in "Kisses for Breakfast" and "Affectionately Yours." He's married to Lillian Vedder and has a namesake, Stanley, aged 6, and a 3-year-old daughter Kristen. . . . Band-leader Bob Crosby's wed and has a couple kids. His latest pictures are "Rookies on Parade" and "Sis Hopkins." In case you don't know it already, he's Bing's twenty-

seven-year-old younger brother.

Miss A. R. Wolf, Johnstown, N. Y. Up until Shepperd Strudwick happened to play Pierrot in the University of North Carolina dramatic club, he had his heart set on being a writer. Taking the part as a favor to a friend, he made such a hit that he decided to take up acting as a career. Upon his graduation he left his hometown of Hillsborough, N. C. and went to New York where he toiled as office boy to Charles Coburn before breaking into the theater as an understudy. Six feet two inches tall, weighing 170 pounds, he's married to Helen Wynn, a fellow-tourer in "Winterset." M-G-M will send you his picture for 10c.

M. Kelly, Little Falls, N. Y. Humph Bogart can be reached at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., and John Barrymore is at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Burbank, Cal. Photos cost 25c. Metro distributes Ann Rutherford's at a dime apiece.

Lois Bramblett, Middlebury, Vt. Alice Faye was born Alice Leppert in New York City on May 5th, 1915. From the time she was old enough to think, she liked to play "make believe," consequently centered her attentions on the stage. After several Broadway roles, she was called to Hollywood, where she moved her family and settled down permanently. She's five feet five inches tall in high heels, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. She seldom wears jewelry, likes food (especially steak) and spends her spare time between bowling alleys and a comfortable chair with current novels. She loves dogs, is impulsive and can mimic like a parrot. Right now she's seen around a

lot with millionaire Charles Wrightman.

James Rankin, Conshohocken, Pa. Ray Milland would be glad to hear from you. Write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. With your request for a picture, enclose 25c in coin or stamps. He was born in Neath, Wales, on Jan. 3, 1907.

Miss D. De Rose, New York City. Linda Darnell was christened Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell in Dallas, Texas, shortly after her birth on Oct. 16, 1923. One of six children, there wasn't time for her parents to spoil her. She had worked on the stage and as a model even before finishing high school. Five feet, four inches tall, she weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. As far as her favorites are concerned, she has better luck with actors than animals: She gets roles opposite Ty Power, but she's always getting hay fever from her dozens of prize rabbits!

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★	*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★	Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	C 3★	Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★	Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
Arizona (Columbia).....	4★	Meet the Missus (Republic).....	2★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	*Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★	Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★	Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
*Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★	*Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★	*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	2½★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★	Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Nobody's Children (Columbia).....	2½★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★	North West Mounted Police (Paramount)....	C 3½★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★	Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★	No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
*Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
*Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★	*Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★	Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★	Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M).....	4★
*Double Date (Universal).....	2★	Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Dulcy (M-G-M).....	3★	Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)....	2½★	Pride of the Bowery (Monogram).....	2½★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Father's Son (Warners).....	C 2★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)....	C 2★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★	Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	*Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	4★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★	Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	2½★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★	Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★	Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
*Girl, a Guy and a Gob, A (RKO).....	3½★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Golden Fleece, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal).....	2★
*Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	San Francisco Docks (Universal).....	2½★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	*Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
*Hard-Boiled Canary, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)...	2★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★	Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	2★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★	So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★	Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners).....	3★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)....	3½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Irene (RKO).....	3★	Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★	Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	2½★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★	*That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	2½★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Knut Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★	Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
*Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★	Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	3★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★	Trial of the Vigilantes (Universal).....	3★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
*Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★	Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★	You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic).....	3★	You're The One (Paramount).....	2½★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

BLONDES PREFERRED

(Continued from page 29)

in the company of Cary Grant. Dave Chasen and sundry other Hollywood restaurant impresarios, by instruction, fend off all lensmen whenever Cary and his lady step into their places for a spot of cakes and ale.

They met on a boat, these two. The boat was bound for Europe. They met and they parted. A year was to pass before they saw each other again.

At the time the two met, the movie magazines were carrying stories which showered premature blessings on "the coming marriage" of dark Cary to blonde Phyllis Brooks. By the time he returned to Hollywood, the Grant-Brooks romance had simmered down to the freezing point. Barbara Hutton, on the other hand, was in the throes of the great disillusionment which had come over her in the wake of the crash of her marriage to Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow. The vibrations were just right. So were the two temperaments.

They met again the following March in New York, whither Cary had repaired for a vacation. As the poets say, they discovered each other. It was a wonderful discovery entailing nights on the town, nights perpetrated with that legendary good taste and quiet that is Cary's long suit.

They parted once more. Back in Hollywood, Cary's then room-mate, one Randolph Scott, noted with a chuckle of delight that once again a blonde lady's photograph was decorating the Grant quarters. Her name, of course, was Barbara Hutton.

Episode three took place last summer.

It was very picturesque and spontaneous. Miss Hutton put into San Francisco with her son, Lance, en route for Honolulu. It was a brief visit and has nothing much to do with the story except that she was entertained by the Countess di Frasso with such élan that hardly had she arrived in Hawaii before she turned back and headed for California and the di Frasso hospitality. The delighted hostess, casting about for a nice eligible male escort, bethought herself of Cary Grant. She arranged for him to be on hand for the dinner party celebrating Miss Hutton's arrival in Los Angeles and saw to it that he put in his appearance for follow-up dinners. She noticed that the two were doing fine, and quit playing Cupid.

THE immediate outgrowth of this was that Barbara Hutton leased the Keaton house and decided to stay awhile. From this point on, you might say, love was in full bloom.

Cary's friends took to Barbara almost from the beginning. It took a little time to get by the shy Barbara to the gay and even hilarious Babs, but it was well worth the effort. Ever afterwards, Cary's friends were Barbara's friends, a condition which improves by the day. Closest of their chums are Reginald Gardiner, Ricardo Cortez, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Maschio (she's Constance Moore), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elsa Maxwell and, of course, the Countess di Frasso.

Babs Hutton is the person that probably charmed Cary Grant. The same painfully

shy person to strangers, is a veritable pixie on the proper occasions. Gay, merry, and even waggish, she is a one-woman Mardi Gras. In this mood, she's in love with life and even more in love with dancing.

A typical occasion was last January 18, which happened to be the birthdays of Cary Grant and Connie Moore, a fete celebrated jointly by the parties concerned. Last year Johnny Maschio gave the party. This year Barbara Hutton tossed a . . . well . . . spectacle. There were twenty-four guests for dinner and after that the house was thrown open for dancing.

The first chorus had hardly begun before Babs was on the floor with Cary, gay and light-hearted. For something like one hundred and twenty choruses she kept it up, not with Cary, of course. She danced with any and all comers—conga, shag and rumba, along with the old stand-bys. It was six A. M. before she had gotten enough. At six, as you guessed, the party broke up.

People meeting her for the first time see Barbara Hutton as a frail-looking, retiring and uncommunicative girl. The frailness amounts to a mere 96 pounds. And she wants it that way. Once she weighed something like 140. A three-year diet brought her down to her present lissomeness, which she wouldn't trade for the controlling interest in General Motors. Her retiring disposition comes of an inability to take people in at a glance; born, as she was, with a warm, trusting nature that was too often abused. Her uncom-

Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

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the big bad Wolf says "Goody"

The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How do you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?"

"By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne.

"My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

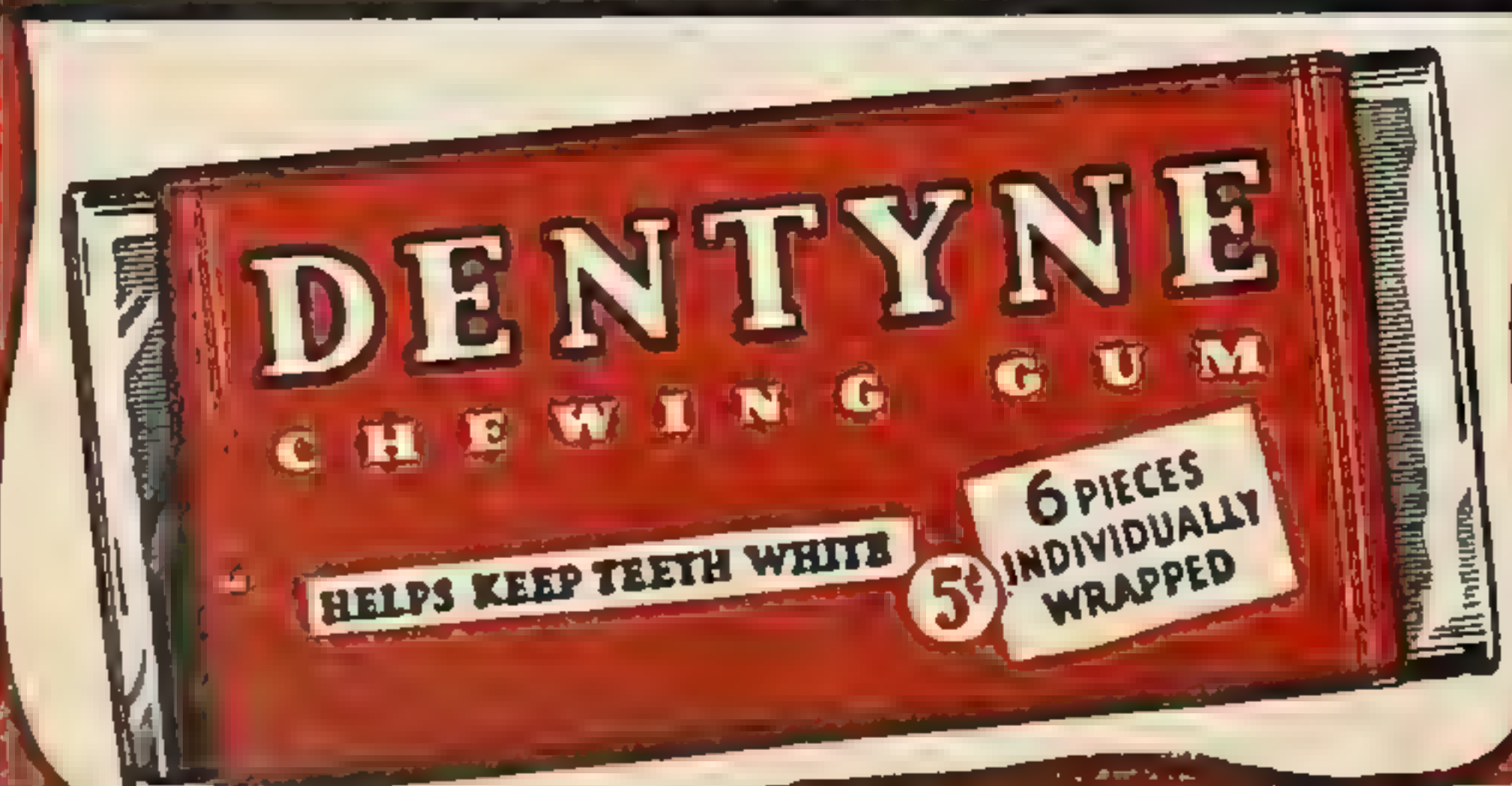
(Moral: Help your teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)



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municative nature is the result of conditioning; too many of her statements have been twisted to the purpose of the hearer. This, then, is Barbara Hutton.

Babs is the down-to-earth person who is always playing tricks on Cary, who takes them in his stride. This is the same Babs who loves to hike with Cary. And she does. Their favorite haunt is the Malibu mountains. A veritable antelope, she covers ground with lightning dispatch.

She's also fond of swimming. The locale, often, is Cary's beach house which is the focal point for Cary's friends. The blonde one swims well, dives better. Cary is just as apt to loll on the sands and toss a medicine ball at one of his pals, preferably one who can catch his hot tosses.

They play tennis together and they're about even. One day she'll trim him badly and the next time, after brushing up like mad for a solid week, he'll take her into camp.

For non-athletic diversion, the favorite pastime is record-making. Barbara pours out her heart in Hawaiian song for the benefit of the recording machine. Jimmy Stewart will do some incidental clowning. Connie Moore will team up with Cary for a duet. After they make a batch, Cary, Barbara and their guests will spend the afternoon running them off and shrieking with glee.

One of Barbara's cutest habits is word collecting. Every now and then she will come running up to Cary or maybe Reggie Gardiner and say: "I've got another word!"

Then with girlish glee, she'll pronounce it carefully, spell it, define it, and for good measure, tell how she came across the word. Naturally, anyone that enthusiastic about words can be counted upon to be a to-the-death foe of wrong pronunciation and bad grammar.

"The accent is on the second syllable, not the third," she's often telling Cary.

"All right, darling, all right," he comes back, mispronouncing it again on purpose.

During Cary's last trip to New York, he put in a call to Barbara.

"What are you doing, Cary?" she inquired, en passant.

"Oh, just laying around," he answered.

"Lying," said Barbara. "You ought to know better."

"Darling," expostulated Cary, "am I getting lessons in grammar at two dollars a minute, or am I calling up to find out how you're feeling?"

They seldom go night-clubbing. Cary's would be nifty, but there's always a photographer lurking around with a

camera that takes a picture in 1/2500th of a second, which is very fast, indeed.

In clothes, both lean toward the British school, which is to say, to the chic without splash. Cary goes for anything from tweeds to subdued plaids. Barbara's street clothes are conservative, although for evening wear she exhibits a glamour that is truly queenly. Her wardrobe, of course, runs into the hundreds of items. What is not from the closed European ateliers of Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Vionnet, and Alix is the handiwork of Bernie Newman of Hollywood, the I. Magnin designer. For daytime wear, she fancies suits, many of them tweeds. Evenings, she loves gold and silver lamé. The number she wore for the Grant-Moore birthday to-do was a masterpiece. It made her look like Snow White in white tulle that "went on for hours," with a row of brilliants across the bust. To boot, there was a rope of rubies and diamonds that gave out a choker-effect, and made her look like a Persian princess. Ordinarily, she is content with a pear-shaped diamond that may or may not be the gift of one Cary Grant.

Her present quarters contains something like twenty rooms, is staffed by a half dozen servants, all of whom love her, thanks to the democratic and considerate treatment she shows them. You couldn't bribe one of them with a Cord automobile.

Cary and Barbara have dinner alternately (more-or-less) at one another's places. They are gay affairs—with friends for the most part. Miss Hutton drinks seldom and little, an occasional glass of champagne representing her entire stint. Cary has no truck with champagne, likes scotch and soda, and drinks with typical English moderation and minimum after effects.

A peerless pixie under the right auspices, she is for all that, a devoted mother. Never was more love lavished on an offspring than is showered upon the tousled, blonde head of Master Lance, aged five. Bright as a 1942 penny, he's the darling not only of his mother but of Cary, himself. The two are always indulging in horseplay. He thinks Cary as an actor is "super-colossal," a word he picked up when Sam Goldwyn and he had a five-minute chat. He calls Cary, "Uncle." Cary has stopped blushing.

This, gentle readers, is the story. If Cary Grant turns around and marries Phyllis Brooks the day this history hits the stands, don't blame us. Cary is just perverse enough to do something like that.



From left to right at a recent Hollywood banquet: Colonel Levinson, Major General Mauborgne—chief officer of the United States Army Signal Corps, Darryl Zanuck (who has been made a Lt. Colonel) and Lt. Levinson.

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BAFFLING BACHELOR

(Continued from page 45)

unpleasant Bolshevik waving a butcher knife.

Well, that sort of thing has its impressions on a growing tot. And maybe that's why Sanders is firmly resolved to enjoy life at this latter day. One thing is certain. That Continental suavity, that absolutely icy poise and polish the fellow has today, stem right from a childhood crammed with passports, visas and foreign hotels. George has visited practically every country in and out of Europe. He can whip from Spanish, into French, into German, into Russian and back to a fairly thick Oxford accent without dropping an aitch. That's the reason he can play Nazis so easily. "I have a flair for accents," yawned George.

He was finally Anglicized, more or less, by exposure to schools in England, Dunhurst, Bedales, Brighton College and the Manchester Technical School where, incidentally, he acquired a mania for inventing gadgets which haunts him to this day.

His first job took him right to the ends of the earth—to Patagonia, of all places, to sell English cigarettes. Business was terrible, of course, and so was salesman Sanders. The toasted, roasted, cream-of-the-crop line didn't bother them a bit.

The tobacco company back in London soon got sick of George's empty order book and issued an ultimatum. "Either get rid of some cigarettes," they cabled, "or we'll do likewise with you." George turned to show business.

He hired a magician, a hootchy dancer and a couple of guitarists, bought a checked vest and started *en tour*. The natives were impressed. He sold a lot of cigarettes that way and, what counted more in the long run, George, doubling in brass, learned how to play the saxophone, the guitar and, when things got tough, to step to the footlights and warble out a song.

The company next ordered him into Chile to make the back country "gasper"-conscious. That's what threw George. They never had enough theatres for his show in the Chile sticks and sometimes not even roads. He got the old inventive bean working and figured out a cigarette blitz by airplane. He designed little parachutes to waft a pack of his brand down from heaven, wrapped in a dodger telling about their tasty, tangy goodness. Then he flew over backwoods Chile bailing them out like parachute troops over Holland. The Chileans smoked George's cigarettes, but they didn't care for his literature. "Eventually," sighed George, "I was fired."

That was about the time of Black Friday and the Wall Street flop that was heard 'round the world. When George dragged back to London there was plenty of nothing to do. Some of the things he was forced to do to keep body and soul on speaking terms were, Mr. Sanders told us, "practically unmentionable."

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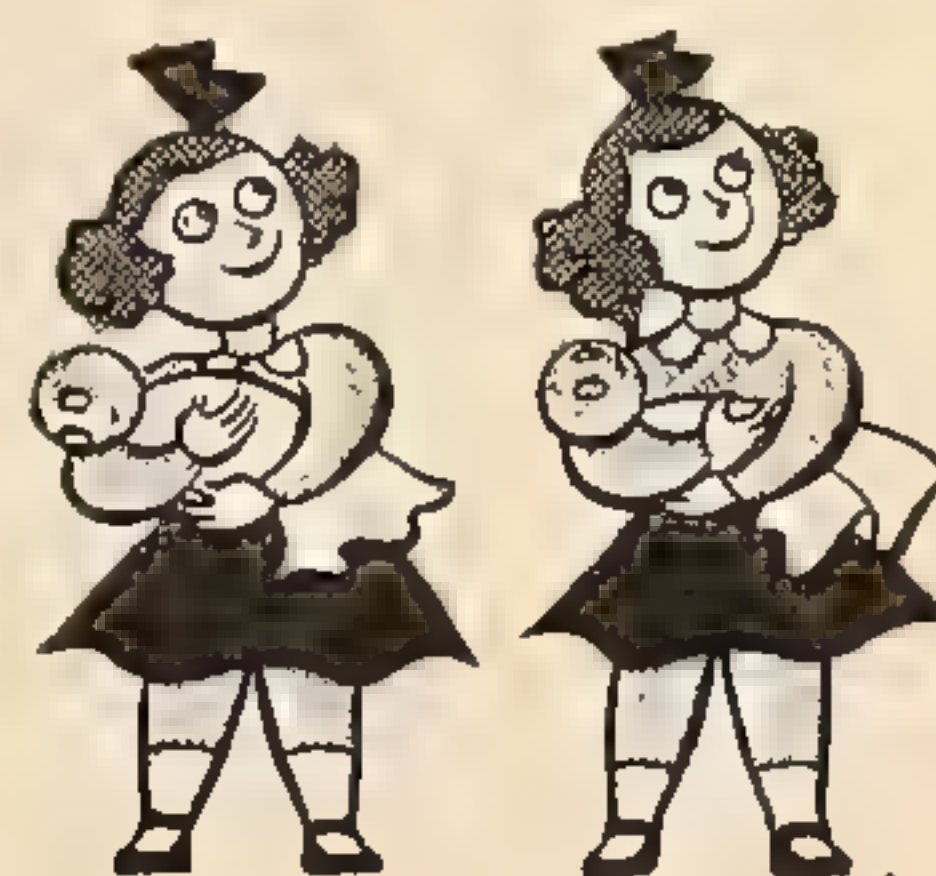
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"I used to live in a foul boarding house," George reminisced, "with the most treacherous looking bunch of blokes. One used to stalk around the place wrapped in a sheet. He only had one suit. Another was a wrestler, who let his whiskers grow so he could gash up the other fellow. When you opened the door to this heaven the odor almost knocked you down. The landlord charged twenty shillings a week and for breakfast we got an egg on a fish—can you imagine that to greet the morn? Ghastly!"

—Once when things got extra tough George put an ad in the agony column of the London Times. "Wanted—home," it said, "by talented young man of good character and education, pleasant disposition, etc., etc." That was his inventive gag mind going again, as it always does in pinches or just for pleasure. George figured there might still be philanthropists in the world. Well, he got a couple of hundred letters from other boarding houses extolling the merits of their bed and board and one from a nice lady who asked him to call. George did, expecting some ancient Christian soul. Instead there was a lovely girl with plenty of this and that to greet him. "I met a lot of nice people through her, too," recalled George.

SANDERS might still be knocking about London if it hadn't been for his uncle who was a musician. "Why don't you try singing?" asked the uncle. "Anybody who can talk can sing, if they just work a little at it." George took his advice for six months more of starvation. Then one night at a party he boomed out "The Road to Mandalay" in his new found baritone, and tickled the ears of a London stage producer who hustled him right into a revue called "Ballyhoo." He doubled in a piano act and was off to the races.

I don't mean it was all fish and chips right away. George kept on missing a meal now and then. But he got in some more revues and then on the stage with Edna Best and Dennis King and Noel Coward. That led to radio and television and pretty soon the British picture boom came and British Dominion signed him up to make movies. He did that for a list of pictures. He'd still be there but, "The studio burned down," snored George quietly. "Had to, by Jove, to get rid of me. They sold my contract in America—down the river, you know. Body belongs to Hollywood, but my soul to God!" George sighed and closed his grey eyes peacefully.

In Hollywood today, if you ask him what his real ambition is he'll say, "Good heavens—financial security, of course!" without handing out any stuff about artistic expression. On the face of things you might call George on the tight side with his money. He lives in a tiny apartment about as big as a dinette in unfashionable Hollywood. He drives a four-year-old Buick which he swears he's going to wear out to get his money's worth. He handles all his own financial affairs and trots to the bank each payday to sock it away personally. He doesn't lay any out across the plush picture colony bars at a dollar a snort. As for clothes, sack jackets and flannels are his speed, and he wears them down to the last thread.

A little while ago a local Hollywood charity guild planned a display of stars' clothing for a benefit. They sent out requests for duds not in use and the Hollywood luminaries put their fanciest rags on display for sweet charity. When George was asked for something for fans to gaze at he sent over some old underwear. There was Dietrich's latest Irene

BLONDES from 2 to 42

AT2 gentle and safe for children.
AT12 keeps hair light and golden.
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New 11 Minute HOME SHAMPOO

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking.

Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair, Blondex is the largest selling blonde shampoo in the world. Get it today at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

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"Made For Kisses" Says Stag Line

A Coquette? A Two-Timer? Not necessarily. Just an impishly pretty girl, made irresistible by using one of the lovely new shades of IMP LIPSTICK. It is the glamour touch to any pretty face, the super oomph appeal that makes lips lusciously kissable. Try IMP LIPSTICK and watch the stag line take notice. IMP LIPSTICKS are creamy, never greasy or oily. Stay on fresh, smooth and vivid all day and never get dry or cracked. Try these lovely shades: Dev'lish Red, Vivid Red, True Red, Natural, Dark and Orchid. Jumbo sticks only 10c. Or get the Imp Lipstick Kit, containing 3 beautiful matched shades, for 10c. Nothing finer at any price. If your 5 and ten store hasn't IMP write for shade you prefer, enclosing 10c.

IMP CO. 750 N. Hudson Ave., Chicago
Enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) for which send me, postpaid, IMP LIPSTICK Shade _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

creation, Joan Crawford's dazzling furs, Shearer's swank chapeaux and—George Sanders' torn and tattered shorts!

They thanked him—er—just the same, and asked if they should return them or give them away. "Send them back!" yelled George. "There's lots of wear in those pants yet!"

About the only screen relief George has had from cads and bounders in almost five years has been the "Saint" series, although he did a nice sympathetic guy in "Rage in Heaven." He's up to his old tricks again being a Nazi in "Man Hunt" at Twentieth Century-Fox, a thriller diller about a chap who takes a pot shot at Hitler.

George says he'd just as soon keep on being a bad egg if it's all right with the customers. It's so much easier.

"You have to get up so blasted early to make pictures," he explained. "I'm always in a terrible temper. It's a bloody cinch to be nasty. I have to act to be nice. Acting's work."

What George Sanders considers definitely not work, he informed me, is tinkering. "I am simply nuts about making gadgets, gags and Rube Goldberg inventions," he sighed happily. "If I could sit at a desk all day surrounded by a gang of craftsmen sawing, pounding and screwing together my bright ideas, I'd be the happiest man on earth. My ambition in life is to invent some toy or gag that catches on like wildfire all over the land. Any picture I make is out of date in six weeks. But if I could only click with a gadget—then I'd feel practically immortal."

Well, George has been hard at it gadgeting all the time. He's working right now on a new, improved ski. In the past he's patented easy gadgets for this and that—the kind of freak things you read about every now and then—like wienies with zippers and things. "Definitely crackpot," admits George. George took time off, too, not long ago, and built himself a cabin cruiser with his own hands, down in Santa Monica Bay. He almost got to Catalina with it, but not quite. Then he sold it and put the profits in the bank.

Sometimes George, who can still bang a piano, sing and bleat at a saxophone, composes a bit. For instance, he composed the whistle melody that tags all of the "Saint" pictures, and that got him in a pretty hot spot, by the way.

The Los Angeles police put the bite on George recently to appear at a local theatre and give a talk on safe driving.

The minute he showed up on the stage, the crowd began yelling "Hello, 'Saint'—the whistle—the whistle!"

"And there I was," said George, "and I

Solution To Puzzle on Page 10

G	A	R	Y		B	E	L	A		B	A	L	L		V	A	S	T
A	L	O	E		R	E	E	L		O	L	I	O		E	S	T	E
B	L	O	N	D	E	L	L			A	N	D	E	R	S	O	N	
L	E	S	S	E	N		A	R	D	E	N		E	L	A	I	N	E
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S	A	C		H	A	S		A	I	T		O	O	S		L	L	D
O	L	I	V	E	R		A	R	L	E	N		P	A	R	C	A	E
A	L	L	A	Y	I	N				O	V	E	R	E	A	T	S	
P	A	L	M		L	A	N	A		J	O	A	N		A	D	I	T
S	N	A	P		S	N	I	P		A	N	T	S		L	E	N	E



Beauty News!

Broadway Actresses and Models Reveal Secret of Skin Care

● A lovely, clear, smooth complexion is a "must" to every actress and photographer's model. Their very jobs may depend on it!

That's why a recent beauty survey means *real news for YOU!* Because it shows that 9 out of 10 Broadway actresses from the shows, "Panama Hattie," "Louisiana Purchase" and "DuBarry Was a Lady"—and 4 out of 5 of the 65 famous New York models interviewed, including the girls shown here, use *the same treatment for poor complexion or skin comfort!* It's snow-white, greaseless Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream.

If you're troubled with externally-caused blemishes, rough, unattractive skin, *try* Noxzema. See how its medication soothes and helps heal such blemishes—how its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings—what a grand aid it is for keeping skin soft and smooth! **TRIAL OFFER.** For a *limited time only* you can get the special 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter today.



Beautiful Miriam Franklin of Broadway's smash-hit, "Panama Hattie," gives beauty tip!



"Jinx" Falkenburg, famous New York photographer's model and "magazine cover" girl, uses it, too!

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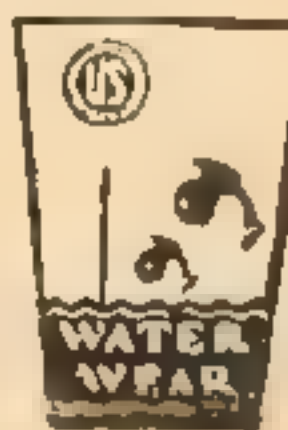
a couple of U.S. Howland Swim Caps — the patented suction cups keep water out.

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1. **DAB ON** Liquid Nonspi. Easy to apply...dries quickly.
2. **USE NONSPI** as frequently as needed. Harmless to skin or clothing when used as directed.
3. **COOL AND SOOTHING**—will not sting or burn.
4. **SEND 10¢** for trial size of Liquid Nonspi to The Nonspi Co., Dept. O-1, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.



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can't whistle!" They dub it in at RKO, but the crowd didn't know that. They were pretty disgusted when the big bruiser screwed up his face and hissed weakly like a small girl.

Most of the time, however, George Sanders doesn't stick his neck out like that. He is as cagey as a canary and comfort comes first—above career and even kinfolks. Not long ago George brought his family, now refugees, over from England. He has one sister in Berlin, married to a German. But the rest of his folks—his brother, father and mother—are on the other side of the fence. So George rented a big Beverly Hills mansion with swimming pool, palm trees, patios and hot and cold running Japs. It didn't work. George liked to snooze and his folks were up and about and a lot of other things. He has them in a house in Laguna now, and George moves around, like any other typical bachelor, from hideout to hideout. He doesn't own a stick of furniture; doesn't want an ounce of the worry possessions bring.

Once a while back, George joined up with the Westside Tennis Club, a fashionable movie court club. That didn't last long either. "The business of getting dressed and undressed, showering and all that — too much bother," explained George. "I like tennis, but I certainly won't play until I have everything within ten steps and a bed handy."

How he keeps his giant body in trim remains a mystery considering the Sanders constant state of coma. Maybe it's because food means nothing to him. He's a milk, bread and cheese boy, and he'll gnaw happily at an apple while the rest of the studio is loading up on a six-course lunch. For diversions George said he plays a fair rubber of bridge, lots of ponderous chess with a small circle of friends. He doesn't go too much for reading. One, because it's a lot of effort and, two, because he likes to think his own thoughts instead of cribbing them from somebody else.

As for the ladies—well, he likes them as much as they like George. Yes, indeed. Only you'll never hear much about George Sanders' romances. That makes it especially irritating to the mob of eager females who burn to think of George going to waste. They want to know why someone hasn't hooked him.

Well, I asked George how come, and he arched his eyebrows, like he does, into a perplexed peak and said, "To tell the truth, I've had some narrow escapes. But I guess the reason I'm single is because I like to have my cake and eat it too. I like my freedom. Yessir! Still," mused George Sanders, with a slightly twisted grin, "I'd probably be the easiest bachelor in the world to catch on something like Sadie Hawkins Day. I simply couldn't run very hard. I'm awfully lazy, you know."

So go to it, girls. But don't say that you weren't warned about him. I still say he's strictly unreliable.

You'll never forgive yourself if you miss the July MODERN SCREEN, 'cause we're giving you a peek into the closet of your pet teenster—you'll see her wardrobe from beanies to scanties!

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

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CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
450 W. Superior St., Chicago

10¢

Twin Sisters
DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK



BRITTLE NAILS

(Continued from page 55)

diet to see if it contains sufficient nail-building essentials—calcium and minerals. Foods that are particularly rich in these and which you need for strong, beautiful nails are milk, citrus fruits, cheese and leafy green vegetables. Find out if you're drinking enough water, too, at least eight glasses a day, because nails react to systemic dryness just as complexions do. Try to protect your nails from small shocks and blows and careless manicuring for an injury to the base may affect the nail-manufacturing process going on in the matrix.

Taking care of your health and correcting your diet can improve the quality of your nails, but once you have grown good ones, what do you do to keep them that way? If you aren't already following a regular routine of nail care, begin today.

Get off to a right start by treating yourself to a thorough, careful manicure, using only oily preparations. Always use an oily polish remover and cuticle softener, then soak your nails in special oily nail lubricants before proceeding with your regular manicure. File and smooth brittle nails with an emery board, holding it at right angles with the nail and filing from the outside toward the center.

UNTIL your nails come back strong and healthy, don't yield to the temptation to shape them in long slender points. These are much more vulnerable to breaking than oval shapes which have strong bases to support them. Let your nails grow out at the corners, too, as this strengthens and gives them added support.

Buff brittle nails before applying polish. This has a two-fold advantage. It stimulates the circulation beneath the nail and promotes its growth, and it also polishes the nail surface, leaving a satiny smooth base to which nail protectors will adhere.

After your manicure, smooth on another coat of nail cream or oil and massage your hands well with a rich lotion or oily cream. Brittle nails and their companions, dry hands, devour as much lubricant as they can get and show their appreciation by looking better with every application.

One weekly manicure—no matter how well done—isn't sufficient to restore brittle nails to pliancy and strength, so here's a day-by-day routine to follow. And it can't be pursued willy-nilly if you want results.

After you've washed your hands and smoothed on an oily lotion or cream, apply a special nail lubricant around the bases, allowing it to remain on long enough to be absorbed.

Go over brittle nails daily with an emery board to remove all rough edges. They're regular dust catchers and split nails always invite more accidents, too.

Every night before you retire, buff each nail at least ten times, then lubricate the tips with a rich cream or oil. As frequently as possible—at least once or twice a week—give them a hot oil treatment, soaking them for five or ten minutes in oil that's comfortably warm.

You'll add to nail flexibility and to the softness of your hands, too, if you will leave the excess oil on over night. Slip your hands into cotton gloves like those Dorothy Lamour is wearing on page 55. These gloves are inexpensive and really great little sheet-savers as well as wonderful oil keeper-oners for your hands.

PAY SO LITTLE— GET SO MUCH!

What's a few pennies? The difference between "just smoking" and *superb* Marlboros... made from tobaccos which *cheaper* cigarettes could never afford.

Now only 20¢



IVORY TIPS
PROTECT THE LIPS

Also Plain Ends
and
Beauty Tips (red)

MARLBORO *America's
Luxury Cigarette*

If you are as faithful to this routine as you are to the regular cleansing and care of your face, it won't be long before your nails begin to take on new life and strength. Don't be discouraged, however, if wonders aren't accomplished overnight—and don't abandon this treatment at the first signs of improvement, either. The care you are giving them now is beautifying your present nail-surfaces, but there is new nail growth to come and that takes four or five months to mature from matrix out to the tip.

You can pursue your everyday activities, of course, but do use discretion. Don't expect your nails to have the strength of mechanical devices that are made to remove thumb tacks from walls, to scratch paint off doors or to open tightly sealed packages. Don't laugh. We've seen pretty intelligent girls try just such stunts with their nails. But don't you do it. Treat your nails with respect and keep them well lubricated, and before you can say onychocryptosis*, your nails will do you proud.

With mesh gloves and short sleeves in the offing, your hands are in for particular scrutiny this summer. But they'll be lovely to look at if you keep them soft and smooth with Chamberlain's Lotion. It's a marvelous summer beautifier for both hands and arms, and a grand protection against dryness, heat and wind when you go motoring. It spreads quickly and easily and leaves your skin satiny smooth, and it isn't at all sticky. Many women like to use Chamberlain's Lotion as a powder base, too. Why don't you try a bottle today? You'll find it in a handy 10-cent size at your local variety store. Also in 25-cent, 50-cent and \$1.00 sizes.

*Onychocryptosis—ingrowing nail.

We hope you're not one of the girls who risk infection and ruin the beauty of their nails by forever hacking at their cuticles with scissors. Rough cuticle is unsightly, we'll admit, but it's pretty "old hat" and absolutely unnecessary to cut it. There's an excellent product on the market, called Trimal, that softens this dead tissue so that it can be easily removed without cutting. All you have to do is to saturate a cotton-swathed orange stick with Trimal and work it around the bases of your nails. Then soak your fingers in warm water for a few seconds—and, presto, the dead cuticle can be wiped away without further ado, leaving your nails smooth, well-groomed and healthy.

Here's a new summer thrill for girls who are fastidious about the appearance of their fingertips. Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish, a new improved lacquer, has been introduced in twelve delectable shades besides transparent, all packaged in newly designed hard-to-tip bottles. The colors run the entire gamut of becoming nail-polish tones, ranging from the palest flesh tint to clear red, slightly brown red to deeper shades with undertones of blue. There's a shade to harmonize with every popular summer color and several that will blend beautifully with your own skin tones. They're only 10 cents apiece, so you won't feel extravagant if you buy several to be up-to-the-minute in finger-tip beauty whenever you change your outfit. The polish has a grand lustrous finish and, if properly applied, will last for days.

Cracking, peeling nails are a social error you ought to avoid. If your polish chips off easily, let Mani-Prep do the job

The sweetest lipstick I ever used
HELPS MY BREATH KEEP SECRETS



Priscilla Parker
BREATH CORRECTING
Lipstick

will delight you also. It renders a two-way service:

1. It produces maximum lip loveliness because it has all the fine qualities of any good lipstick.
2. It gives additional assurance of daintiness by neutralizing unpleasant breath, also breath odors from cocktails, cigarettes, highly seasoned foods, etc.

Only Priscilla Parker Breath Correcting Lipstick contains special, effective, yet harmless ingredients which neutralize offensive breath odors as you naturally moisten your lips.

DeLuxe styles, 50c and \$1.00.
Also available in 20c size at your favorite dime store.

Parker Bouldin Co., St. Paul, Minn.



the loveliest thing
in make-up



Chiffon
POWDER

Irresistible allure! Chiffon Face Powder is sifted through the finest silk to remove tiny particles of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer lasting—and to make you look lovelier! Its Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine—truly glamorous! In seven high fashion shades. 10¢

Chiffon Lipstick
Chiffon All-Purpose Cream
Get all 3 at your five-and-ten!

PRIMROSE HOUSE
595 Fifth Avenue, New York



of putting your nails in condition. It's a scientific preparation that checks the cause of peeling and chipping and produces a clear, clean nail surface over which polish may be applied evenly and smoothly. Rub each nail with cotton soaked with Mani-Prep, then wipe dry, and apply your usual nail lacquer. You'll be terribly surprised at how much longer it will last.

Do your hands play a game of hit and miss whenever you begin to apply nail polish? If they do, you'll find the LeSager Finger Rest a source of never-ending joy and comfort, for it holds one hand steady while the other applies the lacquer with sure, deft strokes. And what an improvement there is in the finished job! The finger rest is a neat little gadget made of light-weight metal, with four roomy, long grooves for fingers to repose in comfortably. Its light frame base is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, so you don't have the worry of keeping the finger-steadier steady. You can buy this device for a trifle at your local syndicate store.

If your busy hands are rough and dry with little lines showing up like the divisions in a patchwork quilt, they need a rich softening cream that will supply to your skin the natural oil it lacks. Helen Ayars Hand Cream is a smooth spreading cream that contains lanolin, a particularly good skin softener. It's light in texture and smooths into the hands without leaving an aftermath of stickiness. You'll notice the improvement in your hands after the first two or three applications, and we know you'll like its light, dainty fragrance. You can buy it at your neighborhood variety store.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 54)

gets, and now whenever Clark sits before the lens looking as joyous as the Mona Lisa, the inspired photographer squeezes a little ball suspended from his tripod. The ball emits an insipid "beep, beep," Clark's funny-bone is tickled, and Mr. Bull is rewarded with exactly the shot he wants.

ISN'T HOLLYWOOD WONDERFUL!

Frankly, the workings of studio publicity departments fascinate and bewilder us. We've been racking our brain and scratching our scalp in utter puzzlement, and we can't for the life of us figure out how a major outfit conceived that story about Lucia Carroll's ancestry. When the studio put Lucia under contract, they openly admitted her real surtag was LaCerte. Shortly after, with much fanfare and horn-blowing, they changed the LaCerte to Carroll. And then with astonishing aplomb and glibness, they released the tale that their lovely starlet was the sole-surviving descendant of a great American statesman named Mr. Something-or-other Carroll!

SHORT SHOTS

Indication of the times: A recent New York State English Teachers exam listed twenty questions. The first was on Spencer Tracy, the last on Shakespeare . . . Miss Average Movie Actress tips the scales at 112 pounds . . . Thomas Mitchell, it is reported, is about to become the highest-paid character actor in the glorious history of the cinema. He'll knock off \$70,000 for eight weeks of emoting in "The Devil and Daniel Webster" or an

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN [38-52 yrs. old]

HEED THIS ADVICE! Are you cross, cranky and NERVOUS, suffer hot flashes, weakness, dizziness, distress of "irregularities"—caused by this period in a woman's life? THEN LISTEN:

Start today and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands of grateful women to calm unstrung nerves and to lessen the annoying and embarrassing distress due to this functional disturbance.

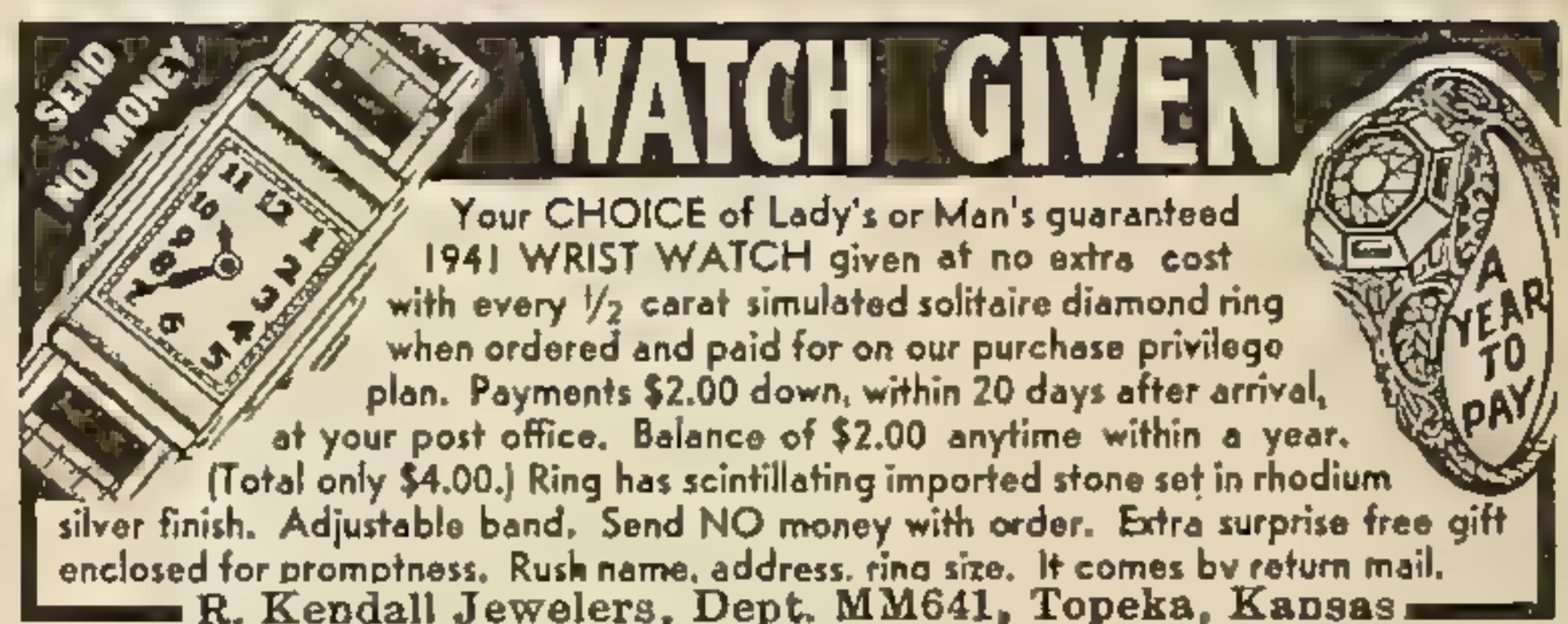
Lydia Pinkham's Compound is WORTH TRYING! Get a bottle today!

WATCH GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY

Your CHOICE of Lady's or Man's guaranteed 1941 WRIST WATCH given at no extra cost with every 1/2 carat simulated solitaire diamond ring when ordered and paid for on our purchase privilege plan. Payments \$2.00 down, within 20 days after arrival, at your post office. Balance of \$2.00 anytime within a year. (Total only \$4.00.) Ring has scintillating imported stone set in rhodium silver finish. Adjustable band. Send NO money with order. Extra surprise free gift enclosed for promptness. Rush name, address, ring size. It comes by return mail.

R. Kendall Jewelers, Dept. MM641, Topeka, Kansas



A WHALE OF A LOT OF FUN FOR ONLY 10¢

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

average of \$1,500 daily . . . Whatever happened to Alan Mowbray's original screen story tastefully titled "Boiled Beef and Gardenias?" . . . Her romance with Milton Berle having subsided, Mary Beth Hughes is scoring touchdowns with her old love, ex-football star Tex Harris . . . On the "Senate Page Boys" set, Virginia Bruce, refusing to call Herbert Marshall "dear" because she hates the word, called him "darling" instead. . . . By the way, stork rumors are hovering over Virginia's head. Maureen O'Sullivan's, too . . . Bob Crosby is chucking his band and will concentrate on fillums . . . Hattie McDaniel, well-remembered "Mammy" of "GWTW," is the town's newest bride. It's her third venture . . . Funny-man Rufe Davis, who owns the apartment building he lives in, has always banned families with babies. Rufe is preparing to move out soon. His wife is expecting her first child . . . Lewis Stone's daughter will make him a grandfather any minute . . . Before leaving for the army, Jimmy Stewart sold the plane which has been his pride and joy . . . Jack Haley says: "I can tell Spring is here. I woke up this morning and found a Blue Jay on my toe!"

MISS INGRID BERGMAN

Spencer Tracy isn't the gush and goo type, but just mention Ingrid Bergman, and Spence does everything but break into handsprings. He thinks Ingrid is so far out in front, she'll become the greatest celluloid star the world will ever see. About "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," their current co-starrer, Spence says: "When you see Bergman on the screen, you won't even know Jekyll and Hyde are in the picture!" To prove he's not kidding, Spence has asked Ingrid to do a Broadway play with him in the fall. However, now that her husband is here in Hollywood, it isn't likely that Ingrid will voluntarily take off for New York and the rigors of the stage. The best indication of her sentiments is contained in a little story they're telling of her recent meeting with David Selznick. As they shook hands, Selznick noticed that Ingrid's were rough and red. "Have you been doing housework again?" he scolded. Ingrid grinned. "Yes," she admitted. "Before I go to the studio in the morning, I cook breakfast for Peter and the baby, and then I wash up. And when I come home, I get their dinner and wash up again. You see, that's my real job. Acting is just my sideline."

MARTYRS FOR THEIR ART

In a recent article revealing the tricks of his trade, Makeup Man Perc Westmore dished up some unusual facts about his world-famous "patients." Here are a few: Cary Grant must cover his manly blue-black whiskers with double dark makeup to keep them from photographing like a new-born beard . . . George Brent missed out on a great costume role, because the long wig required for the part made his handsome features look like Hedy Lamarr's . . . Two well-known he-men never step before the camera without their high heels. Extra inches added inside and outside the shoe, plus trousers cut long in the back to cover the high heel, make it possible for the shortest shortie to hold his head high—above his leading lady's . . . Charlie Chaplin's ebony topknot is that way for picture purposes only. It's blondish-grey in real life . . . George Raft pales whenever he finds a stray hair in his military brush, though actually he's as far from baldness as he ever was . . . Whenever an actor is in danger of developing a "Pretty Boy" reputation, as was Richard Greene, he

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no sickly smell on dresses. Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



AN INVITATION TO ROMANCE

Blue Waltz

The fresh flower-like fragrance of BLUE WALTZ PERFUME is dedicated to romance...to spirits that are ever gay and young, and ready for adventure. Try a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume on your hair, your throat, your wrists and see! For this is a perfume exquisitely blended from a mixture of the world's loveliest blossoms.

NEW! Mother's Day gift box with romantic BLUE WALTZ PERFUME—10¢

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME—10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores



New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing - Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

WE MEET

OURSELVES

A NEW MAGAZINE

OURSELVES thinks people can help themselves and aims to tell them how, simply and practically.

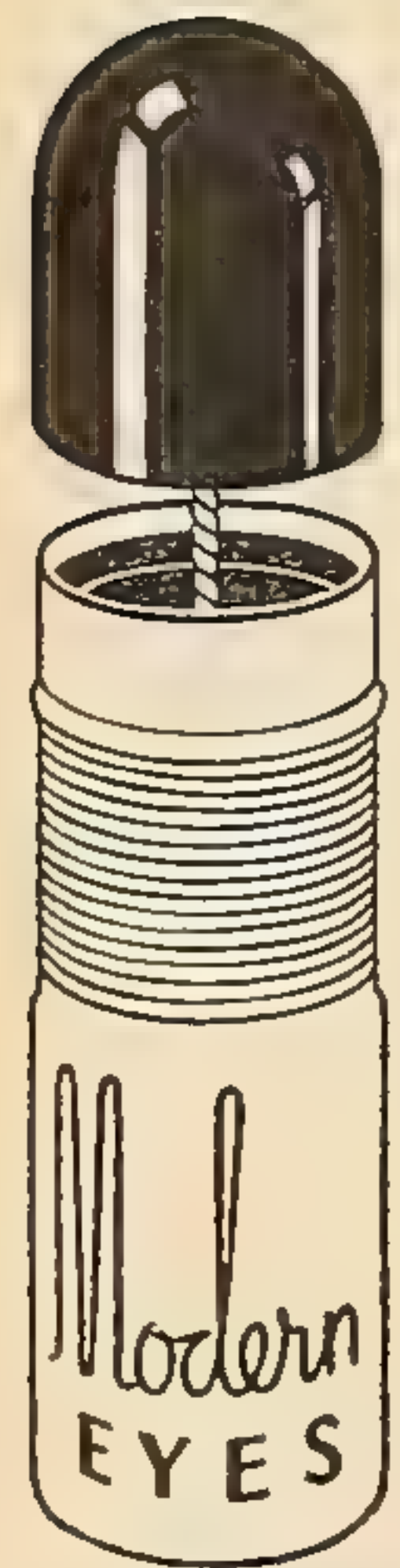
OURSELVES thinks the road to happiness and success is a pleasant road. Its goal is the most important in the world, for what is more important than contentment? Yet the road to contentment need not be dull, difficult, or unpleasant.

You'll have a good time with OURSELVES. It opens for you new vistas, new worlds—an open doorway to a better life.

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IMPROVED CAKE MASCARA!



- Special Spiral Brush darkens all sides of your lashes—curls them automatically!
- Smart new "lipstick" metal case holds hollow tube of Mascara.
- An unusually generous amount, de luxe quality.
- Tearproof—non-smarting.

Modern EYES Mascara

10c If your 5 & 10c store has not yet received "Modern Eyes," send a dime and 2c stamp for mailing.

MODERN COSMETICS, INC.,
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Trade-mark "Modern Eyes" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INSTANT RADIANCE
LIQUID COLOR MAKE-UP

For New Radiant Beauty!

"FACE-POWDER" and "POWDER-BASE" all in one. 8 alluring shades from palest pastels to deep exotic tans. Lasts for hours without repowdering. Helps conceal surface blemishes.

10c at "5 & 10c" Stores
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It unable to buy in your vicinity, order direct. State color of skin, hair and eyes.

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MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR
\$1.00 EACH
OR BOTH FOR **\$1.79**

SIMULATED DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite. Honeymoon Design mounting. Either ring only \$1.00 or both for \$1.79. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

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... is the becoming, natural wave you set yourself, with genuine Dr. Ellis' Wave Set. Greaseless, quick-drying. Two formulas—Green or Clear. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Ask for it at your favorite 5 & 10 or drug store.

10c

Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

is urgently instructed to kill the talk by growing a moustache (known in movie language as a "Ronnie Colman"). Incidentally, Westmore explained, and we also hasten to add, that Movietown men earn their living by featuring their good looks. Their make-up tricks and quirks are just part of the business and very seldom, says Perc, do they spring from personal vanity.

DO YOU CALL THAT GLAMOUR?

The most unexpected sight of the month was Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich hunched over lunch in the Warner Bros. commissary the other afternoon. The pair was deep in conversation when we walked into the room and were still talking like mad when we got up to leave. Curious to know what common interest was absorbing the two, we sidled past their table on our way to the door. And we're sorry we did, because our news-hungry nose got a mean jolt. Both Gary and Marlene were gabbing a mile a minute about "my Maria." And only then did we realize that mama Dietrich and papa Cooper were discussing nothing more unusual than their respective children—both of whom happen to have the same name. "Does my daughter go out with boys?" we could hear Marlene exclaiming as we closed the door behind us. "Certainly not! And she won't for two more years! In Europe, we don't let girls of sixteen have dates!"

HALLOWED GROUND

We doff our lid to Universal Studios for the maddest scheme of the month. The other day a corps of stars and lesser employees marched en masse to a newly-erected building on the lot. Upon arriving at their destination, they cheered and shouted wildly. Then suddenly a reverent hush fell over the crowd. Miss Marlene Dietrich had stepped to the fore. With a pair of shiny scissors clutched in her hand, Miss Dietrich walked confidently up to the building. Deftly she snipped the red ribbon strung across its doorway—and Universal had officially dedicated its new "powder room" for men!

GINGER AND SPICE

Hollywood citizens got the shock of their lives when they picked up their newspapers the other morning. Right smack in the middle of the movie advertising section was a photograph of Ginger Rogers surrounded by such hair-raising expressions as: Ginger Rogers In Her Greatest Sex Sensation, Her First Night Of Love, Daring Sex Facts Revealed, See What Can Never Be Told, The Truth About Sex Frankly And Fearlessly Told, and so on! A second glance revealed the whole thing to be nothing more than a re-issue of Ginger's film "Primrose Path," which happened to be appearing on the same bill with a film called "Married Love" and a "dynamic sex authority" called Mrs. Jardine McCree. We're happy to say that the ad did not appear a second day. Deemed so unethical and so brutally unfair to Ginger, it was yanked from the paper immediately, and the picture exhibitor's contract cancelled in a flash.

MATRON IN KINDERGARTEN

Charlie Chaplin is the only man in town who can sympathize with French actor Marcel Dalio. Dalio, who is forty-ish and a star in his native land, is the husband of Madeleine Lebeau, willowy Paramount importation now appearing in "Hold Back the Dawn." Madeleine is only 17 and, under

California law, still of school age. So whenever Dalio comes down to the set to see her, he has the unique experience of watching his wife rush from a dramatic scene with Charles Boyer to an off-stage schoolroom where, with a half-dozen other kids, she buries her nose in history and geography books. Chaplin, of course, was in the same position when he was wed to Lita Grey. The only thing that makes the Lebeau case a bit more unusual is this—Madeleine has been Mrs. Dalio for two years!

OFF THE COB

Gags of the month from Hollywood's funny-bone specialists:—Bob Hope (upon being told that Shirley Temple was contracted by M-G-M): "Poor kid, she was working so hard at 20th Century-Fox, she began to get bags under her savings account" . . . Jack Benny: "So Mary says I'm a liar. Well, many true words have been spoken by false teeth!" . . . Hugh Herbert: "Sure I feel fine. I'm as happy as the girl who dreamed she went to Hollywood and lived in a house with seven Gables." . . . Gracie Allen: "Everyone thinks my nephews are twins. They're alike in so many disrespects." . . . Mischa Auer (discussing Deanna Durbin's marriage): "What do I think of weddings? A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers!"

MUSICAL COMEDY

You all know her name. She's a top musical star at a top studio. Her golden songs have made her beloved wherever pictures are shown. The magic of her melody has won her fame and fortune. What few people have known, however, is that ever since she came to Hollywood her entire career has been in the hands of one man—the studio's musical sound editor. It's been this unsung hero who has bent his ear over his playback machine and listened carefully as the songstress made a dozen or more recordings of each of her numbers. And it has been he who took the best phrases from each, patiently patched them together and made it possible for the world to hear perfect renditions of every tune she warbled. Without him she would have been mediocre. With him she was a great artist. Now, alas, the gay deception is ended. The star is in tears. The studio is frantic. The reason? Last week the draft board came and got the soundman—making it the first time in history a voice has been put in khaki!

BIOGRAPHY OF A CHAMPION

Some day, in the not too distant future, one of the biggest stars in Hollywood is going to be a little girl called Kathryn Grayson. When that day dawns the entire movie-going public will be chattering about the lovely lass who just a few months ago was known as plain Zelma Hedrick. As preparation for that time, Modern Screen has gathered its readers some useful conversational fodder. So—here goes: (a) Kathryn is a Southerner. Her home town is Winston-Salem where she was born 19 years ago. (b) Her father is a building contractor. (c) There are four more young Hedricks—three boys and a girl, all of whom are picture-minded. (d) Metro signed Kathryn a year and a half ago. They paid her salary regularly and kept her busy with dental appointments and music lessons. (e) She's a brilliant lyric soprano, taking daily lessons in grand opera, light opera, harmony and scales. (f) She studies dancing in her spare time. (g) Every morning she hops out of bed at 6 A. M. and goes down to the studio where she is soundly pounded by

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CLEANSING TISSUES

softer! Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

stronger! As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made only from pure cellulose.

more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.



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We make **FALSE TEETH** for you **BY MAIL** from your mouth-impression! **Money-Back GUARANTEE of Satisfaction. FREE!** FREE impression material, directions, catalog and information. Write today to **U.S. DENTAL CO., Dept. 6-104, Chicago, Ill.**



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Many Finish in 2 Years

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2009, Detroit, Mich.**

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

a sturdy masseuse. (h) She says she'll never see a picture if she's in it. She still hasn't seen "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary" in which she débuted. (i) She's bright and beautiful and even without the music lessons, the dancing lessons, the dental appointments and the masseuse, would still be a sensational find.

BLACKOUT

George Brent is a happier man today than he's been since he first came to Hollywood. Not only because his romance with A. Sheridan is going along as smoothly as Annie's skin, but because, for the first time in his celluloid career, George has been permitted to be himself. It seems George's hair began to grey when he was just a kid of fifteen. Movie producers, showing a surprising ignorance of womenkind, felt his silver locks wouldn't go over with the matinee trade and doomed him to a lifetime of casting the dye. George suffered through ten years of black-up jobs, but, at long last, in "The Great Lie" he blossoms out as the real Brent. He says he feels like a man released from bondage—and we say he looks so oomphie, probably everyone from Mick Rooney up will try following his silvery trail.

DUTCH TREAT

When Joan Crawford pleads for something, it's got to be good. And plead is exactly what Joan did when she got it into her noggin that she wanted Philip Dorn in her latest drah-ma "A Woman's Face." The front office gave Joan a snappy turndown on her request, because they had other plans for the Dutch delight. But that should give you some idea of how Dorn stacks up in this town. The glamour gals think he's a simply terrific performer. And his accent! Wow! Funny thing about that accent. Dorn was so eager to lose it when he came to America, he saw 203 movies in 7 weeks, just to perfect his English diction! Though he is himself a great star in Holland, Dorn says the three foremost favorites of his countrymen are Bette Davis, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

It happened at a British War Relief party. Master of Ceremonies Herbert Marshall was auctioning off a woolen sweater which formerly belonged to the King of England. "I bid six," came a voice from the side of the room. "I raise it to seven," shrilled an individual sitting down in front. Gene Lockhart jumped to his feet. "And I say eight," he boomed. Mrs. Lockhart tugged at her husband's coat-tails. "Gene," she whispered. "He means hundreds, not dollars!" "Oh!" said the horrified Mr. Lockhart, sinking back into his seat. "Nine," called the man down in front, and the auction went on as before.

BONING UP ON BURNS

Being out of pictures doesn't mean being out of the picture where Bob Burns is concerned. The Palooka with the Bazooka plans to return to the screen in serious roles before long. Meanwhile, here are a few lines to keep fans up on their Burns-isms: (1) Bob keeps an incubator full of chicks in his bathroom. That's the warmest place in the house for them. (2) He and his wife pedal a bicycle 9 miles into the mountains every single day, then turn around and pedal right back again. (3) He never swims in his beautiful pool, but uses it as a proving ground for all his wacky water inventions.

DON'T LET

GRAY HAIR



Ruin YOUR VACATION

You can have a better time with young-looking hair. So, if you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it, similar to its former natural shade . . . in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking.

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lovely new color even after shampooing, salt-water bathing, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains clean and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

SAFE! Skin Test NOT Needed

Canute Water is pure, colorless and crystal-clear. It has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless.

Easy to Use — Experience NOT Necessary

Try it and you will soon understand why leading dealers in most of America's largest Cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair coloring preparations combined.

No Other Product Can Make All These Claims
6 application size \$1.15 at drug stores everywhere.

CANUTE WATER

Any mail for me?

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